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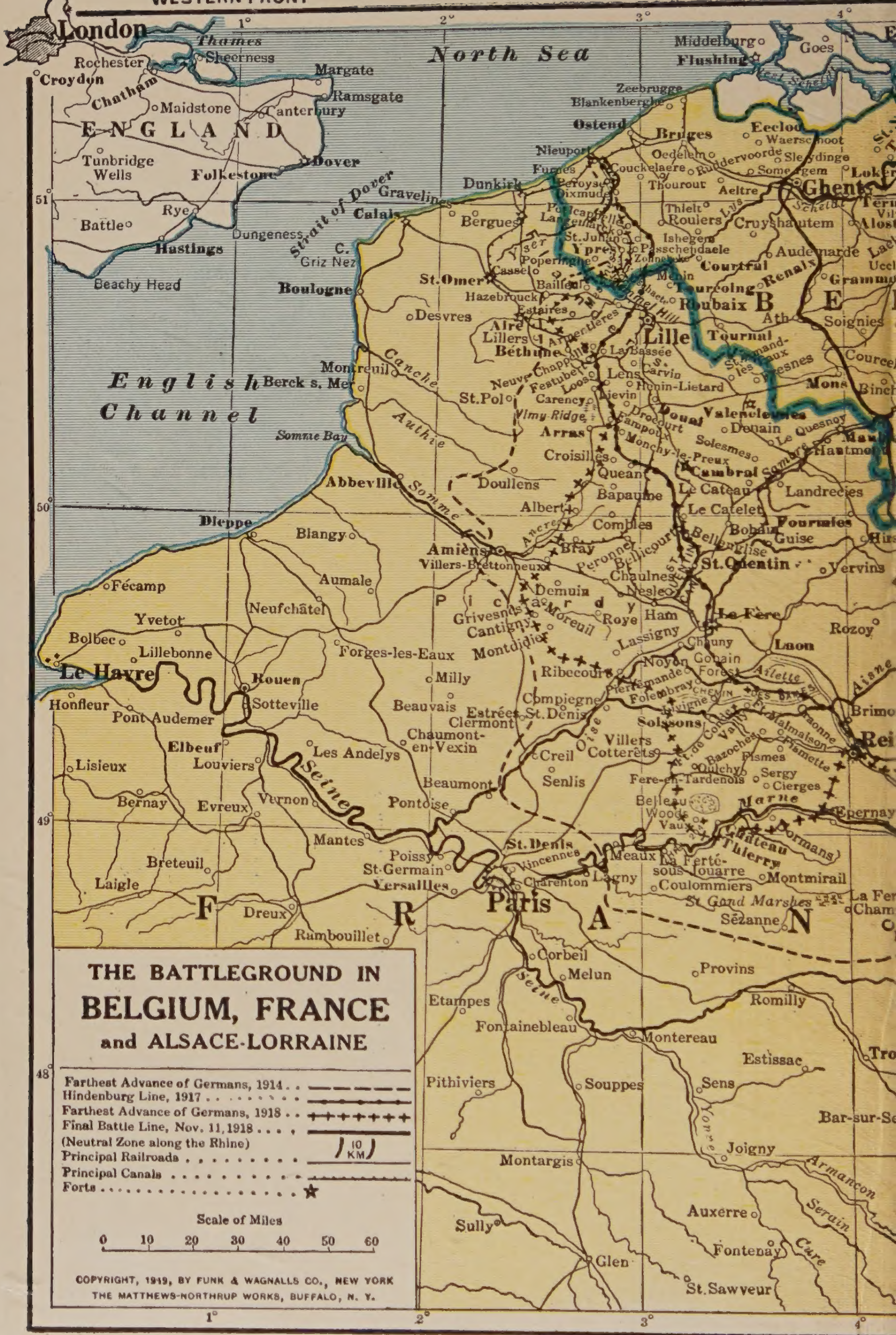
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Pont Audemer
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Les Andelys
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Denain
Le Quesnoy
Maubeuge
Hautmont
Fampoux
Monchy-le-Preux
Solesmes
Croisilles
Quéant
Cambrai
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Le Cateau
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Ancre
Le Catelet
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Combles
Bray
Bellicourt
Bellenglise
St. Quentin
Vervins
Amiens
Villers-Bretonneux
Péronne
Chaulnes
Nesle
Blangy
Aumale
Neufchâtel
Picardy
Demuin
Moreuil
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Cantigny
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Rozoy
Montdidier
Lassigny
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Laon
Coucy
Gobain
Forest
Ailette
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Forges-les-Eaux
Milly
Ribecourt
Noyon
Pierremande
Folembray
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Clermont
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Soissons
Vailly
Craonne
Malmaison
Pismette
Chaumont-en-Vexin
Oise
Villers Cotterêts
Creil
Senlis
Bazoches
Oulchy
Fismes
Sergy
Cierges
Fere-en-Tardenois
Beaumont
Pontoise
Belleau Woods
Vaux
Marne
Epernay
Dormans
Château Thierry
Meaux
La Ferté-sous-Jouarre
Lagny
Coulommiers
Montmirail
St. Gond Marshes
La Fère Champenoise
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49°
48°

THE BATTLEGROUND IN
BELGIUM, FRANCE
and ALSACE-LORRAINE

Farthest Advance of Germans, 1914 . . ▬ ▬ ▬
Hindenburg Line, 1917 . . . . ━━━
Farthest Advance of Germans, 1918 . . +++++++
Final Battle Line, Nov. 11, 1918 . . . . ━━━
(Neutral Zone along the Rhine)) 10 KM)
Principal Railroads . . . . ──
Principal Canals . . . . ──
Forts . . . . ★

Scale of Miles

0 10 20 30 40 50 60

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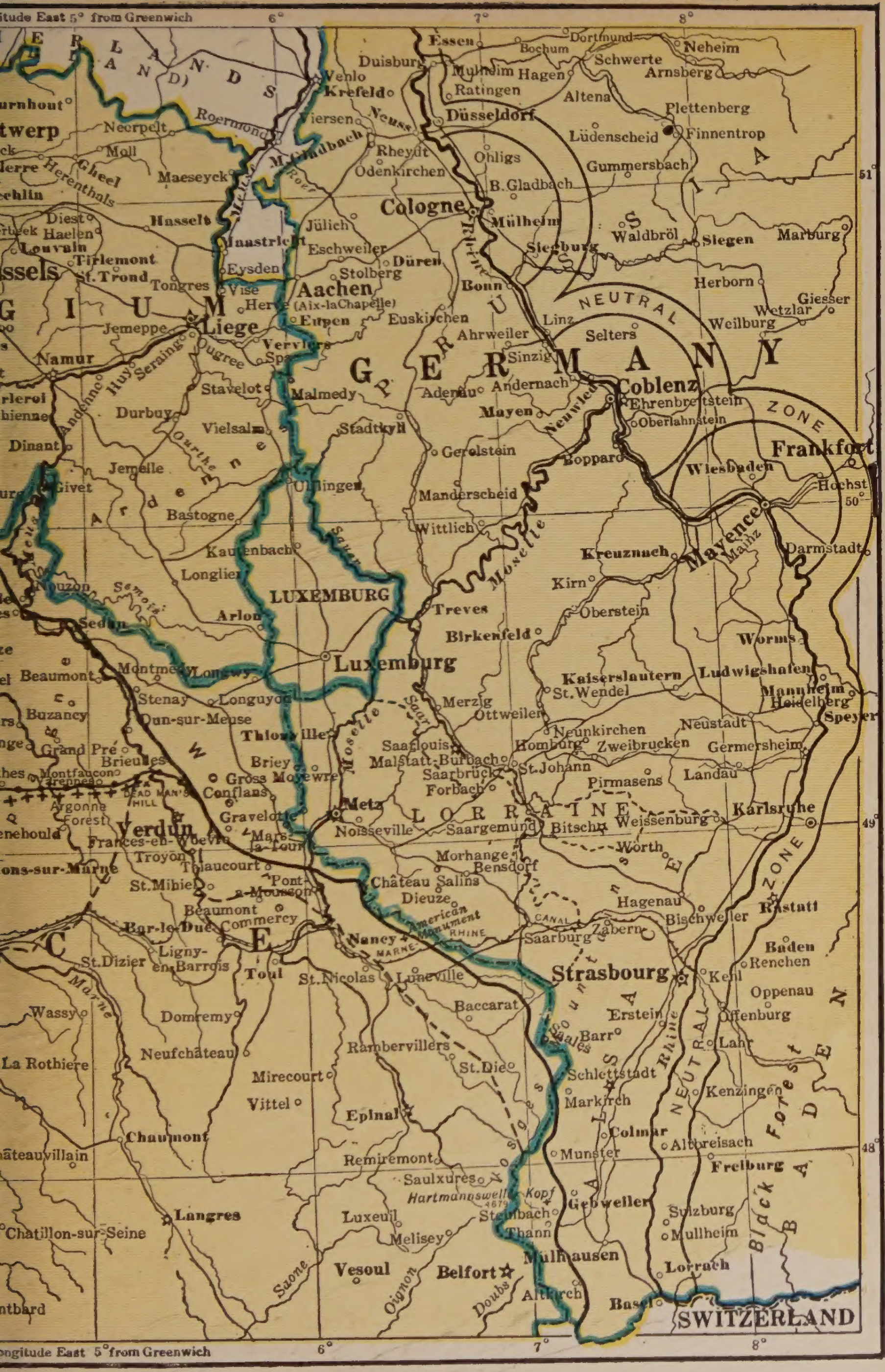
WESTERN FRONT



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BADEN
FRANCE
NEUTRAL ZONE
SWITZERLAND
Essen
Bochum
Dortmund
Neheim
Duisburg
Mulheim
Hagen
Schwerte
Arnsberg
Venlo
Krefeld
Ratingen
Altena
Plettenberg
Düsseldorf
Lüdenscheid
Finnentrop
Viersen
Neuss
M. Gladbach
Rheydt
Odenkirchen
Ohligs
Gummersbach
Roermond
Roer
Maas
B. Gladbach
Cologne
Mülheim
Jülich
Eschweiler
Düren
Siegburg
Waldbröl
Siegen
Marburg
Maastricht
Eysden
Stolberg
Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle)
Bonn
Herborn
Vise
Herve
Eupen
Euskirchen
Ahrweiler
Linz
Selters
Giesser
Wetzlar
Weilburg
Liege
Verviers
Spa
Sinzig
Ourthe
Stavelot
Malmedy
Adenau
Andernach
Coblenz
Ehrenbreitstein
Oberlahnstein
Neuwied
Mayen
Stadtkyll
Gerolstein
Boppard
Frankfort
Wiesbaden
Hochst
Manderscheid
Rhine
Ulfingen
Sauer
Wittlich
Moselle
Kreuznach
Mayence (Mainz)
Darmstadt
Kirn
Oberstein
Treves
Birkenfeld
Worms
Luxemburg
Kaiserslautern
St. Wendel
Ludwigshafen
Mannheim
Heidelberg
Speyer
Merzig
Ottweiler
Neunkirchen
Homburg
Zweibrucken
Neustadt
Germersheim
Saar
Saarlouis
Malstatt-Burbach
Saarbrück
St. Johann
Forbach
Pirmasens
Landau
Karlsruhe
Metz
Noisseville
Saargemund
Bitsch
Weissenburg
Worth
Morhange
Bensdorf
Château Salins
Dieuze
American Monument
Hagenau
Bischweiler
Rastatt
CANAL
MARNE-RHINE
Zabern
Saarburg
Baden
Renchen
Strasbourg
Kehl
Oppenau
Erstein
Offenburg
Barr
Lahr
Schlettstadt
Markirch
Kenzingen
Colmar
Altbreisach
Munster
Freiburg
Gebweiler
Sulzburg
Mullheim
Black Forest
Mulhausen
Lorrach
Altkirch
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Hasselt
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Louvain
Tirlemont
St. Trond
Tongres
Jemeppe
Seraing
Ougree
Huy
Namur
Andenne
Durbuy
Vielsalm
Dinant
Jemelle
Givet
Ardenne
Bastogne
Kautenbach
Longlier
Semois
Arlon
Meuse
Mouzon
Sedan
Beaumont
Montmedy
Longwy
Stenay
Longuyon
Buzancy
Dun-sur-Meuse
Thionville
Grand Pré
Brieulles
Briey
Montfaucon
Varennes
Gross Moyewre
Conflans
DEAD MAN'S HILL
Argonne Forest
Gravelotte
Verdun
Fresnes-en-Woevre
Mars-la-Tour
Troyon
Thiaucourt
Pont-à-Mousson
St. Mihiel
Beaumont
Commercy
Bar-le-Duc
Nancy
Ligny-en-Barrois
St. Dizier
Marne
Toul
St. Nicolas
Luneville
Baccarat
Wassy
Domremy
Rambervillers
St. Die
Neufchâteau
La Rothiere
Mirecourt
Vittel
Epinal
Chaumont
âteauvillain
Remiremont
Saulxures
Langres
Luxeuil
Melisey
Châtillon-sur-Seine
Saone
Vesoul
Oignon
Belfort
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ntbard

JOFFRE AND KITCHENER

Joffre was making a visit to London when this picture was made. He and Kitchener are shown leaving the War Office

II.

THE LITERARY DIGEST
History of the World War

Compiled from Original and Contemporary Sources: American, British, French, German, and Others

BY

FRANCIS WHITING HALSEY

Author of "The Old New York Frontier," Editor of "Great Epochs in
American History," "Seeing Europe with Famous Authors,"
"Balfour, Viviani, and Joffre, Their Speeches
in America," etc.

IN TEN VOLUMES—ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME II

THE GERMAN ADVANCE ON PARIS—NANCY AND THE MARNE BATTLE—
THE AISNE AND VERDUN—THE FIRST WINTER AND THE
NEW YEAR

August 21, 1914—July 1, 1915

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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1919

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ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Part II

THE GERMAN ADVANCE ON PARIS

GERMAN ARMY LEADERS

The Kaiser and Crown Prince are shown with staff generals

I

CHARLEROI AND MONS—THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH IN FRANCE

August 21, 1914—August 28, 1914

HAVING reached Brussels from Liége, the remaining distance for the Germans to Mons was somewhat less than forty miles, but for that portion of the German army which was going into France direct from Liége, the distance was about fifty miles. The long detour by way of Brussels, made by a part only of the German army, had been necessary in order that the Germans might employ for so great a movement all the available international roads leading to Paris. The distance by this route from Liége to Mons was eighty miles.

The most westerly of Belgian roads went from Brussels through Mons; another went through Charleroi and Maubeuge, while a third followed the valley of the Meuse through Namur and Dinant. The detour by way of Brussels after Liége had fallen, meant at least an additional two days in time, but the fighting that ensued on the way added three days more, two for the battles fought, one for resting troops and burying dead. It was not until August 23, five days after the start from Liége, and twenty-two after Belgium was first invaded, that German forces found themselves concentrated in southern Belgium, and not until some days later that the invading army was on French soil ready for its drive on Paris. Of the French army, at least two-thirds was at this time on the eastern frontier, where after a brief invasion of Alsace-Lorraine, it had been turned back.

When France declared war on the evening of August 3, General Joffre had announced the fact to his troops next morning and, anticipating that Germany would endeavor, by spreading false information, to cause French soldiers to violate the neutrality of Belgium, he added that "all our troops are expressly forbidden, until orders to the contrary are issued, to enter Belgium or Swiss territory even with patrols or single horsemen.'' Not even was flying ''to take place over these territories.'' It was not until the evening of August 5, that is not until after Germany had entered Belgium, and Belgium had appealed to the Allies for help, that the following order was issued by Joffre:

> ''(1) French airships and aeroplanes are authorized to fly over Belgian territory. (2) Cavalry reconnaissances may also proceed into Belgian territory, but they are not yet to be supported by large detachments. (3) All parties entering Belgium are to be specially warned that they are entering the country of a friendly and Allied power. They are not to carry out requisitions of any kind until the agreement with regard to these, which is in preparation, has been made known. They are only to make voluntary purchases against cash payments.''

Between Paris and the Germans now coming south from Belgium only a few French corps had taken up positions between Charleroi and Namur and between Namur and Mezières. Toward Lille and near Mons were two British corps, the first of the British forces to arrive in France. All told, there were Anglo-French troops in the north, equal in number, perhaps, to a third of the German force. When the Germans started from Belgium they were actually nearer the French capital than were the French armies then on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier. Had the Germans been able at the Marne to crush the Allied force, or to outflank and roll it away from Paris, they would have been in a position to envelop the whole military power of France at one strike. At one time it seemed not unlikely that they would do this and so repeat, on a tremendous scale, their work of forty-four years before at Sedan.

For the Germans bound for Paris, gaps in the hills between Lille and Maubeuge, and between Namur and Maubeuge, offered practically the only roads. Charleroi lies half-way between Namur and Maubeuge, and Mons is between Lille and Maubeuge. It was plain that, once the German army had occupied Brussels, and begun an advance into France, spreading out east and west as it moved forward, the first considerable encounters with the enemy would take place at these places. But the English, when the storm burst, had not yet concentrated their entire expeditionary force, small as it was. Moreover, in consequence of a blunder on the part of a French general officer, French troops assigned to the duty of protecting the British right flank had not yet come up; in fact, did not come up during the three critical days that followed the opening battle at Mons. This failure compelled a British retreat before the engagement at Mons had reached a decisive stage.

On August 22 Namur fell. On the 23d the French were defeated at Charleroi and the same day the British, to avoid an enveloping movement, retired from Mons. The Allied center near Charleroi and the Allied right near Givet were both assailed and forced back after desperate fighting. About Mons the British repulsed several attacks, but finally became involved in the general retreat and by August 26 the British then standing at Cambrai and Le Cateau, were preparing to withdraw, having only two army corps against five German, when they were suddenly assailed by a force which

GERMAN SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT struck at their front and reached for their flanks. This was a critical moment, not merely for the British, threatened as they were with annihilation, as Sir John French afterward declared, but for the whole northern Allied army. If the British had been actually beaten, the whole left flank of the Allies would have been overwhelmed, the center and left rolled up, and the Allied northern army probably disposed of as a fighting force. In that event, the entire German force would have stood between Paris and the eastern French army, which they could have surrounded and overcome by sheer weight of numbers. Then the Germans could have turned to their Russian task. But the British, after making a beginning at Mons, fighting with obstinacy and imperturbability, shook off their assailants, staggered doggedly back dealing blows as they went, and inflicting heavy losses.

As to details, Charleroi claims attention first. The date (August 21) was the day before the English got into action at Mons. Charleroi with some 30,000 inhabitants, was the center of the South Belgian iron industry, and reminds one of Pittsburgh, or the "Black Country" of England. Lofty chimneys, grim-looking furnaces, iron-foundries and glass-works, all attest the change that has come over it, since Napoleon, in June, 1815, rode through the town on his way to Waterloo, and back again, after his defeat. With German troops advancing on Charleroi, it had become increasingly evident that they intended to deliver a sledge-hammer blow at that point in order to break through the French defenses and then push on to Paris. The French were advancing on a front which faced the Sambre in the north, the Meuse in the east, and which stretched down to Luxemburg.

A score of German hussars were the first to enter Charleroi, where they saluted the inhabitants who, mistaking them for English cavalry, shouted "Vive l'Angleterre!" A French officer, who saw from his window that the hussars were Germans, ran after them and shouted to the guard to check them. The guard opened fire and two Germans were killed, three wounded, and the rest put to flight. Orders were then given to Belgians to keep within their houses and to close shutters and doors. Mitrailleuses were placed at different points and other preparations made for resistance.

From a fringe of wood circling the town, German infantry now emerged, some in disorder, others marching in formation. From right and left shells dropt and these soldiers fled from the wood panic-stricken. The Germans tried in vain to force a passage of the Sambre. At 2 o'clock guns were heard, firing first on Charleroi and then on Thuin. Germans got into Charleroi from the Montigny side coming by bridges in front of the railway station, and by roads leading from Genappe and Fleurus. The French had a few machine-guns commanding the Genappe road, but more had been placed where the Fleurus road enters the town. The merest handful were left to work the machine-guns. The Germans on entering the town forced miners, captured when coming from their work, to march at the head of their columns, the miners still carrying their safety-lamps in their hands. Jumet had been bombarded, but without serious effects. Further north a detachment of French 500 strong was ambushed in a wood and, according to reports, wiped out. French artillery opened fire on the wood and fresh forces of French cavalry charged among the trees and drove out the Germans. For a time the Germans were held in check at several points.

Charleroi itself was taken and retaken five times in a battle extending at intervals over several days. One day French artillery opened fire on the town. The Germans, in earlier stages of the engagement, poured shells upon the upper town, and French artillery shelled the lower part. Under the supporting fire of artillery French infantry advanced slowly in the face of stubborn resistance, retaking

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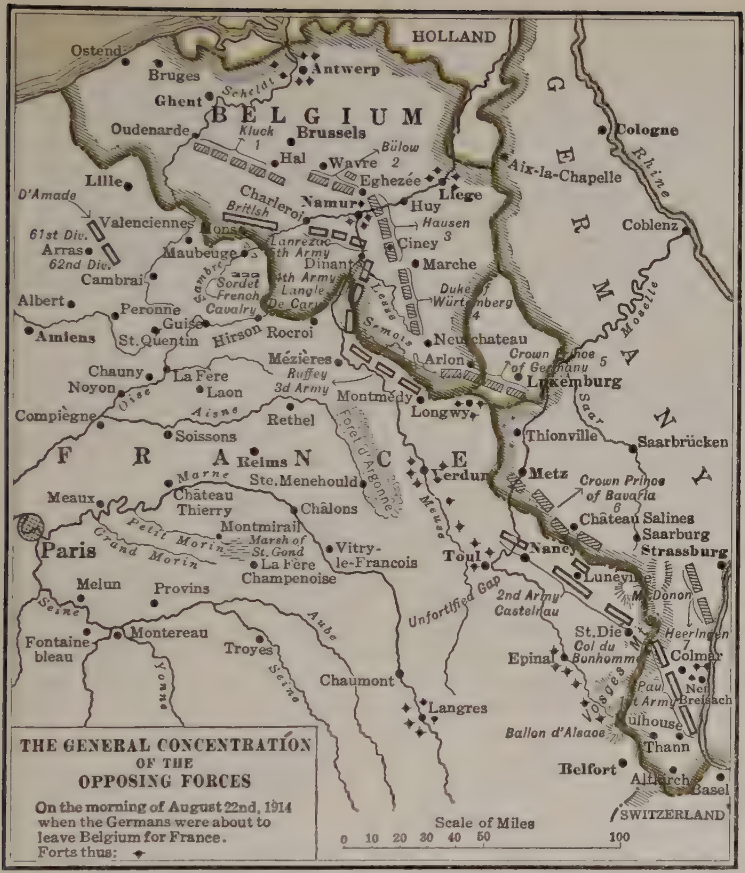
BRITISH RECRUITS DRILLING WITH WOODEN GUNS AND WITHOUT UNIFORMS several villages and again becoming masters of the line between Thuin and Mettet. Before dawn next morning French artillery again bombarded Charleroi, troops swarmed down a slope leading to the lower town, and recaptured a number of villages. Fighting at this stage of the engagement was attended by heavy losses on both sides. In slag heaps in the surrounding country the French found admirable vantage grounds for mitrailleuses, which played a large part in the fighting. Finally the French, who had held the place against repeated attacks, were driven out by regiments of the Prussian Guard.

Sunday afternoon witnessed the most terrible bayonet-fight then known in Europe, a fight in which the little Belgian town and its environs "became a hell." Amid a cannonade too appalling for description, men fought through its streets until they were heaped with dead and dying. Charleroi was set on fire by shells, and the combat, which knew no truce, went on amid blazing buildings and collapsing walls. At the finish the town was in the hands of the invaders, but thousands of the flower of their army lay dead amid ruins. The French had too few men at Charleroi, forces that had gone to Lorraine having left them weak on the Belgian frontier.

Four days after war was declared, correspondents had found the British people calm, but aware that the empire faced the greatest struggle in its history, and the responses to Lord Kitchener's call for recruits had surpassed in significance anything within the memory of British military men. Tens of thousands answered this call during the first day. Vast throngs of all ages and all stations, silk-hatted men, poorly clothed laborers, clerks, merchants, and mechanics stood in lines in front of recruiting stations awaiting their turns to be examined as to fitness for service in the ranks. But it was the middle of August before the first troops reached London. A strict censorship of the press as to England's preparations having been enforced, it was not until then that the *Times* was able to announce:

"The veil is at last withdrawn from one of the most extraordinary feats in modern history—the dispatch of a large force of armed men across the seas in absolute secrecy. What the nation at large


THE GENERAL CONCENTRATION
OF THE
OPPOSING FORCES
On the morning of August 22nd, 1914 when the Germans were about to leave Belgium for France.
Forts thus: ✦
Scale of Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50 100
HOLLAND
BELGIUM
GERMANY
FRANCE
SWITZERLAND
Ostend
Bruges
Ghent
Scheldt
Antwerp
Oudenarde
Kluck 1
Brussels
Bülow 2
Hal
Wavre
Eghezée
Liége
Cologne
Aix-la-Chapelle
Rhine
Lille
D'Amade
Charleroi
British
Namur
Huy
Hausen 3
Coblenz
61st Div.
Valenciennes
Mons
Arras
62nd Div.
Maubeuge
Lanrezac 5th Army
Dinant
Ciney
Marche
Cambrai
Sambre
Sordet French Cavalry
4th Army Langle De Cary
Lesse
Duke of Würtemberg 4
Moselle
Albert
Peronne
Guise
Amiens
St. Quentin
Hirson
Rocroi
Semois
Neufchateau
Arlon
Crown Prince of Germany 5
Chauny
La Fere
Mézières
Ruffey 3d Army
Noyon
Laon
Oise
Montmédy
Luxemburg
Saar
Compiègne
Aisne
Rethel
Longwy
Forêt d'Argonne
Soissons
Thionville
Saarbrücken
Reims
Verdun
Metz
Crown Prince of Bavaria 6
Marne
Ste. Menehould
Meaux
Château Thierry
Châlons
Meuse
Château Salines
Saarburg
Strassburg
Montmirail
Petit Morin
Grand Morin
Marsh of St. Gond
Paris
Vitry-le-Francois
La Fère Champenoise
Toul
Nancy
Luneville
Donon
Melun
Provins
Unfortified Gap
2nd Army Castelnau
Seine
Aube
Heeringen 7
Fontainebleau
Montereau
Troyes
St. Die
Col du Bonhomme
Colmar
Epinal
Yonne
Chaumont
Vosges
Pau 1st Army
Neu Breisach
Langres
Mulhouse
Ballon d'Alsace
Thann
Belfort
Altkirch
Basel

THE BATTLES AT MONS AND CHARLEROI

On the morning of August 22, the date which the above map is intended to illustrate, the Germans, having subdued Liége, and got through and past Brussels, were ready for their long-promised march across Northern France to the defenses of Paris. As the map shows, however, other resistance beside that of the Belgians was now to be encountered. The British had gathered themselves together before Mons, the French were at Dinant and before Charleroi, the Belgians were at Namur, other French at Longwy, while still other French stood at the Grand Couronné before Nancy. Through all these places the Germans had first to fight their way, and one of the battles was a siege with their heavy guns. While they eventually succeeded in overcoming all the frontier obstacles except Nancy, they had losses to meet and strains on transport to bear, and when the battles had been won, they were only battles that were preludes to others yet to be fought, at Le Cateau, St. Quentin and Compiègne—stiff fights some of them and weakening still further an army of invasion that had to meet its supreme test on the Marne in September

had known it knew only from scraps of gossip that filtered through the foreign press. From its own press, from its own Government, it learned nothing; and patiently had maintained of its own accord the conspiracy of silence. So late as August 8, one of our special correspondents gave a particular account of the preparations at Boulogne—quays and harbor-buildings leased, troop trains in waiting, French reservists in their red breeches, mowing grass and clearing woods to make great camps between the Kentish-looking woods and fields on one side and the Channel on the other. Not a word of this news did we allow to reach our readers. A few days later and we could have accurately described these camps above the port, crammed with British troops, their enthusiastic reception, by the French people, who yet characteristically had a little laugh ready for certain peculiarities of the British uniforms; the arrival of General Sir John French on board the scout *Sentinel* and his reception by the Governor of Boulogne. Subsequent days brought further details, the story growing little by little into knowledge. News, accredited or otherwise, was constantly trickling through. Yet, save for one or two trifling exceptions in less reputable quarters, not a hint of it found its way into the English newspapers.

"Meanwhile, on this side of the Channel, was there nothing to be seen or heard. Every day for many days mothers had been saying good-by to sons, and wives to husbands. Outside the London barracks of an early morning there were sights to be seen that would have repaid description. All down the southern roads through Kent and Hampshire great trains of transport and artillery have been rumbling day and night. Those who knew the secrets of departure and destination kept them; those who did not know them asked no questions. Even when, on August 11, the King went to Aldershot to say good-by to the Expeditionary Force, and was received with enthusiasm worthy of the occasion by thousands and thousands of his soldiers, not a word was said. The King's farewell telegram to his troops at Southampton was never published.

"In old days we loved to give our troops a send-off. To the Crimea, yes, and later than that they started with colors flying and bands playing, while women waved handkerchiefs and threw flowers from the balconies and windows. Every one knew whither they were bound and how the journey would be made. But that was in the days before submarines and mines and bombs, those swift secrecies of death that make war more terrible that it has ever been. Until Britain knew that her troopships had safely crossed that narrow strip of water that might have been the grave of thousands, Britain held her peace."

Competent observers everywhere knew that Great Britain's contribution to the war, while not immediately decisive or effective, would in time become as important as that of France or Russia, and all the more so because of its quite different character. Great Britain alone among the Allies was in a position to check the German fleet, and so to deprive Germany of the military and economic advantages that arose from free-sea communications. In a series of relatively small engagements in near and distant waters, this supremacy was established before the end of the year. Meanwhile, with the Atlantic and North Sea dominated by Great Britain and the Mediterranean by French ships, the transport of Allied troops, of wounded and prisoners, of supplies and munitions, could proceed uninterruptedly; the colonies and possessions of France and Great Britain could continue in security, while the colonies of Germany could be seized one by one, and the power of economic resistance by the Allies maintained at a maximum through a continuance of their foreign trade. To this work, Great Britain, beside her naval power, brought her strength and weakness as the world's chief creditor nation, and the first industrial nation in Europe. In economic and naval spheres, Great Britain was able at once to do more than her share. Her only possible military effort at the outset—the dispatch of an expeditionary force of 150,000 men, comprising three-eighths of her existing regular army and reserves—was a mere preliminary to the raising of new armies which in time were to number 5,000,000 men or more.

The expeditionary force, as planned during a previous decade, consisted of five divisions (about 86,000 men), each division comprising three infantry brigades. Of infantry there were 76,000 men, of cavalry 10,000 men, of guns, 312, with engineers and other service. The whole movement of this force to the continent was conducted without a hitch. It was the first sending within living memory of a British army to western Continental Europe. The bulk of the force crossed from Southampton under cover of darkness on the nights of August 12 and 13, and included four infantry divisions and one cavalry division. The movement involved approximately 90,000 men, 15,000 horses, and 400 guns. Two canvas walls converging into a funnel screened approaches to Southampton Dock, beyond which all was darkness and mystery. Down that funnel passed the flower of the youth of Britain, bound for the great adventure of war with Germany. Few of them were ever to return. Crowds in Southampton streets saw them vanish into darkness, heard their measured tramp die away on stone quays in the silence of night. And then when all was still great steamers pushed out into the darkness. Being a clear summer night, the long line of transports could be seen stretching from one horizon to another, guardian warships flanking them. Swift shadows that shot across the surface of the sea showed where torpedo-boats and scouts were nosing about in search of a possible enemy. Hundreds of miles to the north lay the real protection of the flotilla, where the waters of the Heligoland Bight were broken by the sudden rise and dip of the blockading fleet.[1]

MAHOMMEDANS IN CALCUTTA PRAYING FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE BRITISH

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[1] Sir Conan Doyle's "The British Campaign in France and Flanders in 1914." (George H. Doran Co.)

General Sir John French on arrival in Boulogne was first seen as he stood on the quarter-deck of the scout steamer *Sentinel,* his war staff round him. All Boulogne had rushed to the quay and raised a cheer as the black, warlike boat, her decks cleared for action and crowded with sailors, slipped into the harbor. On the quay stood M. Daru, the Governor of Boulogne—by permission of whom in martial days all things happened in Boulogne—white-haired and white-mustached, the embodiment of French official courtesy and military precision. A crane swung a long gangway from the quay to the warship and Daru went on board. For two minutes General and Governor stood talking, each with his hand raised to salute. One of the historic moments in the war was this official meeting of the military governor of an ancient fortified French city, which had many times heard the clash of arms between England and France, and the commander of a British force, now for the first time landing in France as a friend and ally.

A British army was actually on its way to the Low Countries. What deeds, what names, news of it called up! They reached back to Elizabeth of England and Philip of Spain, to Walsingham and Leicester, to Philip Sidney's death wound at Zutphen, to Maurice, to Orange and to Farnese. They embraced those joint operations of England and France against Holland when the sovereignty of Holland and Zeeland was prest on Queen Elizabeth, but she thought the offer "too expensive." It was on sea, and not on land, that Elizabeth wrought Dutch deliverance and England's. Not for a century afterward—a century in which England had fierce battles with the Dutch and heard Dutch guns in the Thames and the Medway—did England take up in earnest the defense of the United Provinces. It was the King whom those provinces gave to England that revived the fame of British valor in a Continental war. Readers know the history of those campaigns against Louis XIV, as told in the pages of Macaulay, or in the "Memoirs" of the young Saint Simon, who first saw service in them. Of all the battles fought on Belgian soil only Malplaquet and Waterloo were bloodier than Landen. In that war were trained captains who formed the troops that Marlborough led to victory under Queen Anne. Marlborough fought most of his battles in the Low Countries. From them he marched to gain, with Prince Eugene, the most famous of all, Blenheim, which with Ramilles, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, and Lille, enhanced the renown of British arms. It was at Fontenoy on this frontier in "the forty-five" that England suffered defeat and gave the field to Marshal Saxe and Louis XV. After another sixty years came Waterloo.

Kitchener addrest, in printed form, a few last words to the British Expeditionary Force, which soldiers on the Continent long carried with them afterward. They were:

> "You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy.
>
> You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, and your patience.
>
> Remember that the honor of the British Army depends on your individual conduct.
>
> It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle.
>
> The operations in which you will be engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier by being invariably courteous, considerate, and kind.
>
> Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon rioting as a disgraceful act.
>
> You are sure to meet with a welcome, and to be trusted. Your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust.
>
> Your duty can not be done unless your health is sound, so keep constantly on your guard against any excesses.
>
> In this new experience you may find temptation both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and while treating all women with perfect courtesy you should avoid any intimacy.
>
> Do your duty bravely. Fear God and honor the King."

The welcome that the British got in France was overwhelming—a little intoxicating, in fact, to young soldiers. As they marched through towns, peasant girls ran alongside with great bouquets of wild flowers which they thrust into their arms. In every market where regiments halted for rest, there was free wine. Soldiers from Scotland or England had their brown hands kissed by girls eager for hero-worship, and ready to fall in love with clean-shaven lads with smiling eyes. There seemed no evil in the worship these women bestowed, nor in the hearts of men marching to the music and words of "Tipperary." Every man in khaki could have a hero's homage on any road in France, or at any street corner in an old French town. For two days British troops marched through the streets of Boulogne in solid columns of khaki, shouting some new slogan as they passed bound for camps on the hill above the town. Jolly faces, full of laughter, shouted and sang, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go," while officers, with quiet smiles, rode between, raising their hands in salute to French soldiers on the pavements. One company could have been heard whistling the "Marseillaise," another marching to pipes.

Transport after transport glided into the inner harbor, or was ranged along the quays where usually had lain Folkestone boats. Most of the officers of high rank knew whither they were bound, but few of the men knew, being satisfied with general knowledge, that they were well on the way to "have a smack at the Germans." The rattle and rumble of British guns were afterward heard along country highways where long lines of khaki-clad men, like writhing brown snakes seen from afar, were moving slowly past wheat-fields where the harvest had been cut and stacked, or through quaint old towns and villages of whitewashed houses with overhanging gables and high stone steps leading to barns and dormer-windows. Some of those little provincial towns had hardly changed since D'Artagnan and his musketeers rode to great adventures in the days of Richelieu and Mazarin. Indeed the spirit of D'Artagnan still lived in these houses. They were the homes of young men who were now in the cuirassiers chasing uhlans. There was scarcely a town or village of northeastern France now touched by the war that Dumas had not illustrated. After landing at Boulogne the British effected a concentration and, billeting at night, marching by day, advanced toward Mons. Soon after they landed the following proclamation had been published as coming from the German Emperor:

> "It is my Royal and Imperial Command that you concentrate your energies for the immediate present upon one single purpose, and that is, that you address all your skill and all the valor of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and walk over General French's contemptible little army."

That the German word used by the Kaiser was actually an equivalent for our "contemptible" has been denied. Nevertheless, "contemptible" passed into common usage as having been employed by the Kaiser. Men who had been in the Expeditionary Force were known thereafter, even to the end of the war, as "The Old Contemptibles." The Kaiser's proclamation recalled a remark once attributed to Bismarck. Mention had been made to him of the possibility of a British army invading Germany. "If one does," said he, "I will have the police arrest it and lock it up!"

It was a tradition of Mons that a detachment of its armed burghers had fought on the English side at Crecy. As a fortress of the northern frontier of France, it had stood many sieges in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But its ramparts were long since leveled, and it was now an open town, the center of the busy mining district of the Borinage, coal-fields extending from west to east. For miles on either side the country was not unlike an English colliery district with a network of railways, many of them carried on low embankments, and miners' villages, collieries and tall chimneys towering above low-roofed cottages. Around hamlets were accumulations of shale and waste, with some of the larger heaps planted with dwarf trees. To the southwest, amid a tangle of colliery lines, was Jemappes, which gave its name to Dumouriez's victory over the Austrians. A mile or two farther south was Marlborough's battlefield of Malplaquet.[2]

The morning of the battle at Mons in August was peaceful enough in the town and in nearby villages. Work had stopt at the pits for the weekly day of rest, church-bells were ringing, and townsmen, miners, and peasants had gathered for mass. Along the British front men were deepening trenches and clearing the ground of obstacles that might give an enemy cover. As the morning wore on a momentary stir occurred when now and then a hostile aeroplane—marked by hawklike curves in its wings—came droning over the woods and circled high above the British line. Here and there rose a spatter of rifle fire. Then a British aeroplane shot up for attack, and a *Taube* turned and disappeared in rapid flight northward. Beyond such incidents the late morning and early afternoon passed quietly enough, except that airmen and cavalry scouts brought in reports of masses of Germans moving into green woods in front of the center.

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[2] Malplaquet was fought by Marlborough and Eugene to cover the siege of Mons. In that British victory over France, Prussian troops fought beside British regiments.

General von Bülow
Commander of a German army in its advance on Paris

Germans could be seen a mile away, battalions of infantry and a large force of cavalry coming straight toward the British, all highly interesting to British soldiers who had never seen a German in arms. When a party of German infantry was seen moving up, it was allowed to advance within 500 yards of concealed British, and then promptly shot, only two or three getting away. More Germans arrived until the British found themselves under heavy fire, the *tac-tac-tac* of Maxims being almost continuous. The attack developed with startling rapidity. In half an hour artillery was in action along the front. In the center German batteries were massed just outside the southern margin of the woods. The heaviest fire came from batteries in undulating ground. Even the British Staff did not yet realize how in men and

FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH

Commander of the British Expeditionary Army in France, 1914-1915

II.

uns they were everywhere outnumbered. German guns did ir work well, and had local successes, especially against British guns and batteries. The effect of shell from their heavier guns was overwhelming. As infantry began to advance, shell-fire redoubled in intensity. Every house where the British could be concealed; every possible observation post; every foot of trench; every hill-crest and land for 400 yards behind it, was swept and devastated as if by a tornado.[3]

Through a rain of shell and bullets men struggled on. As one line went down, supports came up through the broken ranks. Here and there was a line packed and crowded in some desperate effort to push through. In places it seemed as if the German advance might be crowned with complete success. Germans got close to trenches, but a burst of magazine-fire from the British would mow them down and then, with a cheer, men would dash forward with the bayonet, and the hard-tried line would break and bolt for cover, pursuing quick-firing Maxims strewing the line of retreat with dead and wounded. The first attack had no sooner died away than gray lines advanced, wave after wave. General von Kluck, having the advantage of superior numbers, could afford to waste life freely. General French, with his 70,000, or at most 80,000, men faced 200,000 Germans, a victorious army pushing past his right flank in pursuit of the French, with 40,000 or 50,000 more on his left. French soon realized that, while his little army might hold its own for a time longer against the desperate odds, a

General von Moltke

German Chief of Staff in the first year of the war, a nephew of the Moltke of the war of 1871 prolonged defense would involve a certainty of being cut off, enveloped, and destroyed. Everywhere along the line the British were hopelessly outnumbered. The Germans had concentrated fire upon Mons until the town was untenable. Only six hours had passed since the town-folk came peacefully home from mass to Sunday *déjeuner*, proud and hopeful in the presence of British soldiers, and now the town was a heap of smoking ruins. The only problem was how to get the British away with the smallest loss. To remain meant annihilation. Orders to retire were issued, and so began the great retreat. The British had held on until nightfall. Their wearied men had a brief rest before beginning their fighting retreat southward at daybreak next morning. Having commands under French in this retreat were Smith-Dorrien and Haig, the latter destined to succeed French in full command of the British and so remain until the war closed.

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[3] A. Corbet-Smith's "The Retreat from Mons: By One Who Shared in It."

While the British were fighting at Mons and the French at Charleroi, Namur was in the last throes of the siege. The strategic value of its position, at the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse had rendered it of supreme importance to the Allies. The fame of its forts was such as to have raised high expectations. The news, therefore, of the fall of Namur on August 23 was received with dismay. As to Mons a yeoman wrote:

> "There can be no doubt that Mons was the stiffest bit. With courage, determination, every muscle of their bodies at concert-pitch, and with a dash which can not be adequately described on paper, the Lancers, Hussars, and Dragoons absolutely 'chawed-up' the German cavalry. It was a magnificent piece of work. The artillery practises made havoc in the enemy's ranks all the time. We who were on outpost duty, on an eminence with the signaler about half a mile away, longed to be in the scrimmage, but had to be content with the less noble part of spectators. The roar was terrific, and the clash of arms when the bodies gained contact rent the air. Above all, the voices of our men rang out as we spurred on to the charge.
>
> "Many had flung away their tunics and fought with shirt sleeves rolled up above the elbow. The German cavalry all seemed stiffer in the saddle than we, and altho they were superbly mounted their horsemanship lacked the suppleness of the British cavalry. Some

of the Hussars and Lancers were almost in a horizontal position on the offside of their mounts when cutting right and left with bare arms. Our losses were heavy, but the enemy suffered much more—four or five times as much is the estimate of the General—in proportion to numbers engaged. Our two Divisions against five German Army Corps—but when the facts are straightened out you will be more proud than ever of your little British Army and their glorious achievements in France. A French Canadian, born and bred in Quebec, who is with me as sergeant, and naturally speaks French perfectly, literally wept with joy as he said to me: 'The Kaiser, without intending it, has proved to be the greatest friend the British Empire ever met in its long and eventful history. We are the pieces. He has supplied the cement.' "

A fact that stood out continually in tales of British eye-witnesses was the overwhelming numbers of the Germans hurled upon them. One said they "seemed to be rising up endlessly out of the very ground. As fast as one mass was shot down, another stept into its place." The innumerable horde was compared by various correspondents to "a great big battering-ram," to "a gigantic swarm of wasps," to "a swarm of bees," to a "flock of countless thousands of sheep trying to rush out of a field," and to "the unceasing pouring of peas out of a sack." Following are passages from letters British soldiers sent home from camp or field at or near Mons:

"We were situated on a hill in a cornfield and could see all over the country. It was about 3 P. M., and we started to let them have a welcome by blowing up two of their batteries in about five minutes; then the infantry let go, and then the battle was in full swing. There were about 250 of us, and the Germans came on, and as fast as we knocked them over more took their places. Well, out of 250 men only 80 were left, and we had to surrender. They took away everything, and we were lined up to be shot, so as to be no trouble to them. Then the cavalry of the French made a charge, and the Germans were cut down like grass. We got away, and wandered about all night, never knowing if we were walking into our chaps or the Germans. After walking about some time we commenced falling down through drinking water that had been poisoned, and then we were put into some motor-wagons and taken to Amiens."

"In a few minutes we were all at our posts without the slightest confusion, and as we lay down in the trenches our artillery opened fire. It was a fine sight to see the shells speeding through the air to pay our respects to Kaiser Bill and his men. Soon the Germans returned the compliment; but they were a long time in finding anything approaching the range, and they didn't know of shelters—a trick we learned from the Boers, I believe. After about half an hour of this work their infantry came into view along our front. They were in solid square blocks standing out sharply against the skyline, and we couldn't help hitting them. We lay in our trenches with not a sound or sign to tell them of what was before them. They crept nearer and nearer, and then our officer gave the word. Under the storm of bullets they seemed to stagger like drunken men, after which they made a run for us, shouting some outlandish cry that we could not make out. Halfway across the open another volley tore through their ranks, and by this time our artillery began dropping shells around them. Then an officer gave an order, and they broke into open formation, rushing like mad things toward the trenches on our left.

"We have had a terrible time, and were in action for three days and nights. On Wednesday the officers said that Spion Kop was heaven to the fighting we had on that day. It is God help our poor fellows who get wounded in the legs or body and could not get off the battlefield, as when we retired the curs advanced and shot and bayoneted them as they tried to crawl away."

"We were fighting from Sunday, 23rd, to Wednesday evening, on nothing to eat or drink—only the drop of water in our bottles which we carried. No one knows—only those that have seen us could credit such a sight, and if I live for many years may I never see such a sight again. I tell you it is not very nice to see your chum next to you with half his head blown off. There are thousands of these Germans and they simply throw themselves at us. It is no joke fighting seven or eight to one. I can tell you we have lessened them a little, but there are millions more yet to finish.

"I was at the great battle of Mons, and got a few shots in me. Once I was holding my officer's horse and my own, when, all of a sudden, a German shell came over and burst. Both horses were killed. I got away with my left hand split and three fingers blown in pieces. I think I am one of the luckiest men in the world to escape as I did. War is a terrible thing. It is a lot different to what most of us expected. Women and children leaving their homes with their belongings—then all of a sudden their houses would be in ashes, blown to the ground. The people in France and

Belgium were so kind and good to our soldiers, they gave everything they possibly could.

"Where the Germans had the advantage, was in the apparently endless number of reserves. No sooner did we dispose of one regiment than another regiment took its place. It just put me in mind of Niagara Falls—the terrible rush threatening to carry everything before it. No force on earth could have withstood that cataract, and the fact that our men only fell back a little was the best proof of their strength. At one stage there were, I am sure, six Germans to every one of us. The South African War was a picnic compared with this, and on the way home I now and again recalled the horror as I thought of the awful spectacle which was witnessed before we left the front of piled-up bodies of the German dead. We lost heavily, but the German casualties must have been appalling. You must remember that for almost twenty-four hours we bore the brunt of the attack, and the desperate fury with which the Germans fought showed that they believed if they were only once past the British forces the rest would be easy. Not only so, but I am sure we had the finest troops in the German army against us.

THE KAISER LEAVING FOR THE FRONT

"They came at us in great masses. It was like shooting rabbits, only as fast as you shot one lot down another lot took their place. You couldn't help hitting them. We had plenty of time to take aim, and if we weren't reaching the Bisley standard all the time, we must have done a mighty lot of execution. As to their rifle-fire, they couldn't hit a haystack."

Near Charleroi lies Thuin. Here on August 24 the Second British Cavalry Brigade "let loose" at the enemy's guns, the Ninth Lancers going into action singing and shouting like schoolboys. For a time all went well. Few saddles were emptied. Leaders charged almost within reach of the enemy's guns, but suddenly the Germans opened a murderous fire from concealed machine-guns at a range of 150 yards and the result was shattering. The Lancers caught the full force of the storm. While the bulk of the Brigade swerved to the right, others held on, and rode full tilt into entanglements buried in the grass thirty yards in front of machine-guns, and were made prisoners. Three regiments of the best cavalry in the British army went into this charge, and suffered severely. The Germans gave the British no rest day or night. At two o'clock in the morning they were roused by artillery fire, and fought a retiring action, pursued relentlessly. The Germans made repeated efforts to capture retreating transports and the transports had many narrow escapes. At one point a transport escaped by a furious gallop, which enabled the wagons to cross a bridge less than an hour ahead of the enemy. Engineers who had already mined the bridge were waiting to blow it up, and it was blown up just in time to separate the two forces. It was not until they reached Compiègne several days after crossing into France, that the British brigade for the first time saw and welcomed their French brothers in arms.

With the fall of Tournai the whole of Northern France lay open to the invaders. Army Corps were able to swing round and attack the British left, while cavalry in flying squadrons swept over the countryside. The French Channel ports, all the way from Boulogne to Havre, lay open for the mere taking by the Germans. All that coast line of France for which the Germans were to fight so valiantly at Dixmude and Ypres a few months later, and for which they were to make a supreme effort in March and April, 1918, could then have been taken without a struggle. That it was so deliberately passed by was explicable only on the ground that the German objective was elsewhere—that it was not Calais, but Paris, which at that time they had determined to take.[4]

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[4] Principal Sources: The London *Standard,* The *Daily News,* The *Daily Mail,* The *Daily Chronicle* (London), The *Times* (London), The *Temps* (Paris), The New York *Times,* St. John Adcock's "In the Firing Line," Roger Ingpen's "The Fighting Retreat from Paris," Edmund Dane's "Hacking Through Belgium," G. H. Perris' "Campaigns of 1914 in France and Belgium," Philip Gibb's "The Soul of the War" (Robert H. McBride & Co.), "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, A. Corbett-Smith's "The Retreat from Mons."

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CHURCH IN MONS AFTER THE BATTLE

II

ON THE ROAD TO PARIS—LE CATEAU AND ST. QUENTIN

August 28, 1914—September 2, 1914

THAT triumphant German progress which now set in from the Belgian frontier to the gates of Paris was made in full pursuit of a steady, well-ordered withdrawal day by day of the army of the Allies. A war-correspondent[5] who saw this retreat wrote of the wonderful efficiency of the German host as they made their way southwestward:

> "Round the bend of the road came the vanguard, consisting of a big contingent of military cyclists, with rifles slung over their shoulders. Knowing that the way was clear for them, they rode right through the village at a slow pace. Close behind them came a regiment of cavalry, then field artillery; the horses were almost worn to a shadow, and the drivers thrashed them until they maintained a pace that suited the requirements of the forced march.
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> "More cavalry and troops of various descriptions and then infantry. The road was wide, and they marched eight abreast. There seemed to be no end to them. Such typical German faces and figures! These men were short rather than tall, stalwart in form, round heads and close-cropped hair, their gray-green uniforms covered with dust. The rate of their march was more than four miles an hour, probably, indeed, a mile in thirteen minutes. Considering the weight of their equipment, to which must be added that of the rifle, this speed was amazing, but it was clear that their physical strength was being taxed to the uttermost. Some of the troops were singing sentimental German *Volkslieder*, but many were staggering along, barely able to hold their places in the ranks.
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> "There is no room in the German army for weaklings, who receive scant mercy from comrades or superiors. The non-commissioned officers are relentlessly stern in the maintenance of march-discipline. They passed along the lines and curst the lagging soldiers with a vigorous brutality that seemed to overawe them.

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[5] Of The *Standard* (London).

I saw a young soldier—he looked like a youth of twenty—receive several severe blows from a non-com.'s fist because his fatigue caused him to fall a little behind his line, and thus to disarrange the marching machine. Other men who dropt by the wayside were prodded with bayonets until pain goaded them to fresh efforts.

"The equipment of the German army is wonderfully complete. Huge motor-lorries stretched for miles and miles, and came along after the troops at a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour. Guns, ammunition, Maxims, and general stores were on the big motor-cars. Field-kitchens, traveling pharmacies, field-telephones and telegraph lines, portable wireless apparatus—nothing was missing. It was a scientifically and systematically equipped army which moved southward toward Paris.

GERMAN STAFF OFFICERS USING A FIELD TELEPHONE

"The number of German troops was a never-ending source of awe and terror to the French peasantry. 'What chance have we of stemming this tide of armies?' they asked in despair. They filled the roads and overflowed into the fields; when thousands had gone by more thousands approached and continued to march to the front, and when these thousands had disappeared to the south more tens of thousands arrived from the rear, and went on marching to the front. An endless swarm of human ants."

The British had been in full retreat for some hours. In front of the British were not two corps, as they had thought, but four, while a fifth was swinging round their left flank striking for their rear with no French reserves near. What had become of the French reserves? and why had the British failed to receive word as to the size of the German army? were questions then and long afterward unanswered. Kluck had swung west and south and with 300,000 troops was rushing forward to get around the Allied line, to get between it and Paris, and so produce a greater Sedan. To oppose his formidable front were fewer than 80,000 British troops. Only stolid veterans could have faced that situation for five days and lived to tell the tale. Only pluck and endurance prevented utter annihilation. Just arrived on foreign soil, these men had been suddenly flung into a great battle, against numbers that surpassed them nearly four times.

Resistance to the German drive, wholly ineffective in general tho it became, was here and there offset by some success. French and English troops actually forced and held good positions—at least for a time—and so stemmed a bit the tide as it rolled toward Paris. General Pau, after his swift return from the Alsatian front, was able to deal one smashing blow at a German corps. It was impossible in most cases to estimate losses, tho attempts were made. Large numbers of Allied wounded were taken into Havre and Rouen. Putting the number at their highest, it was clear from all the information gained during the five days of the retreat, that no overwhelming disaster occurred. In actions fought from the 23d to the 27th of August, and afterward in the retirement from the line of Cambrai and Le Cateau, swinging southward and eastward on St. Quentin, the main Allied forces, tho prest by enormous numbers, withdrew in fairly good order, their lines essentially unbroken.

The left wing of the French was supported by British troops, but these were all too weak to sustain the pressure of the odds which surged against them. Realizing the peril Joffre decreed that this corner of France was untenable, and that the main army should withdraw to stronger and closer formation. To clear the roads, all heavy transports were sent to the rear, ambulances began to move off, carrying with them as many of the wounded as they could accommodate, and in the gray dawn of the 24th the whole British force stood to arms. No operation is so difficult as a fighting retreat of this kind in the face of superior numbers. It requires the coolest judgment and the utmost steadiness. At any moment a mistake might give the enemy the chance of using his superior numbers to turn the retirement into a rout.

Kluck at Le Cateau now attempted to break the British stand by a series of frontal attacks, combined with a turning movement. As the day wore on, he undertook a great enveloping movement on both flanks in which some of his batteries actually secured positions from which they could have enfiladed the British line. How great was the British peril was shown by the words which Sir John French used to describe the close of the battle of Le Cateau. "It became apparent," he said, "that if complete annihilation was to be avoided, a retirement must be attempted." In the early hours of the 28th, General Smith-Dorrien had to fight at Le Cateau, what was one of the most fiercely contested battles in British history. The rain of the night had ceased, and a fine summer morning dawned. Bright sunlight, a pale-blue sky, and thin mists rising from wet fields, gave promise of a sultry day. As the sun rose, the flashes of German guns shot through the haze and light showed gray masses of infantry pushing forward in dense firing lines. Behind were some six hundred guns in action on a front of about twelve miles. Smith-Dorrien had been ordered to begin his retirement at daybreak; but he now sent word to his chief that it would be impossible to move as ordered until he had beaten off the enemy's attack.

Smith-Dorrien's men had had little time to entrench their position. Along the front where shelter trenches hastily dug afforded some small cover, the British artillery, altho outmatched, made a stand. During eight hours the infantry not only held their ground but made frequent counter-attacks. Once the enemy's horsemen—the cavalry of the Prussian Guards—actually rode into the British line. Smith-Dorrien had no reserves available. He could strengthen a threatened point of his line only by taking the risk of weakening it in another part. Gunners had the heaviest task of all. The losses in men and horses were appalling. In one battery, toward the end of the fight, only a lieutenant and one gunner remained, but they still contrived to keep a single gun in action. Several pieces had been disabled by the heavy shells of German field howitzers. Wheels and gun-carriages were so smashed that in their retreat on Paris they had to be left on the ground.

The critical day for the British was this fight at Le Cateau. Smith-Dorrien's dogged resistance did more than merely save his army; it broke the vigor of the German pursuit. Heavy as the British losses were, both in battle and in the terrible night march southward, Kluck's attempt to envelop and cut off the Second Corps was foiled. For the next few days French had an easier task. Le Cateau became for the British an historic battle. Of their Expeditionary Force probably one-half was put out of action. It was not until September, 1918, that Le Cateau was rescued from the Germans when its fall was an incident in Foch's sweeping victories.

Panic now set in among the French people in this part of France increasing in terror toward the end of the week. Philip Gibbs,[6] who was in the midst of it, saw "unforgettable scenes of tragedy"—the flight of hundreds of thousands of families from St. Omer, Roubaix, Béthune, Douai, Valenciennes, and Arras, under the menace of approaching uhlans. For these people there was neither shelter nor safety. Hordes of Belgians had preceded them. The railways were gorged; there was no food or drink, and none was to be had at stations. Many, frightened, weary, unwashed and exhausted, spent days and nights in cars shunted on side-tracks, while troop-trains passed or were held up in towns where they could obtain no means of subsistence. To all it seemed as if the year 1870—*L'année terrible*—had come again. On every civilian's vision were written the stern realities of war. There were old men who had left behind them the small or large fortunes they had made; children who had been learning to follow the parental footsteps; elderly dames who had earned repose by reason of arduous and thrifty years of activity; younger women who gloried in their husband's commercial enterprise and success—"a crowd who now would have to begin life anew when the scourge of war had ceased."

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[6] Correspondent of The *Daily Chronicle*, London, and The New York *Times*. Mr. Gibbs continued to serve in the war as a correspondent until the armistice was signed and the Rhine Valley occupied. He has published several war books, including "The Soul of the War" (Robert H. McBride & Co.), "The Battles of the Somme" (George H. Doran Co.), and "The Way to Victory" (George H. Doran Co.).

General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien

Nearly a fortnight had passed since the Germans concentrated their heaviest forces on Namur, and began to press southward along the Meuse. Mr. Gibbs said the Germans were heroic in their courage and reckless of their lives, but the valley of the Meuse was "choked with their corpses." That river, "strewn with dead bodies of men and horses, literally ran with blood." The most desperate fighting had taken place for possession of bridges. French engineers, whenever they could do so, blew them up one after the other as they retired southward. No fewer than thirty-three bridges were destroyed in this way before the German advance guard could seize them. The fighting extended for a considerable distance on either side of the Meuse above Namur, many engagements taking place between French and German cavalry before the Germans could force their way along the Meuse as far as Mezières, or to the neighborhood of Sedan, and the hollow, or "trou," which led to the great disaster of 1870, in which the French army was threatened with annihilation, the Germans having taken possession of the surrounding heights.

There was to be in Northern France no repetition of that tragedy now. As the main German advance came along this valley French artillery, stationed on heights, raked the Germans with terrific fire, the forefront being mowed down. In spite of this storm the Germans proceeded "with incredible coolness" to erect pontoon bridges. Altho hundreds of men died on river banks, others made their way as guns showered the hills with shells and forced French gunners to retire. The occupation of Charleville became a German victory, but it was also a German graveyard. After a seemingly unending battle, the main body of the French withdrew. The retirement had one advantage; it enabled the Allied armies to draw closer together, and to form a front that swept in a crescent from Abbeville to the south of Amiens, and thence in an irregular line to the eastern frontier. Mr. Gibbs said that he could not soon forget a dreadful night near Amiens where he saw "beaten and broken men coming back from the firing-lines and death-carts passing down the roads." The roads were filled with soldiers "marching toward an enemy that was rapidly drawing close upon them, for whom they seemed but ill-prepared —and with civilians stampeding after wild rumors that the uhlans were close upon them."

Philip Gibbs
Correspondent of a British and an American newspaper on the Western Front from the beginning of the war to the end

There was now "a thrill of uneasiness in the military machine." Troops were being hurried in a northwesterly direction, while Algerians were swinging along the road. The sight of Turcos put some heart into the fugitives. Their brown faces were "laughing like children at the prospect of a fight." They waved their hands in an Arab gesture of salute, and "shuffled along merrily with rifles slung behind their backs." Mr. Gibbs proceeded:

> "Military motor-cars carrying parties of French officers swept down the roads. Then there were no more battalions but only stragglers, hurrying fugitives driving along in farmers' carts packed with household goods, in two-wheeled gigs, overburdened with women and children, riding on bicycles, with parcels tied to the saddles, or trudging wearily and anxiously along, away from where the blood-red sun was setting over France. It was pitiful to see children clinging to women's skirts along that road of panic, and pitiful but fine to see the courage of those women. Night fell and darkness came across the fields, and through the darkness many grim shadows of war.
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> "Everyone knew it was a retreat, and the knowledge was colder than the mist of night. Carts, carrying the quick and the dead, rumbled by in a long convoy, the drooping heads of soldiers turned neither to right nor left for any greeting with old friends. There was a hugger-mugger of uniforms and provision carts with ambulances all a part of the wreckage and wastage of war. To the onlooker it exaggerated unconsciously the importance of things close at hand and visible, terrible in its significance, and an ominous reminder of 1870, when through Amiens there came the dismal tramp of beaten men. I turned away, rather sick at heart. It is not a pleasant thing to see men walking like living corpses, or as tho drugged with fatigue. It is heartrending to see poor beasts stumbling forward at every step at the very last gasp of their strength until they fall never to rise again.
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> "To these people it seemed incredible and horrible—an admission that France was being beaten to her knees. How could they know that it was part of a great plan to secure the safety of France? How could they realize that the town itself would be saved from possible bombardment by this withdrawal of the troops to positions which would draw the Germans into the open?"

Mr. Gibbs noted that at a tiny village called Estrées in a hollow of the downs about three miles out from St. Quentin, the confusion was indescribable. Lorries, stragglers, refugees, transport-columns, guns—all were inextricably mixed. It was supposed to be the bivouac point for a night, but no one knew definitely. In any case, all were tightly wedged in that hollow, and the Germans were only a very few miles behind. Had an enemy battery come within range, as it might well have done, it would have meant certain death for every soul there. As dusk gathered into darkness the confusion grew worse, while discomfort increased with the steady downpour of rain which followed. But there was no moment's rest for the exhausted troops, save when a regiment came up against an obstacle across the road—a broken-down motor-van or gun-wagon. At St. Quentin there was a big hospital which had been gradually filling during twenty-four hours. So, mingled with the retreating army were men swathed in bloody bandages, some clinging to vehicles on which they had found a seat: others marching with vague, uncertain pace; others, again, just dropping out, to huddle exhausted by the roadside waiting for dawn and a fate which now had no meaning for them. Horse after horse in the slowly trekking columns of batteries or supply transport dropt down and fouled the wheels. Dozens, perhaps hundreds of men got cut adrift from their regiments that day, adrift and hopelessly lost in a strange country. No house, no village was safe as a sanctuary, for the tide of invasion lapped at the threshold and would presently overwhelm it.

No torture is more refined than that of preventing a worn-out human being from sleeping; and here it was experienced to the full. On, ever on, went the retreat hour after hour, riding or trudging through inky darkness, never a halt. The Germans had been hotly prest near Guise, when the French, getting the upper hand, demoralized them, one German army corps being thrown into the Oise. At St. Quentin ensued a reminder of the battle at the same place in 1870, with the difference that the Germans now approached the town from another direction. A British guardsman, wounded and taken home, wrote of the engagement:

"In our retreat we marched close upon eighty miles. We passed through Cambrai, and a halt was called at St. Quentin. The Germans, in their rush to get to Paris, had seldom been far behind us, and when we came to St. Quentin the word went through the ranks that we were going into action. The men were quite jubilant at the prospect. They had not been all pleased at their continued retirement before the enemy, and they at once started to get things

FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
Commander of the British forces in France and Belgium, after Sir John French retired

II.

ready. The engagement opened briskly, both our artillery and the Germans going at it for all they were worth. We were in good skirmishing order, and under the cover of our guns we were all the time getting nearer and nearer the enemy. When we had come to within 100 yards of the German lines the commands were issued for a charge, and the Black Watch made the charge along with the Scots Greys. Not far from us the Ninth Lancers and the Cameronians joined in the attack.

"It was the finest thing I ever saw. The Scots Greys galloped forward with us hanging on to their stirrups, and it was a sight never to be forgotten. We were simply being dragged by the horses as they flew forward through a perfect cloud of bullets from the enemy's Maxims. All other sounds were drowned by the thunder of the horses' hoofs as they careered wildly on, some of them nearly driven mad by the bullets which struck them. It was no time for much thinking. Saddles were being emptied quickly as we closed on the German lines, and tore past their Maxims, which were in the front ranks.

"We were on the German gunners before they knew where they were, and many of them went down in their gore, scarcely realizing that we were among them. Then the fray commenced in deadly earnest. The Black Watch and the Scots Greys went into it like men possest. They fought like demons. It was our bayonets against the Germans' swords. You could see nothing but the glint of steel, and soon even that was wanting as our boys got well into the midst of the enemy. The German swords were no use against us, and just clashed against the bayonets as the now blood-stained steel was sent well home time and again. They went down in hundreds, and still the deadly work of the bayonet continued.

"The enemy began to waver as the carnage among them increased, and they soon broke and fled before the bayonets like rabbits before the shot of a gun. Still the slaughter went on, with here and there a fierce hand-to-hand exchange where Germans, with their retreat cut off, fought to the last. We knew what our men had come through, and we did not forget them. There were about 1,900 of us in that charge against 20,000 Germans and the charge itself lasted about four hours. We took close upon 4,000 prisoners, and captured a lot of their guns. In the course of the fighting I got a cut from a German sword—they are very much like saws—and fell into a pool of water, where I lay unconscious for twenty-four hours. I was picked up by one of the Ninth Lancers."

Amiens was taken by the Germans without a battle and remained in their hands from August 31 to September 11.

Because it did not suffer the hardships inflicted on other towns, and its magnificent cathedral escaped all harm, thanks were due in a great measure to the mayor and other municipal officers. During the night of August 30 an urgent telephone message reached Amiens from Villers-Bretonneux announcing that the population was fleeing in panic toward that city. Next morning at 11 o'clock the Germans reached the gates of Amiens, took possession of the city hall and hoisted the German flag. M. Fiquet, the mayor, was invited to meet Major von Stockhausen, who commanded the army of occupation, and was received with courtesy. Major von Stockhausen put a ransom of one million francs ($200,000), partly in specie, on Amiens, backing up his request with an intimation that he would bombard the town in case any attack was made on his troops. M. Fiquet had only a few hours in which to find the ransom. When he saw the list of requisitions his heart failed him, but one of his colleagues, M. Francfort, a merchant of Amiens, declared that the demands could be satisfied if only a delay of twenty-four hours was given. This was granted, but in the meantime the mayor and twelve other municipal dignitaries were held as hostages.

The following morning 160,000 francs in cash were ready, but the 800,000 odd francs' worth of various articles, including cigars, wine, petrol, brandy, and provisions of all kinds, were not wholly forthcoming. M. Francfort asked for an extension of time, which was granted and the hostages dispatched to Clermont, where the German headquarters then were. In due time M. Francfort succeeded in collecting all the articles required, with the exception of 20,000 electric pocket-torches, and Major von Stockhausen ultimately consented to accept in lieu of them 20,000 francs in cash. That further sum was procured within an hour, and Amiens thus saved from threatened bombardment.

Special tribute has been paid to the way in which the Germans, so faithless and ruthless elsewhere, kept their share of this bargain. No illegal demands were made, public buildings were respected, and the cathedral, hardly less beautiful than that of Reims, was not violated. While some of the German officers were described as "strutting about the town," many others went out of their way to imitate their commander's politeness, but they never walked through the streets except with an armed infantryman on either side of them. Major von Stockhausen, when he went to get shaved, carried prudence so far as to place two guardsmen by the side of the chair in which he sat.

The German occupation of Amiens ended as suddenly as it began. During the morning of September 11 the 3,000 men who formed the army of occupation almost slunk out of the place. Their departure was so sudden and so silent that the mayor did not even see the sentries disappear from before his office door. Other troops meanwhile passed through Amiens at full speed, their appearance that of fugitives rather than of soldiers in retreat. They had not time enough even to execute the goose-step with which they had first passed through the town. Some of the bolder

AMIENS CATHEDRAL AS SEEN ABOVE THE CITY

spirits among the French questioned the Germans as to this change in their movements. *"Grosses Malheur!"* was the only reply that could be obtained from hurrying infantrymen. This "great mishap" was defeat on the Marne which by this time had been completed. On the following day French troops arrived in Amiens amid the shouts of the populace, who adorned with garlands of flowers the rifles of their countrymen and replaced the German flag with the tricolor while singing the "Marseillaise."

Pursued by German armies under Kluck on the west, by Bülow from Charleroi and Namur, and by Hausen from Dinant and Givet, the Allies by August 28 had been pushed back to a line stretching roughly from Amiens to Mezières. East of the Meuse, between Mezières and Verdun, they had retired before Duke Albrecht of Würtemberg and the Crown Prince. Southeast of Verdun they were still headed off from the gap of Nancy. On August 28 the British were retiring from Noyon and La Fère on Compiègne and Soissons with two columns of German cavalry in hot pursuit, and their position was critical. For six days they had been marching and fighting—by day under a blazing August sun, by night in a heavy, stifling atmosphere, in a country, the features of which were unfamiliar to them and the inhabitants of which spoke a language English soldiers could not understand.

It was while German armies were securing these interrupted victories, that news of evil omen reached them. Loss of the Marne battle was only a part of this bad news. Precisely as Napoleon, at the moment when he was launching his attack on Wellington at Waterloo, learned that there were Prussians in the field in the direction of Plancenoit, so the German commander at Charleroi heard that Russia had stept into East Prussia and won victories; that she had isolated Königsberg, and was moving westward toward the Vistula, the Russian mobilization having been more rapid than it was expected to be. At the end of the third week of the war, therefore, the Germans had found it necessary to deplete their armies that were to operate against France. Two corps had been sent to Russia before the battle of St. Quentin was fought, but after the battle had ended, worse news came from the east, this time from Galicia, where the main Austrian field-army was in distress, having met with disaster about Lemberg, its first real disaster in the war. Five corps, or half the Austrian force, were reported to have been crusht and, unsupported, were threatened with annihilation. It was, therefore, necessary to send further assistance to the east, not only two Austrian corps, which had been aiding the Germans on the lower frontier of France, but five German corps. To make matters worse, a Serbian army had routed four Austrian corps. The Germans having now sent eastward seven corps—two to East Prussia, four to Galicia,—the advantage in numbers in France seemed no longer so overwhelmingly with the Germans.

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DUKE ALBRECHT OF WÜRTTEMBERG

But the Germans by August 28 had possest themselves of the larger part of Belgium; had been successful in a number of serious conflicts on the French frontier; had rolled back the French center; had threatened to surround the British on the Allied left, and had taken Longwy. Still they had failed to envelop or destroy their enemy. So far the projected German enveloping movement—an enormous expansion of the famous one of 1870—had failed. Steadily retreating, the French left had gone onward and southward toward home, until it got actually under the guns of Paris while the center stood behind the Marne. Meanwhile, the German left had prolonged its line to the Argonne, where it joined the German armies of the Meuse and Vosges, facing north and east. It was no longer possible to envelop a wing, but it was still possible to break through the enemy's center, cut the line between Paris and the eastern fortresses, destroy the center, and then deal with the wings. For the Germans a stroke of this kind was necessary, since they still had the whole force of France to dispose of. That force had retreated, but it had not been shattered. In case it could not be destroyed, then, with Russia pounding at Galicia, and the east calling for larger and larger depletions of Germany's western armies, an eventual German retreat from Paris seemed inevitable. As the Germans might soon be outnumbered in both fields, the advantage which they possest in their better concentration at the start would pass out of their hands.

On September 1 a sharp action occurred in the neighborhood of Compiègne, with a body of German cavalry preceded by a light scouting column; but the German attack, tho strongly prest, was finally brought to a standstill. Ten German guns were captured. It was near Compiègne that Louis the Sun King set up a glittering camp as a spectacle for Mme de Maintenon. Here, too, was the site of a tent erected by Napoleon to grace his first meeting with his bride, Marie Louise, when Berthier, who had married her by proxy, brought her to France as tribute to Napoleon from vanquished Austria.

On September 2 the German army was described as having "gradually narrowed its principal attacking point, until it had become an arrowhead, or a V-shaped mass, pointing directly for Paris." The southernmost end was just before Creil, less than an hour's run from the capital by train. Before it flowed a river with bridges waiting to be blown up, an army ready to resist it, and the fortifications of Paris. On the night of September 1 patrols had been in action at Senlis, the day being the forty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Sedan. It was expected that on this day the Germans would make a desperate effort, sparing no sacrifices, to repeat their triumph of 1870. But the conditions that now prevailed were not the same. Great damage, however, was done at Senlis. Near Senlis, in November, 1918, German commissioners met Marshal Foch and signed the armistice.

News of the advancing Germans reached Chantilly and people went from house to house to spread the news. The horse-trainers had already left and most of their horses had been taken away; only forty or fifty remained in the stables. On September 1 guns were heard at Chantilly. During the whole of this period the marching had been continuous. The casualties amounted to about 15,000 officers and men, but as the fighting had been in open order on a wide front, with repeated retirements, a large number of the missing officers and men apparently had lost their way, and so got separated from their companions. Of Senlis, after the Germans had gone, Geoffrey Young wrote:[7]

> "I came from the west into Senlis the day after its evacuation by the Germans. A detour took me through the Forest of d'Ermonville, with its beautiful pine and heather glades, and wide lakes, haunted by memories of the humanist philosopher, Rousseau, but haunted now by other ghosts. The desolation and silence prepared me for a shock And it came. Senlis—Senlis of history—with its exquisite tower of open stonework and frame of romantic beauty, is a wasted ruin. As I moved up the deserted streets for a moment I was deceived. But every house, as I looked into it, was a shell; burnt out, skeletonlike, staring at the sky. Fire, and pillage, and ruin. And why? The French soldiers held the last houses with effective fire. Then, for ten days the Germans held the town; and destroyed it. The mayor and two other elderly burgesses, named Simond and Barberre, were set in front of the hotel in single file and shot with a single discharge. They were not even allowed to speak to their wives and children who stood by.
>
> "The hostess of the hotel was forced to open every room with a pistol held at her throat. The two old maidservants who had stayed to look after the 'great house'—now a smoking shell—were abused and injured. One wanders half an idiot in the village, still weeping. Eight hundred bottles of champagne—they would have no other wine—were looted from the cellars. Double them, and you will not be able to account for the ankle-deep litter of glass in the streets. Hardly a house of importance is left with roof or floor. And how do you think it was done? Straw was piled. The tapers were stolen from the shrines and cathedral, and the soldiers amused themselves by throwing lighted candles in at the windows of the houses."

This retreat on Paris was an Allied series of stubborn, disciplined, tactical movements tempered by feats of Allied gallantry. In one of them the Ninth British Lancers repeated under similar conditions the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. From the beginning of the fighting, the German artillery had been the bane of the British troops. During the action in question, which took place close to the Belgian frontier after the retreat from Mons, terrible havoc was caused in British ranks by shells from a battery of eleven guns posted inside a wood. Through an ingenious disposal of large quantities of forage, the guns had the appearance of small haystacks. The first fire caused terrible losses among the British, who approached them unsuspectingly. Guns continued to fire with continuous effect. Finally the 9th Lancers, in an attempt to silence these guns, rode straight at them, debouching into the open and charging under a hail of melinite or lyddite. Nothing could stop them. Men and horses rushed on till they reached guns which in size almost approximated siege guns, cut down the gunners and put the guns out of action. Like their prototypes of Balaklava they rode back again, but in returning had fallen in great numbers.

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[7] An English newspaper correspondent.

A striking feat of arms occurred at Solesmes, east of Cambrai, where British infantry regiments held an exposed position while expecting all day to receive the support that failed to come. As the enemy crept around them, the British, to avoid being encircled, charged the gradually closing German ring with bayonet, yelling and shouting, and got through a gap of eight hundred yards. Here the German artillery was turned. The German trenches were lined with machine-guns which poured forth incessant sheets of lead and so defended them. The British could not get to hand-to-hand fighting with the Germans whose shell-fire prevented it. The wounded suffered mainly from shell wounds, bullet wounds being much less common.

Sheer weight of numbers brought the Germans close to the gates of Paris at the amazing rate of twenty-five miles a day. One Allied estimate of the German losses ran as high as 5 to 1, but 3 or 2 to 1 would be a more reasonable estimate. The combined Franco-British loss was declared not to exceed 40,000. "Torrents of blood will flow," predicted Bernhardi in his book, "but we can afford it." And

FIRST GERMAN WAR TROPHIES
A Berlin crowd at the Brandenburg Gate watching their arrival

so it came to pass. The fiercest fighting occurred when the Germans tried to force the passage of a river. At fords, every one of which was commanded by artillery and picked riflemen, they were galled terribly by rifle-fire. The Germans worked to get their pontoons into position regardless of all cost in lives. A party would rush a pontoon like a swarm of bees when a shell, from a French battery hidden on the left, would drop on them, and the bridge would collapse into the river with its human load and be carried down stream. Such work would go on all day, until men grew sick of the cries of drowning and dying men.

That long retreat from Mons was a constant nightmare. Soldiers were on the move continuously from August 18 to August 30. From Sunday at Mons until the following Sunday many had no sleep except the sleep of death. After long days in the blazing sun men had to pick their way through a strange country at night, not knowing whether they might not at any time stumble into a German ambush. Lights could not be shown for fear of putting the Germans on the track. From British soldiers who sent letters from the field to relatives at home, the following notes have been taken:

"The fighting lately has been hot all around, and the French have had it much harder than us in some places, but they're sticking at it manfully. There's plenty of friendly rivalry between us when there's hard fighting to be done, and when we do get there before the French they don't grudge us our luck. They're good sports right through to the core, and the British soldier asks nothing better from allies in the field.

"I tell you, mother, it was awful to see your own comrades dropping down—some getting their heads blown off, and others their legs and arms. I was fighting with my shirt off, for a piece of shell went right through my shirt at the back but never touched me. It struck into a bag of earth which we put between the wheels to stop bullets. We were there all busy fighting when an airship came right over the line and dropt a bomb, which caused a terrible lot of smoke. Of course, that gave the Germans our range. Then the shells were dropping on us thick. We looked across the line and saw the German guns coming toward us. We turned our two center guns on them, and sent them yards in the air. I reckon I saw one German go up quite twenty yards. Just after that a shell burst right over our guns. That one got me out of action. I had to get off the field the best way I could."

"Up again at two and off for what was called a rest camp. Still wet clothes, and filthy; had no boots off for days. Instead of 'rest camp' we marched nearly thirty miles, arriving at 8 P.M. Here I had a good meal of jam, cheese, and bread—first bite of bread for days. Next day we were up before daylight and taking up position. We dug trenches, and were fired on before we had finished. We were at the back—a sort of last firing-line. So we lay down in the trench, and waited. Shrapnel and lyddite were flying round us like hail, and our gunners were firing, too. Such a noise! Just like thunder! Well, we stuck out as long as we could, then we got the order to retire."

"Well, this is a lovely country. The climate suits me very well. Everything grows like mad here. It is rather like Ireland, only ten times as rich. All that I have seen yet, and that is a good lot, is far and away better than the best part of the county Limerick. I think it would be a pleasure to farm here. 'Tis great fun trying to talk French to them, and I am picking it up gradually. It is wonderful how words and sentences that I learned at school come back to me now, and I can generally make myself understood all right. It is an awful pity to see this beautiful country spoiled by war, and it is no wonder the people are so eager to fight for it. I don't think there is a single house that has not sent out one or more men to fight with the French Army, and their mothers, sisters, wives, etc., are very proud of it. There are two gone out of this house."

"I am the only one left out of my battery; we were blown to pieces by the enemy on Wednesday at Le Cateau. We have been out here twenty-eight days all told, and have been through the five engagements. I have nothing; only the jacket I stand up in—no boots or puttees, as I was left for dead. But my horse was shot and not me. He laid down on me. They had to cut my boots, etc., off to get me from under my horse."

"It's very jolly in camp in spite of all the drawbacks of active service, and we have lively times when the Germans aren't hanging around to pay their respects. It's a fine sight to see us on the march, swinging along the roads as happy as schoolboys, and singing all the old songs we can think of. The tunes are sometimes a bit out, but nobody minds so long as we're happy. As we pass through the villages the French come out to cheer us and bring us food and fruit. Cigarets we get more of than we know what to do with. Some of them are rotten so we save them for the German prisoners who would smoke anything they can lay their hands on. Flowers also we get plenty of, and we are having the time of our lives. If the French people were mad about us before we were on trial, they are absolutely crazy over us now when we have sort of justified our existence. In the towns we pass through we are received with so much demonstration that I fancy the French soldiers must be jealous. The people don't seem to have eyes for anybody else but us, and they do all they can to make us comfortable.

"You can not imagine how complete the Germans are in the matter of rapid transport. Large automobiles, such as the railway companies have for towns round Harrogate and Scarborough, built like *char-a-bancs,* carry the soldiers in batches of fifty, so that they are as fresh as paint when they get to the front. But in point of numbers I think one of our side is a fair match for four of the enemy. I hope that the British public are beginning to understand what this war means. The German is not a toy terrier, but a bloodhound, absolutely thirsty for blood.

"How serious the situation is here it is hard for you to realize in London. We may be encircled at any moment. They are rushing Paris at all costs, squandering men recklessly in overwhelming numbers. Our troops are submerged and can only retreat, fighting desperately, but the spirit of our soldiers is splendid. All the wounded I have seen laugh and joke over their wounds and are burning to have another go at the barbarians. Victory is certain. But what disastrous changes shall we know before it comes? I am prepared for the worst—another month of hopeless struggle perhaps. But we will fight to the last man. The tide will turn, and then—woe to them."

An American priest, Father Molloy, on arrival in New York in October, described some of his experiences and observations during the retreat from Mons to Paris:

"There is an overpowering sense of unreality about it, this business of seeing men kill each other with perfect machines of death. It seems mechanical because of the very preponderance of the machine element in the affair; the human element but bleeds and dies, while the machines continue in their perfection—slaughtering. The conduct of the English and Irish soldiers in the trenches was surprizing. There those men stood behind soldier-high mounds of dirt, facing level sprays of death in front, yet cracking jokes and singing snatches of music-hall ballads between volleys. Stupendous bravery, I call it, or stupendous absence of nerve. I've heard men under the crashing fire of the terrible German guns, and with comrades dropping all about them, unite in roaring 'It's a long road to Tipperary,' as if they were in barracks.

"But how the Germans did pound that British line at Mons! They came on, and on, never stopping, never faltering. It was like the waves of a blue-gray sea rolling up through the fog. One wave would break and die away, but another would be right behind it, pushing on inexorably. The German commanders threw their men into the face of British fire with absolute recklessness, counting on the sheer weight of numbers to overwhelm us.

"To see those German lines move forward through glasses was like watching regiments of toy soldiers pushed across a table. You'd see a long row of pale-blue blocks, topped with spiked helmets, break cover and come rushing at you. Then a British gun at your elbow would speak, a shell would drop right in the midst of that blue block, a great hurling up of smoke and soil and—the block would be gone. Nothing left but a few little men madly running back through the haze of powder-smoke. The German shells kept coming and coming. They are terrible, those shells! I have seen one shell enter a little hill and there explode, carrying away the whole top of the hill. I have seen a company of British wiped out by the explosion of a single shell. On their artillery the Germans place their chief reliance. Their infantrymen are poor shots and they can not 'stand still,' as the British soldier puts it. They break under a bayonet charge.

"The retreat was one long nightmare. No sleep for anyone; no rest from the harrying of the German guns and cavalry. Yet so stubborn was the spirit of the soldiers in the trenches that they rebelled against the order to retreat, failing to understand that the slow falling back in the faces of the German advance was in accordance with prearranged plans of the French and British. Sir John French even explained to some of the private soldiers the reason for his orders to retreat."

In accordance with Joffre's plans for a general retreat behind the Marne, French continued his retirement down the Oise on August 29, supported by the Sixth French Army operating on his left, the German army still in close pursuit. He reached Compiègne on the 30th, and next day continued his march southward toward Meaux, covered by a rear-guard.

Meanwhile an important development had been under way. General Maunoury had arrived at Montdidier, and joining him from the Alsace front was coming the Seventh French Corps, part of which had already detrained. Maunoury had been ordered by Joffre to form and take command of a Sixth French Army, consisting of the Seventh Corps and of other troops from Alsace, of Sordet's cavalry corps, very much reduced by the exhaustion of its horses, and of d'Amade's two reserve divisions. Thus a force which was destined to play a great part in the campaign had gradually been forming to meet Kluck and cover the threatened British left. It was the beginning of the formation of Joffre's new mass of maneuver. At the same time another army, the Ninth, under command of Foch, was being formed behind the French center by the withdrawal of corps from other armies. Joffre's measures for seizing the opportunity which was to present itself before long had thus began to take definite shape during the retreat.[8]

The British crossed the Marne by bridges from Lagny to Meaux, blowing them up after the rear-guard had passed the river. At Lagny the Germans were almost within gunshot of the eastern forts of Paris. All the Allied armies of the left and left-centers were now behind the Marne. Two days later the British force was concentrated some miles further south on the lower course of a tributary, the Grand-Morin, and the long retreat from the Belgian frontier was at an end. Its last days had been hard and critical, the afternoons a blaze of heat, the nights chilly and often wet. There was no rest, for each day's march was continued late into the night. On the evening of the 4th, the van of the retreat saw above the Grand-Morin a sloping land of coppice and pastures rolling southward to a broad valley, and far off were many trees—the forest of Fontainebleau and the vale of the Seine. The Allies had now fallen behind all but one of the four rivers which, from north and east, open the way to Paris. That night they were encamped along the very streams toward which a hundred years before Napoleon had retired before Schwarzenberg and Blücher.

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[8] General Sir Frederick Maurice's "Forty Days in 1914." (George H. Doran Co.)

General French's part in the retreat from Mons was accepted in Great Britain as a masterly operation which had rarely been equaled, and never surpassed, in the history of the British Army. Including his cavalry and artillery, the Field Marshal had at most 70,000 fighting men, and with this comparatively small force had marched sixty-four miles in four days, averaging sixteen miles a day. This would have been good marching at any time; but, seeing that the British Army was hotly pursued during the whole of its retreat by a force three times its strength, what French and his brave men did approached a miracle. He not only got his army away unbroken and unshaken, but hit his pursuers so hard as to cripple their offensive power. The strategical effect of this piece of work saved the left wing of the Allied Armies from being rolled up and thrown back in disorder on the French center. At the end of the fourth day of the pursuit, Kluck, after all the lives he had lost in his effort to destroy the British force, had really little to show. He had lost much and gained nothing. If General Leman in Belgium inflicted the first blow on the German invaders, General French delivered the second in France, and with equal effect. By turning round on all occasions to fight a series of delaying actions, he gained time for the French Armies of the right and center to retire on their reinforcements. Both tactically and strategically the British retreat from Mons was successful, a fact which Joffre was the first man to recognize when he sent a letter of thanks to French.[9]

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[9] Principal Sources: The *Times*, The *Daily Mail*, The *Daily Chronicle*, The *Daily News*, The *Standard*, London; The New York *World*, A. St. John Adcock's "In the Firing Line," The London *Times'* "History of the War," Roger Ingpen's "The Fighting Retreat to Paris," "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, *The Fortnightly Review*.

III

GERMANS AT THE GATES OF PARIS—THE INTAKE AND THE OUTPOUR

September 2, 1914—September 5, 1914

ON a hot Sunday afternoon with nothing stirring in Paris, a dull murmuring sound as of rolling traffic might have been heard from beyond the horizon to the north-east, provided one had strained his ears to hear it; yet, unless he had had reason to listen, he would hardly have noticed the sound. Even if he had been traveling out of Paris along the road to Compiègne, he would have discovered nothing unusual. Behind, floating in the hot air, could have been seen the white cupolas of the Sacré Cœur, the great new church on the hill of Montmartre. Elsewhere in the more distant folds of the ground lay flat fields with golden cornstalks and green copses. Gradually, as Philip Gibbs[10] remarked after observing these conditions, one would have met people on this dusty road pushing mail-carts, or barrows, filled with their belongings, and farm-wagons, lumbering along with parties of old folks in them—not jolly old folks, who might be going to a Sunday feast, but heavy-eyed, deprest-looking people holding bundles. Strange and antiquated motor-cars were filled with human beings and piled high with household goods. There were taxicabs that seemed to have come from Paris on some special errand, and there were furniture-vans, and milk-wagons. In these motley conveyances, or lying by the side of the road, or plodding warily along, were forlorn folks, each with a bundle, or refugees from distant departments of France, and all bound for Paris. Some had walked a hundred miles, after being driven out of their homes by advancing Germans. They had fled as people flee before a forest fire, or as their ancestors

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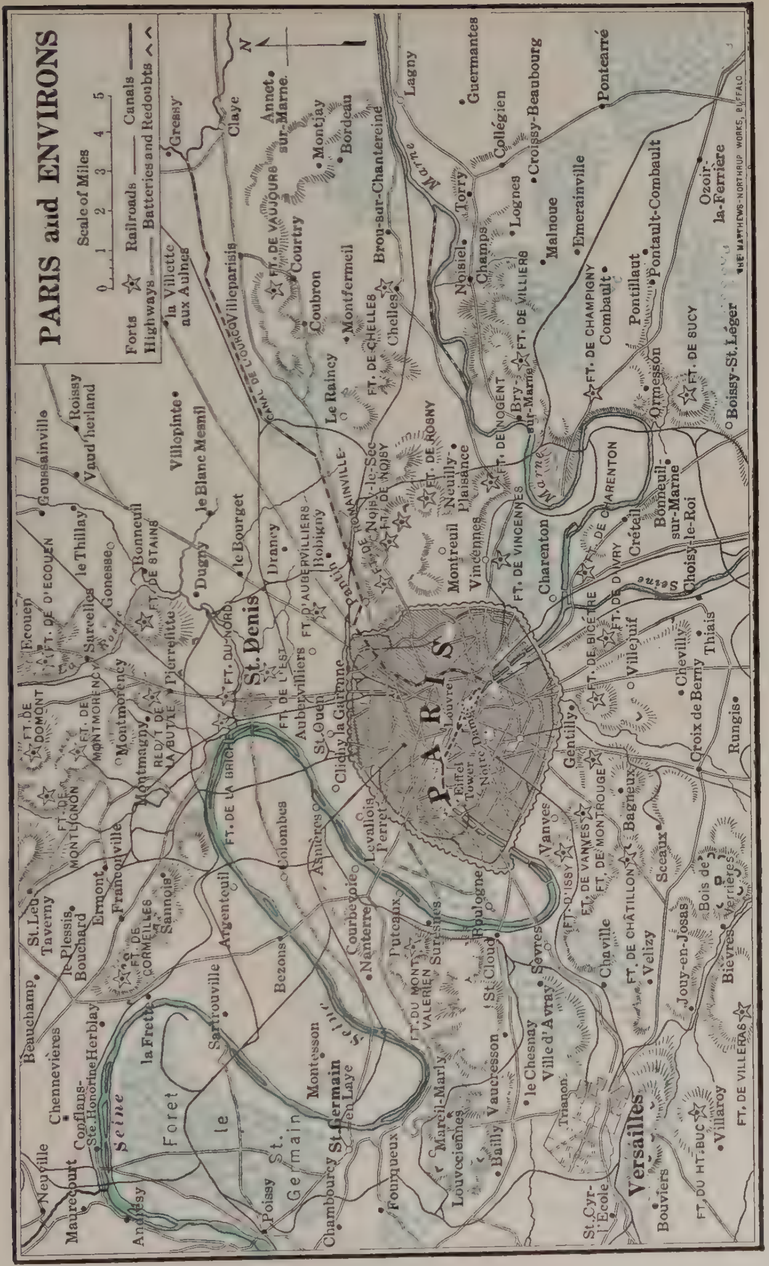
[10] Correspondent of The *Daily Chronicle* (London) and The New York *Times*.


PARIS and ENVIRONS
Scale of Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5
Forts
Railroads
Canals
Highways
Batteries and Redoubts
N
PARIS
Louvre
Eiffel Tower
Notre Dame
St. Denis
Versailles
St. Germain en Laye
Forêt de St. Germain
Seine
Marne
Canal de l'Ourcq
Ft. de Domont
Ft. de Montmorency
Ft. de Montlignon
Ft. d'Ecouen
Red't de la Butte
Ft. de Stains
Ft. du Nord
Ft. de l'Est
Ft. de la Briche
Ft. d'Aubervilliers
Ft. de Romainville
Ft. de Noisy
Ft. de Rosny
Ft. de Nogent
Ft. de Vincennes
Ft. de Charenton
Ft. d'Ivry
Ft. de Bicêtre
Ft. de Montrouge
Ft. de Vanves
Ft. d'Issy
Ft. de Châtillon
Ft. du Mont Valérien
Ft. de Cormeilles
Ft. de Vaujours
Ft. de Chelles
Ft. de Villiers
Ft. de Champigny
Ft. de Sucy
Ft. du Ht. Buc
Ft. de Villeras
Neuville
Maurecourt
Andresy
Conflans-Ste. Honorine
Chennevières
Herblay
Beauchamp
St. Leu Taverny
le Plessis Bouchard
Ermont
Franconville
Sannois
la Frette
Sartrouville
Argenteuil
Montmorency
Montmagny
Ecouen
Sarcelles
Pierrefitte
Gonesse
le Thillay
Goussainville
Roissy
Vaud'herland
Bonneuil
Dugny
le Bourget
le Blanc Mesnil
Villepinte
la Villette aux Aulnes
Gressy
Claye
Annet-sur-Marne
Villeparisis
Courtry
Coubron
Montjay
Bordeaux
Montfermeil
Brou-sur-Chantereine
Chelles
Lagny
Guermantes
Torcy
Collégien
Croissy-Beaubourg
Lognes
Noisiel
Champs
Malnoue
Emerainville
Pontcarré
Pontault-Combault
Pontillaut
Combault
Ozoir-la-Ferrière
Boissy-St. Léger
Le Raincy
Drancy
Bobigny
Aubervilliers
Pantin
Noisy-le-Sec
Montreuil
Neuilly-Plaisance
Vincennes
Bry-sur-Marne
Charenton
Créteil
Bonneuil-sur-Marne
Ormesson
Choisy-le-Roi
Thiais
Vitry
Villejuif
Chevilly
Croix de Berny
Rungis
Gentilly
Bagneux
Sceaux
Bois de Verrières
Vanves
St. Ouen
Clichy la Garenne
Levallois Perret
Asnières
Colombes
Courbevoie
Nanterre
Puteaux
Suresnes
Boulogne
St. Cloud
Sèvres
Chaville
Vélizy
Jouy-en-Josas
Bièvres
Ville d'Avray
le Chesnay
Vaucresson
Marly
Mareil-Marly
Louveciennes
Bailly
Trianon
St. Cyr-l'École
Bouviers
Villaroy
Bezons
Montesson
Chambourcy
Fourqueux
Poissy
THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS, BUFFALO

1,600 years before had come across this same country seeking refuge from the Huns of Attila, and they had left behind everything they could not carry, thankful to have life and limb still left.

All this mass of distrest humanity was an inpour into Paris forced by the German descent from the North. But after the inpour an exodus from Paris in another direction was to follow, and in two days to reach extraordinary proportions. Legal obstacles in the way of leaving the city had first to be removed, but these presented few difficulties as the authorities recognized that it was a good thing rather than otherwise that people should depart and thus lessen the demands on the food supply. The scenes outside Paris railway-stations serving southern lines became remarkable. Hundreds waited in long lines for many hours with numbered tickets, which allowed them to take certain places in trains, but which had to be secured forty-eight hours before the trains started. The main rush was to Bordeaux, which had the advantage of great distance from Paris and all threatened war zones. Bordeaux also offered a practical line of retreat by water. Equally unusual was the assemblage of motor-cars in the neighborhood of the Ministry of War, their owners anxious to leave Paris before it became difficult to do so, if not impossible, because of the crowded state of the roads, or because of the commandeering of vehicles. Another way out of Paris was by river to Rouen and Havre, but the journey to Havre by river steamer cost $50.

The exodus, as seen in districts outside of Paris, was pathetic. Along country roads were endless processions, some in farm-carts filled with as many household goods as they would contain, some on bicycles, and others on foot. Occasionally on the carts heads emerged from pyramids of clothes, furniture, and eatables. In all these circumstances the morale of the fleeing crowd remained as good as that of the reinforcing troops who were passing them on the road bound for Paris and who responded cheerily to their salutations. Reservists were going to the front, and whether passing through the streets of Paris or through suburbs, had a determined air by no means expressive of a despairing view of the situation. Mr. Gibbs described a scene on the road from Paris to Tours:

"I started from Tours for Paris when thousands and scores of thousands were flying from it. At that time I believed, as all France believed, that in a few hours German shells would be crashing across the fortifications of the city and that Paris the beautiful would be Paris the infernal. Along the road from Tours to Paris there were sixty unbroken miles of people—on my honor, I do not exaggerate, but write the absolute truth. They were people who had despaired of breaking through the dense masses of their fellow-citizens camped around the railway stations and had decided to take to the roads as the only way of escape.

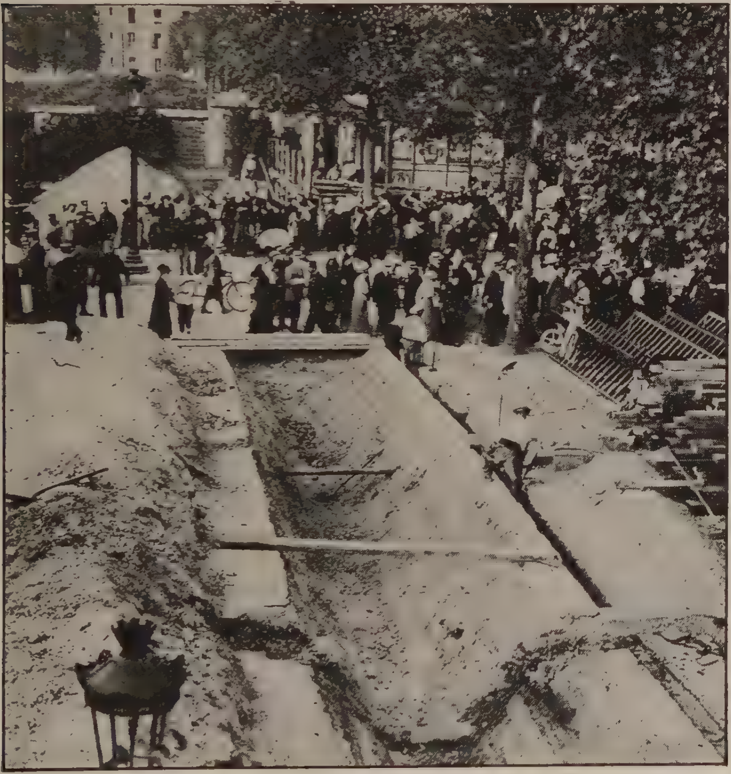
"The vehicles were taxicabs, for which the rich paid fabulous prices; motor-cars which had escaped military requisition, farmers'-carts, laden with several families and piles of household goods, shop-carts, drawn by horses already tired to the point of death because of the weight of the people who crowded behind, pony-traps and governess-carts.

"Many persons, well-drest and belonging obviously to well-to-do bourgeoisie, were wheeling barrows like costers, but instead of trundling cabbages were pushing forward sleeping babies and little children, who seemed on the first stage to find new amusement and excitement in the journey from home; but for the most part they trudged along bravely, carrying their babies and holding the hands of their little ones. They were of all classes, rank and fortune being annihilated by the common tragedy. Elegant women whose beauty was known in Paris salons, whose frivolity, perhaps, in the past was the main purpose of their life, were now on a level with the peasant-mothers of the French suburbs and with the midinettes of Montmartre, and their courage did not fail them.

"I looked into many proud, brave faces of these delicate women, walking in high-heeled shoes, all too frail for the hard, dusty roadways. They belonged to the same race and breed as those ladies who defied death with fine disdain upon the scaffold of the guillotine in the great Revolution. They were leaving Paris now, not because of any fears for themselves—I believe they were fearless—but because they had decided to save the little sons and daughters of soldier-fathers.

"This great army in retreat was made up of every type familiar to Paris. Here were women of the gay world, poor creatures whose painted faces had been washed with tears, and whose tight skirts and white stockings were never made for a long march down the highways of France. Here also were thousands of those poor old ladies who lived on a few francs a week in the top attics of the Paris streets, which Balzac knew; they had fled from their poor sanctuaries and some of them were still carrying cats and canaries, as dear to them as their own lives.

"There was one young woman who walked with a pet monkey on her shoulders while she carried a bird in a golden cage. Old men, who remembered 1870, gave their arms to old ladies to whom they had made love when the Prussians were at the gates of Paris then. It was pitiful to see these old people now hobbling along together. Pitiful, but beautiful also, because of their lasting love.



PARIS TRENCHES
Dug in anticipation of a German entry

"Young boy-students, with ties as black as their hats and rattail hair, marched in small companies of comrades, singing brave songs, as tho they had no fear in their hearts, and very little food, I think, in their stomachs. Shopgirls and concierges, city clerks, old aristocrats, young boys and girls, who supported grandfathers and grandmothers, and carried new-born babies, and gave pick-a-back rides to little brothers and sisters, came along the way of retreat.

''Each human being in the vast torrent of life will have an unforgettable story of adventure to tell if life remains. When I met many of them they were almost beyond the power of words. The hot sun of this September had beaten down upon them—scorching them as in the glow of molten metal. Their tongues clave to their mouths with thirst. Some of them had that wild look in their eyes, which is the first sign of the delirium of thirst and fatigue.

''It was a tragic road. At every mile of it there were people who had fainted on the roadside and poor old men and women who could go no further, but sat on the banks below the hedges, weeping silently or bidding younger ones go forward and leave them to their fate. Young women who had stept out so jauntily at first were footsore and lame, so they limped along with lines of pain about their lips and eyes.

''Afterward I was wedged up with fugitives in railway trains more dreadful than the open roads, stifling in their heat and heart-racking in their cargoes of misery. Poor women wept hysterically clasping my hand, a stranger's hand, for comfort in their wretchedness and weakness. Yet on the whole they showed amazing courage, and, after their tears, laughed at their own breakdown, and, always children of France, were superb, so that again and again I wondered at the gallantry with which they endured this horror. Young boys revealed the heroic strain in them and played the part of men in helping their mothers. And yet, when I came at last into Paris against all this tide of retreat, it seemed a needless fear that had driven these people away.

''Then I passed long lines of beautiful villas on the Seine-side, utterly abandoned. A solitary fisherman held his line above the water as tho all the world were at peace, and in a field close to the fortifications which I expected to see bursting with shells, an old peasant bent above the furrows and planted cabbages. Then, at last, I walked through the streets of Paris and found them strangely quiet and tranquil. The people I met looked perfectly calm. There were a few children playing in the gardens of the Champs Elysées, and under the Arc de Triomphe, symbolical of the glory of France.

"I looked back upon the beauty of Paris all golden in the light of the setting sun, with its glinting spires and white gleaming palaces and rays of light flashing in front of monuments. Paris was still unbroken. No shell had come shattering into this city of splendor, and I thanked Heaven that the peril had passed."

Frederick A. Coleman[11] saw roads that led through Lagny (east of Paris) "packed with fleeing refugees." White oxen and big draught-horses "drew load upon load of them," while tandems of three pulled great carts, blocks in the traffic being numerous. Whole families were "piled on wagons full of grain, three generations frequently in one party." Now and then "a quartet of milk-white oxen lumbered along, pulling a clumsy wagon crowned with a score of women and children huddled together under a dozen huge black unbrellas." Later in going north from Melun, on the main road to Meaux, Mr. Coleman found a broad highway "well-nigh impassable owing to lines of transport and columns of refugees." Hot days and long marches were telling sadly on the poor fleeing country-folk. On every side were sad sights, "weary mothers wheeling poor little prams: a pathetic peasant woman seated on a bank by the roadside, rocking her dead baby and crooning over it; aged *grandes dames* trotting along the hot way; one well-drest old lady, with shoes in hand, limping along, her bruised feet showing red through great holes in her thin stockings; and more than once some worn-out woman, exhausted, lying prone in the ditch in merciful insensibility."

Paris had had its greatest shock since 1870—so great, in fact, that many public buildings, including the Louvre, had been protected against damage from shells or bombs from aircraft. Many valued treasures were withdrawn to other buildings or places of greater safety. Few of the thousands who know the Louvre would have recognized it. For weeks the staff worked hard to carry out the measures ordered for its protection. Old men recalled that in 1870 the Venus of Milo was walled up in a subterranean niche; now she was enclosed in a steel-room. The Winged Victory was now sheltered behind heavy iron plates, and the Giaconda (Mona Lisa) forced to smile in obscurity as inscrutably as ever.

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[11] "From Mons to Ypres." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Grecian Hall, which contained masterpieces of Phidias, was protected by sacks filled with earth.

It seemed inevitable that the Germans would enter Paris. But a day passed, and then another day, and not a shot came crashing down on the fortifications. At least a million men were known to be advancing on the capital. They had been close to Beauvais, they had fought British troops at Creil, they were holding others in the Forest of Compiègne, and they had been as near Paris as Senlis and Lagny, which are almost within gunshot of the outer forts. "Nothing seems to stop them," said many soldiers in the ranks of the Allies. "We kill them and kill them, but they still come on." The situation seemed almost ready for the supreme tragedy—the capture and destruction of the city. It was for this that the Germans had fought their way westward and southward from Liége, Mons, and Charleroi to St. Quentin and Amiens, and thence to Creil and Compiègne, flinging away human life as tho it were rubbish for death-pits. The prize of Paris—Paris the great and beautiful—seemed easily within their grasp. Holding it for ransom, the Germans could have forced France to her knees, under threat of ruin to her palaces, churches, and other buildings, in which the great soul of French history is enshrined. They might have done it but for one thing which upset all the calculations of their staff. This was what President Poincaré called "the clairvoyant strategy of Joffre." Philip Gibbs wrote of what the French were doing to save Paris:

> "I saw regiment after regiment entraining. Men from the southern provinces, speaking the patois of the south; men from the eastern departments whom I had seen a month before, at the beginning of the war, at Châlons and Épernay and Nancy, and men from the southwest and west of France, in garrisons along the Loire. They were all in splendid spirits and utterly undaunted by the rapidity of the German advance. Many of them had fought the Crown Prince's army at Longwy and on the heights of the Vosges. The youngest of them had bristling beards, their blue coats with turned-backed flaps were war-worn and flanked with the dust of long marches; their red trousers were sloppy and stained, but they had not forgoten how to laugh, and the gallantry of their spirits was a joy to see.

"They were very proud, these French soldiers, of fighting side by side with their old foes, the English, who now after long centuries of strife, from Edward the Black Prince to Wellington, were their brothers in arms on battlefields. Because I am English they offered me their cigarets and made me one of them. But I realized even then that the individual is of no account in this inhuman business of war. It is only masses of men that matter, moved by common obedience at the dictation of mysterious far-off powers, and I thanked Heaven that masses of men were on the move rapidly in vast numbers, and in the right direction, to support the French lines that had fallen back from Amiens a few hours before I left that town, and which I had followed in their retirement, back and back, with the English always strengthening their left, but retiring with them almost to the outskirts of Paris itself.

"Only this could save Paris—the rapid strengthening of the allied front by enormous reserves strong enough to hold back the arrow-shaped battering ram of the enemy's main army. Undoubtedly the French Headquarters Staff was working heroically and with fine intelligence to save the situation at the very gates of Paris. The country was being swept absolutely clean of troops in all parts of France, where they had been waiting as reserves. It was astounding to me to see, after those three days of rushing troop trains and of crowded stations not large enough to contain the regiments, how on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday an air of profound solitude and peace had taken possession of all these routes.

"Dijon was emptied of its troops. The road to Châlons was deserted by all but fugitives. The great armed camp of Châlons itself had been cleared out except for a small garrison. The troops at Tours had gone northward to the French center. All our English reserves had been rushed up to the front from Havre and Rouen. There was only one deduction to be drawn from this great, swift movement—the French and the English lines had been supported by every available battalion, to save Paris from its menace of destruction, to meet the weight of the enemy's metal by a force strong enough to resist its mighty mass."

Many believed that a regular investment of Paris would have been impossible by any force the Germans could then have spared; the bombardment, even if intended, could not have been carried out till at least a considerable breach in the outer circle of forts had been made. Probably an army of two million men would have been needed to invest an entrenched camp before Paris. Had the German advance column gone as far as the forts it would have arrived already to some extent spent, and certainly with its line of communications cut off when a battle outside the forts would have been a desperate encounter. Defensive works formed an almost impregnable perimeter of forts and earthworks around Paris; they could hardly have been invested by any invading army when a field-army of the Allies was in opposition.

There were three lines of defenses around Paris[12]—the first, a belt of old fortifications encircling the city, built under the premiership of Thiers in the reign of Louis Philippe. These walls and earthworks were of little use in 1870. Since 1878 a second ring of fortified positions had been built. It did not form a continuous circumference of defensive positions, but several fortresses. The threatened approach to Paris lay to the north. A number of very strong positions lay between the Oise and the Seine—the middle of these powerful lines resting mostly on hilly eminences in the Forest of Montmorency. The backbone, so to speak, of these defensive works was composed of a number of forts.

Beginning with the defenses of the Seine, there was the Fort of Cromeilles, with the redoubt of Francaville in front, as well as that of Les Cotillons supported by a number of batteries. The strong fortified position of Cromeilles stood nearly 500 feet above the Seine. The slopes were steep, and for defense these groups were of great power. The Valley of Ermont lay between the works of Cromeilles and the Forest of Montmorency, but these and those of Montlignon and Montmorency, placed on the southwest fringe of the forest, swept the valley. At the northeast of the forest was the Fort of Domont, and further, another strong defensive group including the Fort of Ecouen and several connected batteries.

Southward were the Forts of Stains and the battery of Pinçon Hill. This remarkably powerful fortress, with its dependent defenses composed of batteries, permanent trenches, timber-cleared expanses for shooting and barbed-wire fences, rendered it secure against a surprize attack.

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[12] Outlined here from an article in The New York *Times*.

To the east of St. Denis was a low-lying plain showing no favorable point for fortification, but which could be flooded by the rivers Morée and Trond. This plain was also exposed to the fire of the Fort of Stains and the battery of the Butte Pinçon with the defensive works of Vaujours to the south.

The Fort of Vaujours and that of Chelles barred access to Paris between the Canal de l'Durque and the Marne. Higher up the Marne and Chelles, and between that river and the Seine, the forts of Villiers, Champigny, Sucy, and Villeneuve St. Georges had been constructed. These fortified bulwarks of Paris were exceedingly strong. The defensive lines on the Marne from Chelles to Charenton formed a rampart against any surprize rush, and as the positions of Montmorency and the fixt defenses between Vaujours and Chelles had been greatly strengthened by batteries, felled timber, and trenches, wire obstacles, and other devices, a most determined resistance could have been made in this sector of fortified positions. Some improvised field-works had been constructed all round Paris.

Behind Versailles and St. Germain, the Forest of Marly was literally enclosed by batteries outlying the strong works of "Le Trou de Fer." Behind this group stood the high and prominent fort of Mont Valérien, which still maintained great military value for defense. Mont Valérien was the center of attack in the German siege of 1870. It was strengthened by two groups of works—Pautes Bruyères, the Chatillon fort, and batteries. South of the city was the row of forts at Ivry, Bicêtre, Mont Rouge, Vanves, and Issy. The outer circle of forts, which were of the most modern type, had from twenty-four to sixty heavy guns and from 600 to 1,200 men to each. In all, the three lines of defenses required 170,000 men to operate them, not counting troops assembled within the city.

Field-marshal von Moltke, at the time of the siege of Paris of 1870-71, had said in a report that the French artillery armament consisted of more than 2,627 pieces, including 200 of the largest caliber of naval ordnance. There were 500 rounds for each gun, and a reserve of 3,000,000 kilograms of powder. Moltke pointed out that the bombardment of a fortified place in the heart of an enemy's country was difficult, if not impossible, until the invader was master of the railways or waterways by which heavy siege artillery could be brought up in full quantity. He explained the failure to bombard Paris at the outset of the former siege by saying it would have required 300 heavy guns, with 500 rounds for each gun. The movement forward of these heavy guns would have required 4,500 four-wheeled wagons and 10,000 horses, and these were not available.

At a later stage the Germans brought up their siege-guns, attacking the enciente and forts, and dropping 300 to 400 fifteen-centimeter shells into the heart of the city. Notwithstanding the fury of the German attacks, Paris withstood the siege for 132 days. Since then the entirely new and outer third line of defense had been erected. The fortifications as a whole were now far more formidable than those which resisted the siege in 1870.

On September 3 it was announced in Paris that the President of the Republic and the Government had gone to Bordeaux. The step was taken at the request of the military authorities, who wished to secure for the Government freedom of action and a residence where it could be in constant touch with the whole country. A few days later the Diplomatic Corps retired to Bordeaux. G. H. Perris,[13] described the scene attending the departure of these representatives of other countries:

> "Their Excellencies left the Quai d'Orsay Station, and none who saw it is ever likely to forget the scene. I groped my way in the deep, narrow streets on the south of the river. As it was advisable to give no guidance to hostile airships, off the boulevards, the streets were hardly lighted at all. Last night it was only two-thirds of a moon. We are never likely again to see the abandonment of the first city of Europe at dead of night by a cosmopolitan crowd of diplomatists. There was Sir Francis Bertie, the British Ambassador, in a black suit and bowler hat, talking to the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, the Italian Ambassador himself, Signor Tittoni, being another distinguishable figure, in gray and soft felt hat. Ambassador Herrick had come down with his wife to say good-by

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[13] In The *Daily Chronicle* (London). Mr. Perris' account has since been included in his volume "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium." (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

to his confrères, and M. Isvolsky, the Czar's envoy, was chatting with the Spanish Ambassador.

"The windows of each carriage of the special train were labeled with the names of the countries whose representatives it was carrying off. There was even an inscription for the more or less imaginary Republic of San Marino; but no one appeared to answer to this honorific name. There were the Persian Minister and M. Romanos, a black-bearded Greek, and the Russian Military Attaché in uniform, and 'les braves Belges,' and all sorts of servants, including a Chinese nurse feeding a yellow baby with coal-black eyes. At last a soft-toned horn was blown, and the train rolled away.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN BORDEAUX
Buildings occupied in 1914 after Paris was abandoned, are shown

Say what you like, it was no pleasant thing to see the world's delegates pack up their traps and leave the splendid city of Paris to its fate. Paris was not quite derobed of her accustomed majesty. Her great monuments remained, but these because they could not be shifted. The perspective of the Champs Elysées was as glorious as ever. Did I say Paris had lost something of her majesty? She had gained a majesty higher than the glitter of any official uniforms can give. Let me confess it; I feared, I half expected, a panic in this still-crowded population, but there was nothing of the sort."

It was estimated that about 5 per cent. of French territory was now held by the Germans. Behind their advance lines they held nearly one-half of industrial France, the homes of one-tenth of her population. Pas-de-Calais, Nord, Aisne, Ardennes, Meuse, and Meurthe-et-Moselle, of which the Germans had the larger and most important parts, were the richest departments of France. Here were the mines, foundries, and factories, the dairies and farms, which were her pride, wealth, and strength. In this narrow strip under German occupation there was produced 70 per cent. of all the coal of France, 90 per cent. of all the native-mined iron, and nearly half the output of manufactured articles. The iron and steel industry lay almost entirely back of German trenches. France had an annual production of 3,600,000 tons of pig iron and 3,100,000 tons of steel. The Flemish coal basin, extending into the Nord and Pas-de-Calais where 100,000 miners were employed, produced 60 per cent. of the coal mined in France, and, practically, the country's entire supply of fossil coal. The iron mines of the Meurthe-et-Moselle furnished 84 per cent. of the total French output. This region was one of the principal iron-producing regions of the world. With the French and Belgian iron and coal-fields in their possession, the Germans now had almost a monopoly of the iron and steel industries of Europe. Germany before the war was third among nations in the production of coal. With the French and Belgian mines behind her lines, she now might easily equal the output in coal of Great Britain and so become second on the list.

Belgians had not brought their farms up to a higher standard of production than had been reached by the French in the fields of these northern departments. Wherever mines and factories did not exist were seen smiling gardens and fertile, well-cultivated farms. Cereals, sugar-beets, fruits, hops, tobacco, flax, and large droves of cattle were grown upon them. Some of the best-known dairies of France lay in this territory. This stretch of 10,000 square miles, with a population of 4,000,000, was one of the most important districts in Europe. While the average value of land per acre in France was about $150, in these northern departments the average was $235.

The month of August, 1914, had chronicled a wonderful panorama of German successes. It became known all over the Fatherland as "*Die grosse Zeit.*" On August 10 had fallen the great fortress of Liége; on the 22d, Namur; early in September, Maubeuge; while smaller strongholds had gone down as if they were open cities. On August 10 had been won a considerable victory at Mulhausen; on the 20th the Belgians had been defeated at Tirlemont; on the same day Brussels was occupied; on the 22d the French central army of ten corps had been defeated near Charleroi, losing, according to the Germans, some 20,000 prisoners and 200 guns; on the left flank the Crown Prince's army had won the battle of Longwy, taking 10,000 prisoners; on August 23 the Duke of Württemberg had won a battle in the Ardennes; on the same date the British successfully retired from Mons, but on the 26th were defeated at Le Cateau. Most of Belgium and the north of France had been overrun. Scattered parties of uhlans had made their way to the shores of the Atlantic spreading terror along the Channel coast. British bases were in such danger that they had to be moved. Finally, on the last day of the month, a great battle took place at Tannenberg in East Prussia, in which the Russian invading army was almost completely destroyed. Perhaps nowhere in modern history could such a succession of victories in a single month be found. Atrocities in Louvain, Aerschot, Dinard, and other places could not blind even neutrals to so great a military achievement.

It was not an unbroken series of successes, however. The French in the early days had won a victory at Dornach in Alsace, and a smaller one at Dinant in the Ardennes. They had held up the enemy at the Grand Couronné near Nancy, a success that became vital to Allied victory at the Marne a week later; had fought a fairly equal battle at St. Quentin, taking pressure off the British, and had had a little success at Guise. These, however, were overwhelmed in immediate consequences by the sweeping tide of German victories. Seen now from afar, one noted how by Allied resistance the impetus of the rush had been gradually stayed. Neither French nor British lines had been broken; in fact, they had grown stronger from compression, while the invaders had grown weaker from diffusion.[14]

[14] Principal Sources: Sir A. Conan Doyle's "The British Campaign in France and Flanders in 1914" (George H. Doran Co.). The *Daily Chronicle* (London), The New York *Times*, Frederick Coleman's "From Mons to Ypres" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Associated Press dispatches.

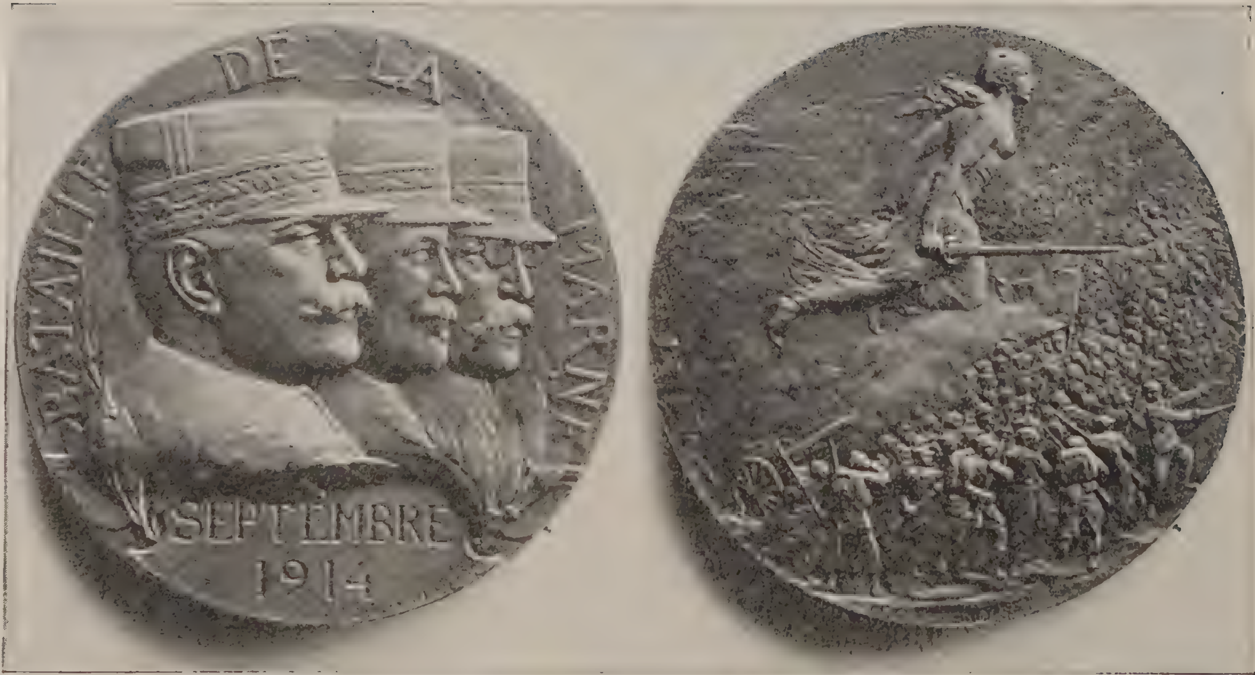
INSIDE AMIENS CATHEDRAL

The Germans kept possession of Amiens until their retreat to the Aisne began on September 10. Altogether they had been in the city eleven days. They did no harm to the Cathedral at this time, but four years afterward, during Ludendorff's great drive, its outer walls and stained glass were much damaged, tho the interior escaped

ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Part III

NANCY AND THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE


BATAILLE DE LA MARNE
SEPTEMBRE
1914

FRENCH MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE MARNE

The three Generals are, left to right, Joffre, Foch and Gallieni. On the reverse side the Eiffel Tower is shown in the upper left-hand distance. Note also the man on horseback to the right of the center

I

THE BATTLE OF NANCY, OR THE GRAND COURONNÉ

August 29, 1914—September 9, 1914

THE decisive action in the battle of the Marne was won by General Foch on the afternoon of September 9, at La Fère Champenoise, or on the center of the fighting line, which was near where the Petit Morin, a tributary of the Seine, takes its rise in the marshes of St. Gond. This became the fixt opinion of students of the progress of the war, but not until long after the battle occurred. For six days, over a front of nearly two hundred miles, were assembled on either side approximately a million men. Besides Foch's decisive victory, there were others, fought earlier, which were contributory to the result, but in themselves they were indecisive—one by Maunoury against Kluck's flank on the Ourcq; one by Sarrail who held back the Crown Prince from Verdun; and one by Castelnau on the Grand Couronné east of Nancy. In a technical sense, the latter was no part of the battle of the Marne. It was begun seven days earlier, and its crisis was passed before the Marne was at its height, but it very materially affected the outcome of the historic contest. Each of these battles was a different phase of one general movement.

The battle of the Marne, however, was for a time commonly supposed to have been won by the sudden arrival of a French army in taxicabs on the German right flank, the effect of this maneuver being the dislocation of the German line and its precipitate retirement to the Aisne. The truth was that the battle was a series of more or less interdependent conflicts, each gigantic in magnitude, waged along a front from the Grand Couronné to a point just outside the enceinte of Paris; three of which governed the outcome. No one of them, taken by itself, could have compelled the

German retreat; indeed, no one of them could have been won by itself without that coordination of effort which distinguished the strategy of the French High Command. Had it not been for the detention of eight German army corps—at least 320,000 men—on the eastern frontier by Castelnau, the German armies on the Marne must have had such numerical superiority that Joffre's counter-attacks would not have been successful. The battle was not won until between five and six on the evening of September 9, between La Fère Champenoise and the marshes of St. Gond, but it was then won largely because Castelnau had held the Grand Couronné during the week before, and because Maunoury had forced the passage of the Ourcq a few days before. In the final analysis, it was won because the French brain thought quicker and more accurately than the German. Brains had beaten battalions.[1]

Hilaire Belloc[2] used, as a happy figure to illustrate the course of the battle, an ordinary office rubber-band as representing the German battle-line. The German line had become like one of those bands when pulled hard from both ends so that it was thin in the middle and liable to break. The questions, in awarding honors for success in the battle, were, should credit for the snapping of the band be given to Maunoury, who pulled hard at the end near Paris, or to Castelnau, who pulled hard at the end near Nancy, or to Foch, who had the genius to discern that the middle of the band, stretched out opposite to him, had been thinned to a point where, by a thrust forward, he could make it break. Maunoury's advocates argued that Foch was on the verge of defeat at noon of September 9, but Foch's contended that Maunoury's fingers on the band were slipping badly on the same day, and that it would have escaped him if it had not snapt under Foch's thrust sixty miles to the east. For Castelnau it was contended that he determined the outcome of the great conflict in advance, by holding off, near Nancy, sixteen German divisions with five French divisions, thus deceiving the Kaiser's generals into a belief that the heaviest French masses were on the eastern frontier, so that Kluck might with impunity make a drastic swerve across the Allied front.

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[1] Arthur D. Howden Smith in The *Evening Post* (New York).

[2] "The Battle of the Marne". (Hearst's International Library Co.)

The first thing, said Mr. Belloc, that developed in the sweep of the great invasion was a sort of check, or crook, in what had been planned to move as a direct sweep. The capital feature of this check was the stiff defense set up at Nancy, after all other Allied points in Belgium and France from the Rhine to the Marne had yielded. Nancy was simply an open town covered by an army in the field, and was dependent not on forts, but on rapidly made field-works that had been thrown up in the open, and mainly along a crest of hills east and north of Nancy, called Le Grand Couronné. To the check at this point the stout resistance offered by new field-works round Verdun also contributed, the French having in a fortnight learned at Verdun the lesson of Namur and Liége—that is, had learned the futility of the older kinds of forts. The battle fought at the Grand Couronné between August 29 and September 9 thus became an important preliminary to the battle of the Marne. The fighting here was in full progress just before that dramatic moment when Joffre ordered his counter-offensive. In fact it had filled altogether a week before the battle of the Marne proper reached its height. In its last stages it just overlapped the first stages of Joffre's successful series of actions. Mr. Belloc regarded this battle as the foundation of the whole Marne victory, and so it becomes necessary clearly to understand it in order to understand what afterward occurred in Champagne and before Paris.

Le Grand Couronné is not a local place-name, but a modern invention of the French staff, a title given by them to a position covering Nancy and derived by a metaphor from a technical fortification term "Couronné," meaning an advanced earthwork, thrown out in front of and covering a main line. The action at this place was spread out over territory fronting the town of Nancy for more than ten miles, and the engagement has sometimes been called the Battle of Nancy. The Grand Couronné, as a well-defined range of wooded heights standing before Nancy, separates the valley of the Moselle from that of the Seille. The resistance here offered really fell into three parts, each geographically separate from the others, altho success or failure in any one would have acted and reacted on the others. First, was fighting that went on in the Argonne, a thickly wooded range of hills, traversed by few roads and with heavy clay soil, which made such roads as it already had impassable in wet weather, where had occurred much forest-fighting, but progress was necessarily slow. Second, was the Wöevre, a plain between the heights of the Meuse and Metz, and third, the Vosges, which embraced the whole district from Nancy south to Alsace, where late in August the French took up the plans of General Pau at the point at which they had been interrupted by a successful German advance from the north earlier in the month, and slowly worked their way along crests of hills north of Nancy, and at the same time carried on a campaign in Alsace, with two armies working conjointly, one on hills, the other in plains.

The action near Nancy was under command of Castelnau, whose son, serving under his father, had fallen in battle a fortnight before. Some fighting had begun near Nancy as early as the 23d of August—the day of the fall of Namur. It extended on a line from St. Die, at the foot of the Vosges, through the forest country east of Nancy, to Pont-a-Mousson, on the Moselle. It became fiercest on the 6th of September, when the presence of the Kaiser incited the Bavarians to a desperate assault, and it continued without intermission for three days, or until the famous White Cuirassiers were repelled under fire of the French 75-mm. guns, which did deadly work at close range. On the 9th the French took the offensive, and after a desperate bombardment drove the enemy out of the Forest of Champenoux and took Amance, which is a part of the Grand Couronné. Farther south during the next two days the Germans were driven out of St. Die and evacuated the line of the Meurthe. By the 12th the main fighting was over, and Castelnau occupied the town of Lunéville, which had been in German hands since the 22d of August. General von Herringen, who commanded at Morhange, was here pitted once more against Castelnau.

On the 31st of August, or, perhaps, the evening of the day before, the Germans had begun here that form of artillery attack upon which they so confidently relied. For a whole week an amazing spectacle went on and not even a brief picture of it was presented to Europe, such was the discipline of silence the French forced upon themselves. Charge upon charge was made of units drawn from every part of Germany, each charge preceded by inevitable heavy artillery preparation, each repelled, until the dead accumulated in heaps on slopes that led up from the valley of the Seille. As this awful week proceeded the tide of effort crept southward. It grew fiercest, perhaps, around the Forest of Champenoux and threatened the plateau of Amance; but the losses had been so severe that the remaining power of attack, both moral and material, began to wane.

General von Herringen

No less than eight German corps had been occupied in the attempt to force the Grand Couronné. No such mass could have been discovered on such a length of front in any other part of the line. It was a German impression that the French in this locality were in far larger numbers than they really were that persuaded the German High Command to order Kluck's famous move southeastward when he was almost under the walls of Paris. That move was in full progress just as the climax was reached in French resistance before Nancy.

The Couronné battle was fought along a front of twenty-five miles, the nearest point being about six miles from Nancy. In the Forest of Champenon the Germans had been defeated, but they afterward braced themselves for a final effort, the Kaiser having journeyed to this field in order to give his armies the encouragement of his presence. Had the Kaiser been able at that time to enter Nancy at the head of his troops the moral effect both in France and in Germany would have been tremendous. But before that was possible the heights of Amance had to be stormed. It was at Nancy, in Colonel Frederick Palmer's opinion,[3] and not in front of Paris, that Paris was really saved. In that region the world's two most skilful armies, the French and the German —"Teuton staff-brains against Gallic staff-brains, Teuton courage against Gallic courage—wrestled with each other in such picturesque surroundings that death in battle had something of the splendor of former days." On that frontier were charges and counter-charges "as bitter as those of the Bloody Angle at Gettysburg." Indeed, there was "more than one Pickett's charge"; there was even a "Lookout Mountain which was not taken by storm this time." A trip to the region of Nancy during the following winter opened a new world to Colonel Palmer—a world of worse destruction than could have been found in Belgium, "and it had gone unheralded."

Nancy is one of the natural gates from the Rhine forests to the sunny regions of the Marne, Aisne, and Seine. Northward the road to it is almost barred by the rocky hills of the Ardennes; southward by the round and thickly wooded mountains of the Vosges. From the southern point of Luxemburg to Lunéville and beyond is, however, a longish gap of about eighty miles. Just around Nancy passage looks easiest because here one can move over fairly level country by Toul and Bar-le-Duc to Châlons-sur-Marne, whence lies open the road to Paris. A little further north of the direct route from Metz through Verdun the road is interrupted by the Argonne. From the time of Jovin, the Roman Christian, in 366, and probably for ages before, Germans have sought to penetrate westward to France through these valleys, sometimes failing, sometimes succeeding.

Jovin's hill, some miles north of Nancy where it reaches a height of 1,200 feet, is now called Ste. Géneviève, so also is a gray and yellow village which crowns its crest. Looking east of north, from the Ste. Géneviève church-yard, one can see in clear weather the spire of Metz cathedral, twenty miles away. By walking almost due east and a little south

[3] As exprest in an article in *Everybody's Magazine.*

for about eighty miles one reaches Strassburg and the Rhine, the fixt goal in this fighting of every Frenchman's hopes. Around Nancy in that late August and early September a long stretch of country became the scene of some of the most desperate fighting that ever occurred on French soil. Roughly, this battle, if we include Morhange already described, lasted from August 14 to September 12, when the Germans, discouraged by results on the Marne, retired across the Seille to their own territory.

French Lorraine is a very different country from the Marne and Aisne valleys and the Flanders plain. It is broken up into innumerable hills and valleys, with immense tracts of dense forest, intersected everywhere by rivers and water-courses which hamper the movements of troops and especially artillery. French Lorraine is, in fact, a country the nature of which almost forbids decisive results in war, even when a great superiority of numbers exists. No sooner has an attacking force captured one position than it finds itself confronted by another equally formidable. For this reason, after September, both armies settled down on their respective frontiers, awaiting events elsewhere, before attempting to resume another offensive after their unparalleled losses in August and September.

On August 24 the Germans had reached the village of Champenoux, which lies a little east of the forest. At the beginning of September they received as reinforcements two army corps withdrawn from Lunéville and heavy artillery

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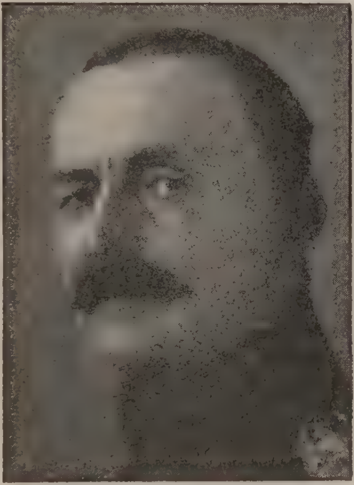
SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS FROM VANCOUVER
Ready to start for France in the autumn of 1914

sent from Metz. On Nancy was made their most furious attack and gradually they recovered ground they had lost late in August. Desperate fighting took place round Réméréville, a village strongly entrenched in a hollow. A battalion stationed there repulsed no fewer than seven assaults, and only retired when it had exhausted its ammunition. Finally, Gerbéviller and Champenoux were recaptured, and the Germans advanced to the eastern boundary of the forest. An advance through the forest was extremely difficult. The growth is very thick, and practically all paths run north and south at right angles to the road. But the Germans worked their way through to a farm at the foot of the plateau of Amance, that is to a part of the Grand Couronné. While the Grand Couronné was not fortified, it presented a formidable obstacle. The Germans did not try to break through it, but merely to capture its extreme points, Ste. Géneviève and the plateau of Amance. With Ste. Géneviève in their hands, they would have commanded the right bank of the Moselle which runs almost due north from Nancy to Metz; with the plateau of Amance they could have commanded the direct road from Salzburg to Nancy through the forest of Champenoux.

It was against Ste. Géneviève that the first German attacks were directed. Two columns marched up the Moselle on either bank of the river from Metz. One pushed south, on the western bank, to a point level with Ste. Géneviève, and subjected that village to a cross-fire from heavy guns; but the main attack was made on the eastern bank where, after occupying Pont-à-Mousson and the hill of Mousson, they proceeded to occupy the Forêt de Facq at the foot of Ste. Géneviève. Of the village of Ste. Géneviève little was left standing. Its church was shattered and its houses smashed to pieces.

Along the road from Salzburg, at the foot of the plateau of Amance, the Germans made their main attempt to force a way into Nancy, the road being commanded by the plateau. Heavy artillery brought from Metz outranged the French artillery by over two miles, and never were soldiers more prodigal of ammunition than the Germans. The surface of the plateau consists of loose, sandy earth holding large, flat stones, well-calculated to deaden the force of an explosion. On this unpromising target the Germans poured what was estimated by the French at 600 tons of metal, or 40,000 shells. The whole plateau became riddled into conical shell-holes, some four or five feet deep, until it was likened to "a gigantic Gruyère cheese." Apart from the battery destroyed the only damage done by this expenditure was twenty men put *hors de combat*; the men and guns on the plateau having been well concealed. The French were backed by the melinite of their 75's, which did terrible work, and the Germans eventually were driven back across the Seille. On September 12 Lunéville was evacuated and the German offensive in the Nancy region came to an end for the time being.



QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL VON STEIN

Through Stein's office the German Official War News was issued in the first years of the war

The modern artilleryman is so well concealed that he rarely or never has the satisfaction of seeing his target. Gunners stationed on this desolate plateau found their quarters cheerful and comfortable. They had their guns buried six feet below the surface, and their sleeping-places some twelve feet lower still—each quite a cosy little burrow dug out of solid earth. One reached the bottom after knocking one's head more or less violently against roof-beams while clambering down a ten-foot ladder. At the foot of this ladder, a subterranean passage turned sharply into a little cave, where there was room for about a dozen men to curl up in straw. The largest shell might burst on the ground over their heads without waking them. A whole battery might be concealed so cunningly that its position became practically invisible.

In the long struggle around Nancy extending over an immense area, at least two hundred thousand men were killed and wounded. In Lorraine the German left flank was meant to play the same part that Kluck was expected to play in the west. The world outside for months heard only of Kluck's retreat from the Marne, and of the British retreat from Mons; it heard nothing of the terrific struggle going on in Lorraine. From the plateau of Amance one could afterward see how far the Germans went and what had been their object. Between Epinal and Toul lies the Trouée de Mirecourt—the Gap of Mirecourt. The Germans, in spite of desperate and courageous efforts by Bavarian and Saxon armies, never got near this gap. If they had forced it, with Kluck swinging on the other flank, they might have got around the French army; to do so had been the dream of German strategy. Germany counted on her immense force of artillery that had been created for this war in the last two years and which outranged the French guns, to demoralize French infantry. But French infantry called

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FREDERICK PALMER

HILAIRE BELLOC

Writers who, afterward, owing to the severe press censorship that prevailed at the time of the battles, first made Nancy and the Marne understood in England and America those big German shells "marmites" (caldrons); they made a joke of them, even when death was spread around them and the guns tore up fields leaving clouds of earth.

After the fighting French Lorraine looked as if it had been devastated by a gigantic earthquake, which had shaken all its towns and villages into a mass of shapeless, smoke-blackened ruins. Many of these villages were destroyed by artillery-fire, or in the course of desperate hand-to-hand fights for their possession. But the majority were victims of deliberate work of destruction, systematically carried out by the Bavarians. Practically every yard of ground in some parts was shot to pieces by the concentrated fire of French and German guns. Great shell-holes appeared everywhere. More gruesome relics of this gigantic battle were innumerable little mounds of earth, some of them surmounted by crosses of wood, and huge nameless graves filled with unknown heroes, where friend and foe alike lay side by side. You found hundreds of crosses in small areas in front of some impregnable hill or wood. In one little valley 700 French graves lay in a space 200 yards wide and about fifty yards broad.

In a little doorless school-house, the blackboards of which were riddled with bullets and where not a pane of glass was left in the windows, there was found one day, early in this fighting, a schoolmaster teaching a class of twelve boys who wore their fathers' old coats and sacks over their shoulders to keep out the cold. They stood up as one man to sing a verse of the "Marseillaise." A little further on was the Col de la Chipotte, which both sides called the "Hole of Hell," a place where for several days in September occurred some of the bloodiest fighting. For some miles along the road there was not a space of ten yards undotted by graves of French or German soldiers, marked by crosses made of branches of trees and, here and there, by battered képis. On crosses were carved out of the wood little flat slabs on which had been cut such inscriptions as "Thirteen Germans," "Seventeen French Soldiers," etc. The inscriptions on the German graves were written sometimes in German (in which case the number of the regiment was given) and sometimes in French; but those of French soldiers were always in French. In other words, the Germans buried only their own dead, and only some of these; it was left to the French to finish the work for both sides, or to finish it in part.

The landscape on both sides of the railway, after leaving Varangeville, was marred with fields badly pitted with ugly shell-holes and with buildings riddled or knocked into fantastic shapes. Hardly a house had a roof; the church-steeples left standing were transparent; every bridge lacked a span or two; the passage of shells through trees and hedges could be traced as if lightning had struck them. Lunéville was scarred all over its face by the random hail of steel. The road to Vitrimont, running straight up a hill, had on either side fields which were trenched and also pitted with shell-holes. At the entrance to the woods behind which lies Vitrimont is the farm of La Faisanderie, where French and Germans each in turn made a stand. Of its house the guns had left only bare walls, pierced and overthrown in heaps of stone and cement. A mouse could hardly have lived through the half-hour that razed La Faisanderie. There was no masonry still standing that had not been scored and drilled with shrapnel and splinters. The rest was a mere pile of rubble. Half a mile away were the ruins of Vitrimont, more fields plowed by shells, more graves, and the desolation of the desert. A smell of burning long hung over the wreck. Gerbéviller was a replica, on a somewhat larger scale, of Vitrimont. It was once a show village. The only living creatures now left were two dogs and a cat or two savagely eating in a deserted room and a stable where the awful atmosphere forbade entrance. It was pitiful to see the whole countryside down to Magnières another heap of ruins—in the same condition as between Lunéville and Dombasle. Gervic, for instance, was simply a waste.[4]

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[4] Principal Sources: The *Daily Mail*, The *Standard*, The *Daily News*, The *Morning Post*, The *Daily Telegraph*, London: The *World* (New York), The London *Times'* "History of the War." The *Manchester Guardian*, G. H. Perris' "Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium" (Henry Holt & Co.). "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan. Belloc's "The Battle of the Marne" (Hearst's International Library Co.).

II

ON THE OURCQ, AND THE TWO MORINS

September 1, 1914—September 9, 1914

DURING the German advance from Belgium the task of completing the formation of the Sixth French Army had been entrusted by Joffre to General Gallieni, the Governor of Paris, who set about increasing Maunoury's forces by reassembling and transporting to Paris General d'Amade's two divisions, by constituting a new forty-fifth active division of troops which had been drawn from Algeria, and by expediting the detrainment and despatch of other troops which Joffre was sending north from his right, the most important of these reinforcements being the Fourth Corps, which was detached from Sarrail who was at Verdun. Maunoury had not only become considerably superior to the German force immediately in front of him, but was certain of receiving further reinforcements, by the time Kluck should have the greater part of his army across the Marne, well to the southeast, and so become deeply committed. Then time would be rapidly getting ripe for Joffre's counter-stroke.

Joffre had not been content with the formation of a Sixth Army. He had formed also the Ninth Army, under Foch. To create that army he had drawn partly upon his right and partly upon the Fourth Army, which thus far had been the least tried of all of his forces. By this means he had obtained for Foch an army of eight infantry divisions, and one cavalry division, and, as soon as it became evident that the German southeasterly movement was bringing the enemy's main weight south of Reims, he interposed this new army between the Fourth and Fifth Armies, so that the Fifth Army, taking ground to the left, might be able to intervene more effectively in the attack upon Kluck, and the center of his line between Paris and Verdun might be held safely while that attack was maturing. Accordingly, on the evening of September 4, Foch had taken his place in the line south of the St. Gond marshes with his center about La Fère Champenoise.

The tasks assigned to the different armies were these: Maunoury was to drive the Germans over the Ourcq; the British were to advance northeast and attack on the Grand Morin on either side of Coulommiers, while the Fifth Army on the British right was to advance due north. Farther to the right Foch was to hold the weight of the enemy in the center of the new battle-front and cover the offensive of the Fifth Army. This was Joffre's famous order which turned a retreat into an advance. At the very moment when a complete triumph for the German arms appeared to be in sight it changed the whole course of the war in the west, and made of the Marne another Marathon.

General Gallieni

Governor of Paris in 1914. It was Gallieni who sent to General Maunoury on the Ourcq an army in taxicabs that greatly helped in saving the day

Up to the eve of the battle on the Ourcq and Marne the Germans believed the Franco-British left had been beaten, but that the French right around Nancy and Verdun was still in great strength. As already stated, the Kaiser, under a conviction that Kluck and Bülow had only to go forward to turn the Allies' retreat into disaster, had come out to witness the defeat of the French in the east and then make his entry into Nancy. While Joffre was completing preparations for the counter-stroke against Kluck, Castelnau was still fighting in front of Nancy against the armies of the Crown Prince Rupprecht and Heeringen. With reduced forces, Castlenau was incessantly under attack, the effort of the Germans culminating on September 6, when they were completely repulsed.

Kluck, ignorant tho he must have been of what had taken place around Nancy, had realized by September 1 that his own movement on the left flank of the Allies was in peril. For one thing, the Allies were too near Paris to leave him any opportunity of cutting in behind them. As he advanced, the armies of Bülow, Hausen, the Grand Duke Albrecht, and the Crown Prince had kept pace with him, while the Allied armies facing them gave way. The Allied left flank now stood on Paris, the Allied right on the eastern barrier fortresses, and the Allied center, south of the Marne, on a curving line that passed through Montmirail, La Fère, Camp de Mailly, and Vitry-le François, reaching to Révigny, just north of Bar-le-Duc, beyond which was Verdun and the barrier fortresses above Toul, half surrounded by the Crown Prince's army.[5]

Between Paris and Vitry the railway distance is 127 miles, the line of the Allies being rather shorter. On this line the Allies had concentrated an army estimated to number 1,100,000 men, while the garrison at Paris counted 500,000 more. To oppose these forces, the Germans did not have above 900,000 men, so that to succeed it was necessary for the Germans to throw their full weight on one point, and they chose the Allied center. In the next few days their whole drive was made between Sézanne and Vitry, centering on Camp de Mailly. Happily for the French, this was the field—the field of Châlons—on which for years French artillery had been tested and French artillerists had practised. Nowhere else in France could their shooting have been so good.

As the first operation, preliminary to the main stroke, Kluck on September 1, after gathering in his outriding detachments, marched southeast across the Allied front, then standing before Paris, and sought to cross the Marne. If continued, his advance would have brought him to the left of the French center, which he would have struck on its flank, while Bülow struck it full in front. The result would have been disastrous to the Allies had Kluck been able to carry out that design. But he was not able to do this. Kluck attempted a movement which could only have been successful had the garrison in Paris been too small to take the offensive and had that portion of the Anglo-French army which had faced him from the Sambre to the Marne been definitely out of the contest. As matters were, when Kluck passed Paris and went south, the garrison of Paris found itself in a position to strike toward his flank and rear, while the main Anglo-French force could advance against his front. No sooner had he touched Provins, a town fifty miles southeast of Paris, than the trap was sprung; the Parisian garrison struck his flank and rear, the British and French struck his front, and then the lines closed upon him like a pair of scissors on a sheet of paper and for two days he was in deadly peril. His escape was a supreme triumph of generalship.

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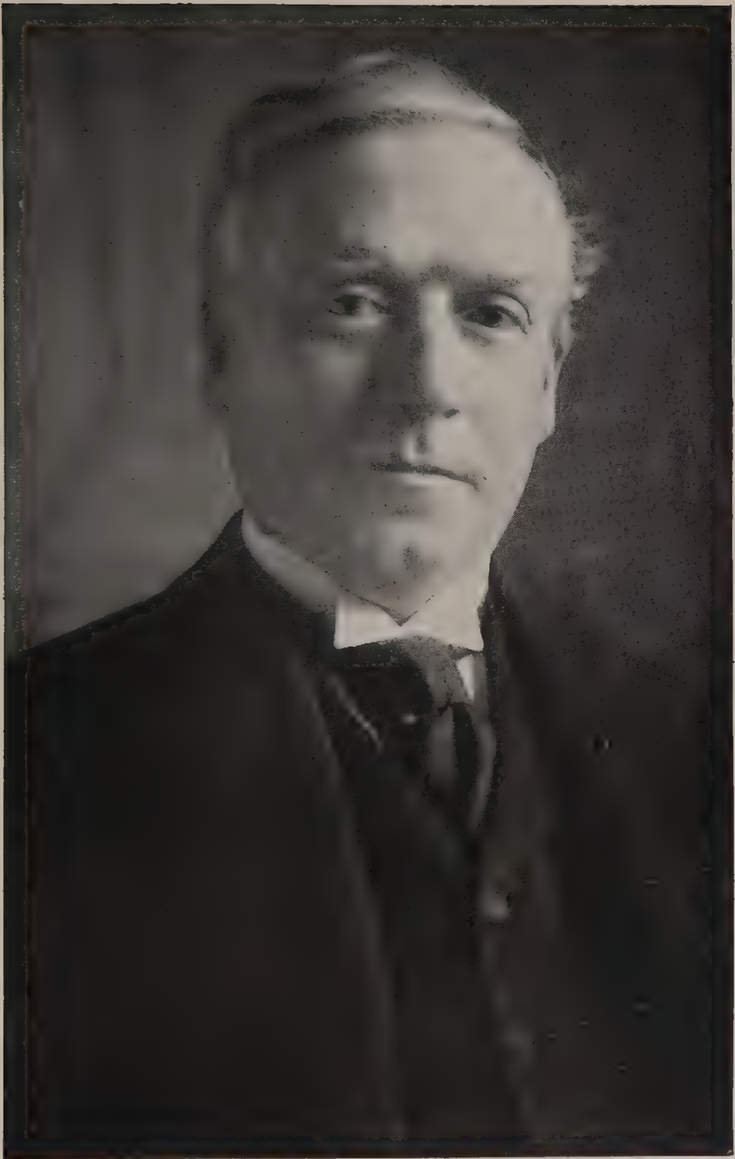
[5] Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice's "Forty Days in 1914." (George H. Doran Co.)

When Kluck was approaching Lagny, distant only five miles from the outer ring of Paris forts, London was reading Mr. Asquith's "call to the nation," an inspiring speech, delivered in the old Guildhall. The Prime Minister was said to have reached a higher note of eloquence in this speech than in any other he ever made. With the cause of the Allies then more desperate than at any other time since the war began, but soon to take on new aspects with Kluck's retreat, his words moved England as spoken words seldom have moved her in this generation. Following is the peroration:

"I think we should bear in mind, all of us, that we are at present watching the fluctuations of fortune only in the early stages of what is going to be a protracted struggle. We must learn to take long views and to cultivate above all other faculties those of patience, endurance, and stedfastness. Meanwhile, let us go, each of us, to do his or her appropriate part in the great common task. Never had a people more or richer sources of encouragement and inspiration. Let us realize, first of all, that we are fighting as a united Empire in a cause worthy of the highest traditions of our race. (Cheers!) Let us keep in mind the patient and indomitable seamen who never relax for a moment, night or day, their stern vigil on the lonely seas. Let us keep in mind our gallant troops who, to-day, after a fortnight's continuous fighting under conditions which would try the mettle of the best army that



HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH,

Prime-Minister of Great Britain in the early years of the war, who, as the Germans were advancing on Paris, made a famous speech at the Guildhall in London

II.

ever took the field, maintain not only an undefeated, but an unbroken, front. (Cheers!)

"And, finally, let us recall the memories of the great men and the great deeds of the past, commemorated, some of them, in the monuments which we see around us on these walls, not forgetting the dying message of the younger Pitt, his last public utterance made at the table of your predecessor, my Lord Mayor, in this very hall:—'England has saved herself by her exertions and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.' (Cheers!) England in those days gave a noble answer to his appeal, and did not sheathe the sword until, after nearly twenty years of fighting, the freedom of Europe was secured. Let us go and do likewise. (Cries of 'Bravo' and cheers!)"

Nor did the soul of Paris die when Paris seemed about to fall in those darkest of days, when many thousands of the population went out of the city, and when, for a little while, Paris seemed a forlorn and deserted place. Thousands still remained, enough still to make a great population, but for a time they mainly kept indoors, under the shadow of a fear that at any moment they might hear the first shells shrieking over their heads, or even the clatter of German cavalry in Paris streets, but they soon resumed their daily routine. Fruit- and vegetable-stalls along the Rue St. Honoré became again thronged by frugal housewives who did their shopping early, while down by les Halles scenes of bustling activity were observed. Most shops, however, were closed. Great establishments had discharged armies of girl employees. Factories in outer suburbs, like Charenton and La Villette, had suspended work, because mechanics, electricians, and male factory-hands had been mobilized. Many women were plunged into virtual poverty, thousands being idle. Wives who had been utterly dependent on their husbands for the upkeep of their little homes saw their husbands earning only a trifle a day as soldiers of France. Old mothers, supported by sons who had denied themselves marriage, children and many of life's little luxuries, in order that, out of poor wages, they might support the woman to whom they owed their being, saw their sons at the front.

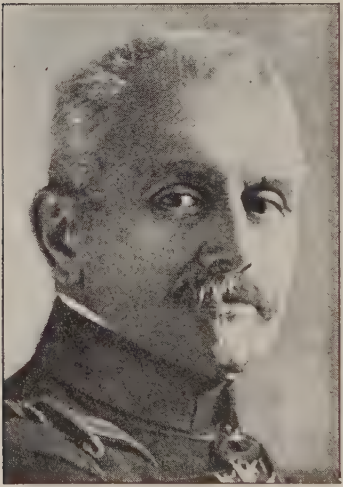
The line of this great Marne battle ran eastward from Paris to the frontier—about 180 miles in all, as the crow flies. Eight miles out from the center of Paris is Le Raincy, built in the park of a château which once belonged to the Orleans family and was pillaged in 1848. Eleven miles out is Chelles, the site of a villa of the Merovingian kings, in which Fredegunda caused Chilperic to be murdered. Seventeen miles out is Lagny, the point nearest Paris reached by the Germans, with a population of about 6,000. Lagny, situated on the Marne, was burnt by the English in 1358, sacked in 1544, and taken by Henry IV in 1591. Beyond Lagny the Marne makes a detour of ten miles, which boats avoid by a short canal, cut through a tunnel, running parallel to the railroad tunnel. Six miles beyond is Esbly, on the Grand Morin, a picturesque river which frequently floods the environs of Paris. Twenty-eight miles out lies Meaux, soon to be the scene of one of the chief battles, and situated on the Marne, with a population of 15,000.

What did it all mean, men asked on that September day—this turning away by Kluck from the gates of Paris? For days no one knew—not even in Paris where direct hints were given out to inhabitants to leave the city, bag and baggage. In the German advance the right German arm by September 2 had struck out through Château-Thierry, Le Ferte-sous-Jouarre, and from points on the Marne southeast of Paris. Thwarted in a purpose of getting through to Paris by the westernly way, the Germans had adopted a new plan by which to thrust their armies against the Allied center and so to divide the western army of the Allies from the eastern. The German right accordingly was swung around in a southeasterly direction, apparently in order to attack the Allied forces east and south, Paris being left out of account—at least for the time being. It was on the 4th of September that the Germans, after twenty-four hours of indecision, changed their plans. Having failed to envelop the left wing of the Allied armies, they determined to cut off this wing from the French center and right by interposing their army between the Fifth French Army and the remainder of the French force on its right. Turning away from Paris they directed the First, Second, and Third Armies to change their direction from south to southeast, and to march diagonally across the front of the British Army on the Grand Morin. On the 5th they continued this movement, large bodies of German troops crossing the Marne at La Ferté and Château-Thierry. By nightfall of the 6th the three first German armies were echeloned in positions south of the Marne. On this day the Duke of Württemberg's army reached Vitry, and the Crown Prince St. Ménéhould. The 5th and 6th days of September were eventful for the Allies. In marching across the British front in order to attack the Fifth French Army on its right, Kluck had exposed his own right to attack, at a moment when his advancing columns were heading away from their communications up the Oise.

While Kluck's main army, on September 2, stood stretched out in the region of Compiègne and Senlis with its cavalry far in front, the whole force still pointing southeastward toward Paris, news had come of the successful French resistance on the Grand Couronné. Perhaps before this an order to turn the German extreme right wing round by ninety degrees, and so attempt an envelopment of the Allied left had reached Kluck. It was in the evening of the following day that Gallieni, commanding the Paris camp, learned from observers that Kluck's army was turning away from Paris and marching southeast from Senlis toward Meaux and the crossings of the Marne. He communicated this fact by telephone to Joffre and on the next day was arranged the definite plan which produced the battle of the Marne. On September 5 Joffre published his famous order announcing that the moment of attack had come; that failures would not be forgiven and that troops who could not advance must die in their positions.

By September 3 the British had reached a point behind the Marne between Lagny and Signy-Signets, and on September 5 French met Joffre at Claye and Joffre declared his intention of taking the offensive. Kluck's main body was to be caught in the angle of the Ourcq and the Marne by using a strategical reserve, and striking at once in flank and face, while the forepart of his line was being crumpled up thirty miles away on the Brie plateau. If Kluck retreated eastward, he would upset Bülow's plans; if he went due north, he would draw Bülow with him. In either case, his intended concentration on the French center would be checked. Following is the famous *ordre du jour* by Joffre with which the French troops went into action:

"At the moment of the opening of the battle upon which the safety of the country depends, it must be recalled to every man that this is no time to look backward. All efforts must be made to attack and repel the enemy. Troops that can no longer advance must, at whatever cost, hold the ground won, and sacrifice themselves on the spot rather than retreat. In the face of these facts there must be no faltering."



GENERAL MAUNOURY

Maunoury commanded at the Battle of the Ourcq, later had a command in the North, and then was retired after having been physically incapacitated for service

By the Allied plan, Maunoury's army, emerging from the entrenched camp of Paris and moving due east, was to attack the small, flank guard which Kluck had left facing Paris, drive it east across the Ourcq, which flows from the north into the Marne above Meaüx, and passing the Ourcq, cut across the rear both of Kluck's and Bülow's armies. The mass of Kluck's army was then far south of the Marne, in front of the British and the Fifth French Army, under Franchet d'Esperey. For Maunoury's blow as now to be struck a parallel was found in the blow delivered by "Stonewall" Jackson on Hooker's right at Chancellorsville. French's army was to engage and hold a part of Kluck's army while Maunoury struck its flank and rear. Kluck in addition to cavalry had two corps south of the Marne, facing the British; the British had three corps facing Kluck, and on its right this army extended to the left of d'Esperey.

One of the most dramatic incidents of the war was the transport in taxicabs of the army Gallieni had collected near

Paris. Thousands of these cabs on September 1 disappeared from Paris as tho the earth had swallowed them. After Gallieni, the Military Governor, had issued to each driver a sudden and special order, each driver at once ignored all upraised hands from would-be passengers, all shouts from people desperate to get to a railway station. These drivers honestly believed that on the strength of their tires and the power of their engines would depend the safety of Paris and perhaps the life of France. Five soldiers were loaded into each cab, four inside and one next to the driver, with rifles and kit crammed in between them. In one trip twenty thousand men were taken to Meaux. When in future Parisians are tempted to curse the red vehicles which dash about streets to the danger of pedestrians their wrath will be softened, perhaps, by a remembrance that these were the chariots of an army Gallieni was sending to Maunoury for the battle of the Marne.

The battlefield of the Ourcq was a broad, level plateau, stretching north from the Marne and ending on the east abruptly, where it fell down into a deep valley. To the eye it seemed perfectly level, save for two wooded hills, a few miles east of Meaux, the hills of Monthyon and Penthard. It was cut by several brooks, and contained a number of small villages, but was without walls, hedges or anything that would offer great obstruction to troops or artillery fire. Several large farm buildings recalled the Château of Hougomont at Waterloo. Here on September 5 Maunoury's advance came in contact with the Germans on the hills of Monthyon and Penchard, and by evening had taken the hills. In the morning of September 6 the Germans were recoiling toward the edges of the plateau, with the Ourcq Valley at their backs. A number of villages had been taken by storm, notably Barcy and Etrépilly, and the French from the north were threatening a flanking movement.

In the German operations the path that promised the greatest glory had been reserved for the Crown Prince before Verdun. Throughout Germany he had been acclaimed as the hero of Longwy, while his demonstrations against Verdun had been magnified into a series of glorious assaults. In official bulletins he was declared to have inflicted a severe defeat on the French. As a matter of fact, the French army opposed to him had been carrying out a splendid defensive retirement. Opposed by superior numbers, they had contested with stubbornness every inch of the ground lost. And in the end they had assumed the offensive. The German progress toward Paris had been exceedingly rapid. When the uhlans of Kluck's force were in Chantilly the main body of the Kaiser's heir's army, 200 kilometers away, had been ordered to push on with all speed. It was learned afterward that an order of march up the Champs Elysées in Paris was being drawn up, the Crown Prince to head this march, drest in the uniform of his pet regiment, the Death's Head Hussars. But the French troops now opposing him had first to be brushed aside.

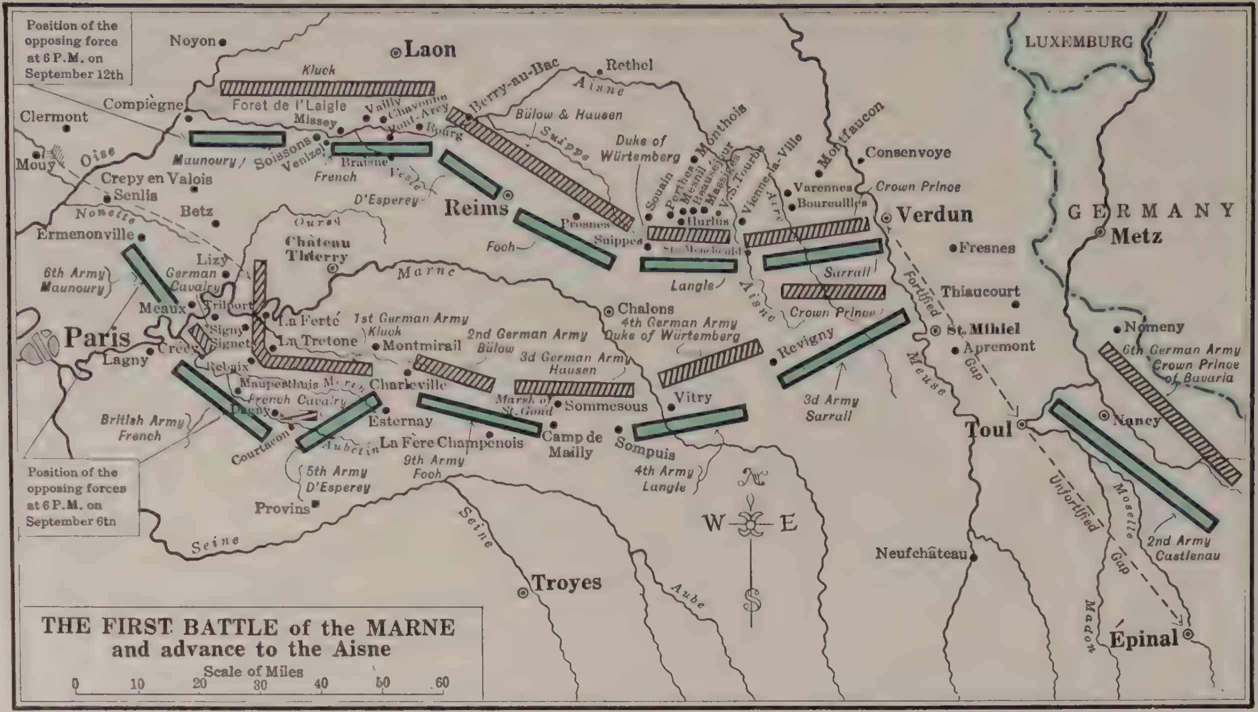
The Germans gave battle on Sunday, September 6, at daybreak, and continued fighting with unprecedented fury until dark. The artillery fire went beyond anything the history of warfare had hitherto recorded. Shells were timed to fall at the rate of thirty in thirty seconds. French guns showed, however, an undeniable superiority. The total loss of the Germans was placed at figures so high that one hesitated to record them—100,000, of whom 20,000 were killed. This estimate was made by an observer of experience who was on the battlefield before the dead had been touched. Against such desperate resistance the Germans could do nothing. When the night of September 6 closed down, neither army could claim much advantage in position gained. The French had made certain gains, but they had fallen back at points. An enormous quantity of ammunition had been used up. The total artillery expended was put at 40,000 shells. Hundreds of caissons were empty.

The orders conveying news that the British were to turn about and go forward reached them on September 5. To all but the few who were in the confidence of French, the advance now to occur was just as inexplicable as the long retreat had been, but something had happened and they were to move north. When dawn was breaking that day they lay curled up in blankets south of the Marne. Except for the neighing of a horse now and then, nothing broke the stillness. Suddenly the blast of bugles sounded the reveille and in a moment all that scene was changed into one of bustle and hurry. Each man knew what he had to do. After a hasty meal of hot coffee and biscuits, bugles sounded the order to fall in. Long before the sun rose troops were on the march. A whisper had gone out among the men that before night they would be testing their skill against the enemy. The men marched on, hour after hour. At intervals the monotony was broken by some one starting to whistle a popular, if rather ancient, air, such as "Good-by, little girl, good-by," to be followed with something more recent, such as "Get out and get under." Once started, a tune would be taken up by a whole regiment. These troops passed through a country surrounded by fields of golden grain. Cosy, comfortable little farmhouses nestled amid heavily laden fruit trees and dainty flower-gardens. The scene was one of perfect peace, broken only by sounds of the feet of marching men. Old, wizened men and women, bonny girls and fresh-faced children came to the roadside and waved their hands as the men passed, their faith in khaki unbounded.

As the afternoon wore on, the men could see that the Germans had already been driven back by the French from positions they had held. On all sides were stretches of charred waste, the remains of what had been acres of ripened grain ready for the harvest, a great change from the golden grain the British had passed earlier in the day! Broken, charred, gaunt walls stood as relics of the happy homes of hard-working peasants. When the march was resumed, there was no more whistling of music-hall tunes, no more light banter, for each man's face was set and determined. As night drew near, the mutter of guns was audible in the distance. Then would come a galloper on a foam-bespattered horse bearing despatches to the General telling him what position he was to take up. After delivering despatches and receiving others, the messenger would mount a fresh horse and quickly disappear in the fast-coming darkness. Still the khaki-clad wave marched on, every mile bringing the sound of heavy firing nearer. Toward midnight a squad of cavalry would come within touch of its right flank. A little later men were in what they soon discovered was the firing-line. Gallopers that came dashing along were as quickly despatched into darkness. Men at once set to work digging trenches and throwing up earthworks to be in readiness for the fray.

Daylight came and in front lay an almost level stretch of open country backed by growing timber, where the Germans had taken up positions. None of the foe was visible, but the woods were alive with armed men. Behind lay the artillery. In the trenches, protected by breastworks, the British waited, backed by heavy guns behind hillocks in the rear. Suddenly there came a booming in the distance, followed by a long-drawn wail. A shell passed overhead to explode with deafening roar at a safe distance. The Germans had opened the duel and the guns of the British began to answer them.

Soon there was a perfect hurricane of flying steel. Little spurts of dust rose in front, followed by the zip-zip-zip of lead as it passed. Men in the woods were trying to get the range. Still the British had no orders to fire. One of the men, unable to control his anxiety, rose from the trenches, exposing himself to the enemy's fire, only to fall back as quickly as he had risen, his mission in life ended. Finding they were unable to draw fire, the Germans advanced into the open, only to be met with a heavy volley of lead. They quickly sought cover, and then the fight became intense. After two hours' continuous fighting the Germans retired to the heart of the woods. British guns had practically silenced the batteries. Letters found on dead Germans left no doubt that there was a general impression among them that they were about to enter Paris. The Germans now had the numerical odds against them by perhaps 100 to 85. On September 7 a German retreat began. The Allies were driving the Germans in front of them and by nightfall had reached the line of the Grand Morin. Here the fighting further east was furious. It swayed backward and forward with charge, counter-charge, and rally, but with little definite result, except that a succession of determined assaults in the neighborhood of Nancy were repulsed with heavy losses under the eyes of the Kaiser, while the right of the French Army was pushed sufficiently south to enable the Crown Prince to bombard Fort Troyon. On that day Maubeuge was reported


Position of the opposing force at 6 P.M. on September 12th
Position of the opposing forces at 6 P.M. on September 6tn
Noyon
Laon
Kluck
Foret de l'Laigle
Compiègne
Clermont
Mouy
Oise
Missey
Vailly
Chavonne
Pont-Arcy
Bourg
Soissons
Venizel
Braisne
Vesle
Maunoury
French
D'Esperey
Berry-au-Bac
Rethel
Aisne
Bülow & Hausen
Suippe
Reims
Foch
Prosnes
Suippes
Duke of Würtemberg
Souain
Perthes
Mesnil
Beauséjour
Massiges
V. S. Tourbe
Hurlus
Vienne-la-Ville
Aire
Montfaucon
Varennes
Boureuilles
Consenvoye
Crown Prince
Verdun
Crepy en Valois
Senlis
Betz
Nonette
Ermenonville
Ourcq
Chateau Thierry
Lizy
German Cavalry
6th Army Maunoury
Meaux
Trilport
Paris
Lagny
Crecy
Signy
Signets
La Ferté
La Tretone
Rebaix
Mauperthuis
Morin
French Cavalry
Dagny
British Army French
Courtacon
1st German Army Kluck
Montmirail
2nd German Army Bülow
Charleville
3d German Army Hausen
Marsh of St. Gond
Sommesous
Esternay
Aubetin
La Fere Champenois
9th Army Foch
5th Army D'Esperey
Provins
Camp de Mailly
Sompuis
4th Army Langle
Marne
Chalons
4th German Army Duke of Würtemberg
Langle
St. Menehould
Sarrall
Crown Prince
Revigny
Vitry
3d Army Sarrall
Fresnes
Thiaucourt
Fortified
St. Mihiel
Apremont
Gap
Meuse
Toul
Neufchâteau
Seine
Troyes
Aube
N
W
E
S
LUXEMBURG
GERMANY
Metz
Nomeny
6th German Army Crown Prince of Bavaria
Nancy
Unfortified
Moselle
Gap
2nd Army Castlenau
Madon
Epinal
Scale of Miles
0
10
20
30
40
50
60

THE FIRST BATTLE of the MARNE and advance to the Aisne

to have fallen. German troops thus set free at Maubeuge could now reinforce field armies elsewhere. Moreover, the defense of Maubeuge no longer obstructed the main line of railway required for supplies to von Kluck's army.

It was on September 8 that the French got to full grips with the German flank on the Ourcq, and the fighting became sanguinary. The British fought their way to the line of the Marne and Petit Morin from near Trilport to near La Tretoire. The Fifth French Army, assisted by the British, attacked the enemy fiercely, stormed Montmirail and two other villages by hand-to-hand fighting, and established itself on the Petit Morin. The Germans still held La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. Reinforcing their flank guard on the Ourcq they delivered a number of furious counter-attacks on the Sixth French Army, and under cover of these demonstrations withdrew the whole of their west flank.

The 9th was a day of high winds and rains, especially violent in the center and east of the main position. Maunoury, on the west, had won the line of the Ourcq, and cleared the right bank of Germans who retreated by pontoon bridges, constantly shattered by French shot. On the east bank Kluck strengthened his forces to cover the retirement northward of his main body. The British left struggled all that morning in vain to seize the crossing of the Marne at La Fère-sous-Jouarre, but an advance party succeeded in the afternoon in crossing lower down at Changis. Meanwhile, the Second Corps in the center and the First Corps on the British right, drove the Germans easily from the Petit Morin, and early in the afternoon reached the Marne at Chailly and Château-Thierry, forcing the passage of the river in spite of heavy gunfire from the opposite bank. At Château-Thierry, the home of La Fontaine and Napoleon's old crossing-place in his march to Craonne, the Germans, having destroyed the bridge, effected a passage by pontoons. In the dripping woods around the town, the battle soon degenerated into a gigantic man-hunt, and troops were taken captives in batches of tens and twenties. By evening the Allies were encamped several miles north of the Marne. Here was fighting that now vividly recalls the splendid work done four years afterward by Americans of the Third Division, including the work of marines at Belleau woods, northwest of Château-Thierry.

Kluck seemed to have appreciated the full extent of his danger, for he made changes with incredible swiftness. As early as September 6 he was drawing away troops from in front of the British, the Second Corps first, then the Fourth Corps, leaving only cavalry to hold back the enemy. With these troops he counter-attacked Maunoury, threw him back materially two days afterward, and next day bent the northern flank of the French army back until it stood at right angles to the rest of the line, and seemed destined to drive Maunoury back into Paris. On the night of September 9-10 the Paris garrison stood to arms and Maunoury's army awaited anxiously for daybreak, with orders to attack, but expecting an attack that would end in defeat. Three and a half days of fighting had brought them to the end of their strength. Suddenly with the coming of daylight on September 10 came word that the Germans had gone. Kluck had begun his retreat to the Aisne, Foch having struck his decisive blow the day before Kluck escaped from the vicious position in which he stood when the battle began. The German right had been compelled to sustain an attack at three points, from the Sixth French Army on the Ourcq, from the British in the region of Coulommiers and from the Fifth French Army near Courtacon.

While it failed of its chief purpose Maunoury's attack had dislocated not only Kluck's army, but that of Bülow which had won Charleroi and now faced the Fifth French Army along the Grand Morin, south of Montmirail and east as far as the marshes of St. Gond. The entire series of movements on the Ourcq and the Grand Morin covered more than ten days. They began on the 3d of September and had not ended by the 13th. Their acute phase fell upon the 6th, 7th, and 8th, which saw the ruin of the German turning movement, the unexpected appearance of the French Sixth Army on the extreme French left, the consequent leaning back of German forces westward from this center, in order to meet that surprize, and at the same time the beginning of the German right wing's retreat before the French Fifth Army and the British contingent.

This series of actions formed a very distinct group in the progress of the Marne victory. A part of it has been called the Battle of the Ourcq; it might perhaps more properly be called the Battle before Paris. Its most central point geographically was the town of Meaux; the most conspicuous feature of the field the river Ourcq. There was a very definite battle of the Ourcq, but that action did not cover the whole Allied left, nor did it alone decide the movement of the German right. Only one of the units engaged on the Allied side fought on the Ourcq—to wit, the French Sixth Army. The British contingent and the French Fifth Army were stationed away off on the other side of the Marne, where they fought alone and advanced over the Petit and the Grand Morin, two streams which flow into the Marne from the south as does the Ourcq from the north. It might sound a trifle clumsy, but it would be accurate, to call this second group of movements the Battle of the Ourcq and the Morins. The first phase, the defense of Nancy, or the Battle of the Grand Couronné, by misleading the German High Command as to the strength of the French left, had produced the second phase—an attempt by the Germans to turn the French left when in ignorance of its strength, which resulted in the overthrow of the Germans in the actions of the Ourcq and Morins.

After the battle the town of Meaux, where there was much fighting, had become a mass of ruins—houses wrecked, bridges destroyed. The road to the east was strewn with the bodies of Zouaves, Turcos, French riflemen, gray-clad Germans and slaughtered horses. Four miles east of Meaux the ground rises steeply to the north and is covered with trees. Beyond the woods were broad, undulating stretches, dotted with farmsteads, where under the screen of the trees the Germans had gun-platforms. Near the crest of the elevation were trenches extending for nearly a mile parallel with the edge of the wood. The position had been skilfully chosen, with a good field for fire to front and flank. The French attacked these trenches from the northwest, scouring the enemy's lines with shrapnel. Covered by this fire the infantry advanced against the trenches.

On the Ourcq there was a great deal of bayonet-work.

The colors of the Magdeburg Regiment were captured, in the midst of a terrible *mêlée,* in which the lieutenant color-bearer was killed, together with a number of men who attempted to defend the flag. The fighting was from village to village, Zouaves and Turcos doing their share of the bayonet-work. The whole landscape was full of burning villages, farms, and haystacks, from which columns of smoke and flying sparks rose up and spread out in a dense pall over the sky. Everywhere the ground was strewn with dead and wounded; in some places they lay in heaps. The German machine-guns had taken a heavy toll of the French. Their fire was held to the last and they opened with annihilating effect. The French losses appear to have been especially heavy at Brégy and Penchard. French infantry located by German airmen came under a very severe fire of all sorts. When darkness fell on each night of this great battle the countryside was lit by burning villages that flamed still more furiously at every puff of wind. It was during these hours, and by the light of burning homesteads, that the Germans collected their dead, piled them into great heaps on pyres of wood, saturated them with paraffin, covered them with straw, and so cremated them.

Sir Pertab Singh

An East Indian chief who served with his force on the British Front

The fighting was fierce at La Trétoire, where British guns were in action against Germans across the Petit Morin. The country here is covered with fruit-trees, open roads being lined with pears and apples. Under cover of artillery-fire, the infantry fought its way steadily through orchards and across cornfields where unharvested sheaves still stood. Wherever they were checked, or halted to fire, they quickly found or extemporized some sort of cover, behind which they lay down, rising sharply until an order to advance was given. The advance was steadily prest. In widely extended lines they swept across the terrible terrain under a fire from machine-guns and rifles which would have made a holocaust of troops in close formation. Taking advantage of all covers—farmsteads, haystacks, undulations, trees, rocks, hedges, and ditches—they closed steadily with the Germans, pouring on from point to point until at last the welcome order to fix bayonets was received, and they burst upon the Germans driving them from their lines. Near Château-Thierry the road runs straight across the plain of Chézy before it plunges into the dark shadows of the Grande Fôret. As soon as the British infantry entered the woods, it could be no longer supported by artillery, and the fighting developed into an immense hunt, in which the British pursued the Germans from tree to tree, here and there capturing them in little blocks.

The French on the Ourcq had been hard prest; their attempt to break the German flank had really been arrested when the crisis on the Allied left was reached on September 9. Only by masterly handling of the situation on Kluck's flank and front was the issue decided against the Germans. The moment had come for Joffre to play his trump-card, which was now near being his last, since Kluck had been reinforced on his flank, the new arrivals, including a corps of Landwehr coming up by way of Compiègne and being thrown around the north end of the French lines.[6]

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[6] Principal Sources: Belloc's "Battle of the Marne" (Hearst's International Library Co.), Will J. Guard in The *Evening Sun*, The *Evening Post*, New York; "Bulletins" of the National Geographic Society, Baedeker's "Northern France," Philip Gibbs' "The Soul of the War" (Robert M. McBride & Co.), G. H. Perris' "Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium" (Henry Holt & Co.), The London *Times*' "History of the War." The *Daily Chronicle*, The *Daily News*, and *The Fortnightly Review*, London.

III

FOCH'S DECISIVE THRUST—WHAT THE MARNE BATTLE MEANT

September 9, 1914

ON the afternoon of September 9 Foch launched his decisive blow at the German center. This was the place where the German line, as illustrated by Mr. Belloc's rubber-band, had become thin from overstrain. Kluck had known by five o'clock that the pressure of the Germans in the east had been checked, and by nightfall he knew that the German center had been pierced, and by the morning of the 10th his retreat from the Ourcq was in full swing. Foch's thrust, this third factor in the Marne battle, the latest and conclusive one, was delivered against the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army. Altho Foch had only recently come to the Marne country from the Lorraine front, he knew the district well from many École de Guerre staff rides in other days around Châlons. When the battle began Foch had under his command the equivalent of only three corps, including two divisions of the Ninth Corps, two of the Eleventh, a heterogeneous body composed of the Forty-second, with a Moroccan body added.

The field lay west of the upper Meuse and the Argonne where stretches the broad plain of Châlons, a hundred miles and more from north to south and some forty miles in width. It is a bare, open, undulating country of alternate heath and plowed fields, scarred here and there by rows of small, newly planted firs—a lonely, depressing region sacred to Gaul and Frank alike as the ground on which, from time immemorial, they had repulsed invasions from the east. Here and there, amid endless wastes, are places of interest —the field of Valmy; the tomb of Kellerman; the house where Joan of Arc was born; the spot where Goethe stood and wondered if he saw in a French victory the beginning of a new world; the home of Danton, and the "Camp of

Attila," a huge oval bank several hundred yards in length, towering, massive and lonely, above the desolate rolling plain. On this field history was now to repeat itself. Once more the fate of France was to be decided at Châlons, or on the "Catalaunian Field," as it has sometimes been called, from the Catalauni, a Gallic race that established its capital there. Joffre and Foch both knew that here was an ancient death-trap. Both the French and the Allies had learned to their cost a century before of the treacherous character of the Petit Morin marshes, as shown at the beginning of that extraordinary week in February, 1814, during which Napoleon, against overwhelming numbers, won the victories of Champaubert, Montmirail, Château-Thierry, and Vauchamp. It was into the Bois de Desert that Blücher beat his retreat, not knowing its boggy character. Here three thousand Russian grenadiers were slain or captured by Marmont's cuirassiers. Of these two hundred were drowned in the marshes and fifteen hundred gave themselves up.

To the east of d'Esperey on September 9 lay the army of Foch, its advance-guards on the north side of St. Gond, a strange and fatal swamp full of stagnant ponds crossed only by a few highways. Behind it ran hills which, dropping away to the southeast, looked down on La Fère-Champenoise from the plateau of Euvy and lost themselves in the plain of the Camp de Mailly. When Maunoury's attack in the west compelled Kluck to halt and the ultimate retrogression of Bülow, the German High Command resolved to seek victory by a redoubled pressure on Foch, at the French center. Foch was heavily outnumbered, and altho he had begun a brave offensive on September 7, had been driven south with great losses. Ten thousand graves were dug in the little town of La Fère-Champenoise alone. Not only was Foch driven south, but his right, or eastern, flank was driven far south, until his army, instead of facing the north, faced nearly east, and a wide gap began to open in the whole French line between Foch and Langle de Cary.

On September 9, the decisive day, General Franchet d'Esperey, who in September, 1918, won much fame by his defeat of the Central Powers in the Balkans, having cleared Bülow from the Petit Morin and finding his Tenth

Corps freed by Bülow's withdrawal to the northeast toward Kluck, lent this corps to Foch, and it began to act on the western flank of the German center. This enabled Foch to draw back his Forty-second Division, one of the two divisions of the "Iron Corps" which he had commanded and trained before the war, and to place it in reserve under his own hand. The left of Foch's Ninth Army was then holding its own south of the marshes against portions of the Prussian Guard. Then came the gap between the marshes and La Fère-Champenoise. South of the marshes Bülow's left and the right of Hausen's Army were pressing hard, and gaining ground against Foch's center and right. The issue hung in the balance when Foch with his Forty-second Division ready, between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, flung it against the exposed flank of Bülow's left wing and in one charge smashed it to pieces. The whole of Foch's line then advanced and under double pressure from front and flank the German center broke, and streamed northward, pursued far into the night by Foch's infantry, under a deluge of rain, as a thunder-storm burst over the battlefield, and the battle of the Marne was over. By this crowning achievement the whole German line from Verdun westward was compelled to follow the example of Kluck's army already in retreat. Had the plan conceived by Joffre been realized more fully, the Germans would have suffered a more decisive defeat, and probably would not have been able to remain in France. On the contrary, had Hausen been able to break the French center, even after Maunoury's attack was followed by the retreat of Kluck and Bülow, the battle of the Marne would have ended in a victory for the Germans and the French would have been cut in two, one fragment driven in on Paris, and the other on the barrier fortresses in the east.

Foch called his action the "Affair of the Marshes of St. Gond." When the German flank gave way many men were lost in the swamps and deep pools of St. Gond; but there was no foundation for the story that the whole Prussian Guard had been driven into the swamp, in a deluge of rain that made even meadowlands impassable; that whole companies of Germans were drowned there, and that batteries of guns and convoys of wagons sank to their axles. It remained open to some question whether Foch would have been able to deal his decisive blow had not Maunoury's thrust compelled the retirement of Bülow as well as Kluck, by making Kluck draw his corps north of the Marne and away from the Ourcq, thus dislocating the German front. But it is not open to question that the blow dealt by Foch was the decisive blow in this historic battle. It was delivered by a beaten army moreover, when almost at its last gasp—an army which had been recoiling under pressure for three days and had suffered losses that amounted to extermination in the case of some of its units.

HOUSES DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS DURING THEIR RETREAT FROM THE MARNE

By September 12 the whole German force was in retreat, followed by French and British troops tasting at last the joy of victory. In gaining this advantage Joffre had sacrificed cities and departments to flame and sword, but he had made the calculations of a strong man. When the Germans started back and the Allied lines flung themselves into the pursuit, conditions in the contest had been strangely altered. From Cambrai to Paris Kluck, on the Allied flank, had been struggling to get behind that flank to crumple it up, and then get behind the center to crumple that up also. But instead he found the garrison of Paris on his ammunition-train and to prevent a deadly thrust at it he had to race for his life, and in doing so dragged with him the whole German right flank and part of its center.

Back over the same roads on which they advanced, suffering alike from weariness, hunger, and lack of ammunition, but still almost as fast as when they came, the German army now evacuated town after town whose capture a few days before had been heralded in Berlin bulletins as victories, leaving behind straggling thousands and much of the impediment of war, beaten down by torrential rains, assailed by troops still fresh, and harried by British cavalry. Again and again the weary lines halted and artillery fought off attacks. But the German army showed itself quite as great in retreat as had the Allies. The battle of the Marne was not a Waterloo, but perhaps a Gettysburg, followed by a prompt, sweeping pursuit—the thing that Meade failed to give—for Joffre and French did not hesitate to pursue the Germans.

After having raced from the Belgian frontier to Paris in order to get on the Allied flank, the Germans were now racing from Paris back toward that frontier in order to save their own flank. The farthest point reached in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg has been pointed out for fifty years as the high-water mark of the Confederacy. The high-water mark of the German invasion of France was Lagny, which is seventeen miles from Paris and five from the outer ring of forts. Kluck reached Lagny on September 6, thirteen days earlier than Moltke in 1870. From the house which Kluck occupied as headquarters, a French visitor discovered in the following year that on a clear day he could see the Eiffel Tower.

In 1870, it was only forty-four days after the declaration

FRENCH SOLDIERS ENCAMPED ON THE MARNE, GATHERING GRAIN of war that the surrender at Sedan took place. In 1914, on September 12, forty-four days had passed since the Kaiser proclaimed martial law and set in motion the machinery of German mobilization. Forty-four days in 1870 found the French armies annihilated and the outcome of the war decided. Forty-four days in 1914 found the Allied armies battling on something more than even terms with the German invader. The war of 1914, like that of 1870, began with a series of defeats for the French, but between the initial reverses of August, 1914, in Lorraine, in Belgium, in Luxemburg, and on the Sambre, during the third week after mobilization, and the disasters of Wörth and Spicherene[7] in 1870, fought during the third week after mobilization, there was no comparison. The two battles of 1870 shattered one-half the French field forces, and from that moment to most Frenchmen the fight was not only a losing one; it was already lost. But in 1915 the Allied armies, having been tested in the fire of defeat and pursuit, still stood intact as to fighting strength and morale. They were meeting Germans in a pitched battle with equal numbers and the balance of success was on their side.

A rebound of Allied confidence followed as the German drive against Paris collapsed. In the sense that an army which, from being chased and threatened with annihilation, had faced about and was hitting back, the tide had turned. What was taking place on the left flank of the Allies was, however, only an incident in a titanic combat that was under way from Paris to Verdun and thence, south to Nancy on a line 150 miles long. It was idle to speak of the German offensive as having spent itself because of its tremendous losses, physical exhaustion, or failure of ammunition. There was no more reason why the Germans should have been worn out by their march over 120 miles of northern France than that the Allies should have been. The German losses were probably heavier than those of the Allies, but the ratios of two and five, and later of ten to one, which were quoted, were ridiculous.

For German success two things in the French campaign had been essential—first, to annihilate; second, to annihilate without loss of time. In the second essential they had failed; the lightning-stroke had not been successful. It was still conceivable that the armed strength of France, if left to herself, might be ground into fragments—just conceivable—but the process, even if France had been standing alone, would have been a slow one. With the enormous resources of the British Empire behind her, with the strength of Russia developing formidably, and in spite of checks here and there, there was no longer any likelihood of a complete undoing of France. Not only had Germany failed to destroy the French armies, but the probability of the French armies being destroyed at all, within any measureable time, had disappeared.

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[7] Called by the French, Forbach, from a town near which it was fought.

Of the total losses at the Marne no estimate was published. But it seemed conservative at least to infer that of nearly 2,000,000 men engaged between Verdun and Paris probably more than 300,000 were killed or wounded. The French loss was not fewer than the Germans; it may have been more, for the French in many fields did the attacking. At the end of the German retreat the French losses exceeded the German—the losses in killed and wounded—while the prisoners taken by the Germans in the various fortified positions, Maubeuge, Longwy, etc., were much greater. The consequences of the battle were misunderstood at first by both French and Germans. The French believed they had won a victory which would turn the Germans out of France, the Germans that they had merely suffered a minor reverse, and that after a new concentration they would be able to take the offensive and renew their bid for a decision. Both illusions perished at the Aisne, where the Germans were able to repulse the French and dig in, but were unable to get on their feet and advance again. The battle of the Marne broke the German offensive and wrecked their strategy, which was to bring the French to a decisive battle in the first six weeks of the war. The original German conceptions were definitely defeated; they were compelled to retreat, to give over the offensive, to accept a long war. For the armies of Kluck, Bülow and Hausen the day of September 9 was decisive, but both the Württemberg Army and that of the Crown Prince held on for several days more and retired in good order in the end. Of the five German armies only those of Kluck and Hausen actually put forth their whole strength, and of these only that of Hausen was decisively beaten. Of the French armies only those of Maunoury and Foch were engaged to the limit.

The retreat of the Crown Prince's army came just in time to save Fort Troyon, and perhaps Verdun. It was afterward ascertained that Fort Troyon was actually in extremis. It had been reduced to a heap of ruins, and its garrison to forty-four men with four service guns. It seems probable that, if the Germans had succeeded in breaking through at Fort Troyon and in cutting off Verdun, they could have maintained their position; in which case, Verdun would have fallen and the whole problem of supplying the German armies would have been immensely simplified. A pivot which might yet prove invaluable, not to mention the large number

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE
He is shown on his favorite horse at his headquarters near Longwy in 1914

of men that would have been captured, would then have been lost to the Allies. In the Argonne, opposite Sarrail, the Crown Prince had under his command five corps, with a division of cavalry. His army had been made thus unnecessarily strong because of the German error as to the French forces being mainly massed toward the east, a fundamental misjudgment which in Mr. Belloc's view largely explained the whole battle of the Marne. As this battle, apart from the earlier operations at Nancy, turned on a surprize in the west, and the sharp tactical move of Foch in the center, the huge force under the Crown Prince became practically useless. The Crown Prince's army was so large that it did not have room enough in which to deploy. In that sector the battle was not the sudden rally of thousands and hundreds of thousands of soldiers who had been for days fleeing before a victorious enemy, but the result of a clear and deliberate plan conceived in the first instance before the Germans had really left Belgium. The purpose of French strategy in the opening days of the war had been to keep these eastern armies intact until the direction and nature of the main German thrust were disclosed. Incident to this plan Joffre had undertaken several minor offensives in Alsace, Lorraine, and Belgian Luxemburg, which resulted in the defeats of Morhange and Neufchâteau, and a useless victory, after an initial defeat, about Mülhausen.

Foch had taken immediate advantage of a gap which the Germans opened and broke into it, so that the German line was "dislocated" by their own act, and Foch beat them by making the most of this "dislocation." The whole victory, as Mr. Belloc analyzed its vast complexity, turned out essentially an example of that rare type of action, a defeat suffered by a greatly superior force at the hands of a greatly inferior force, not through surprize, nor through the sudden massing of men against a weak spot, but through dismemberment of the superior force, of which dismemberment the inferior force took advantage. Mr. Belloc credits Foch with showing the genius of foresight, and courage when his army, after having had a three days' battering from the Saxons and Prussian Guards, went boldly forward. He had waited and waited until the gap opened between St. Gond and

Le Fère-Champenoise and. then made his thrust. When the battle was over, the British were across the Ourcq, D'Esperey was close up to Reims, Foch was at Châlons, De Langle north of Vitry, Sarrail holding his own about Verdun, while on the eastern line stood Castelnau toward Nancy.

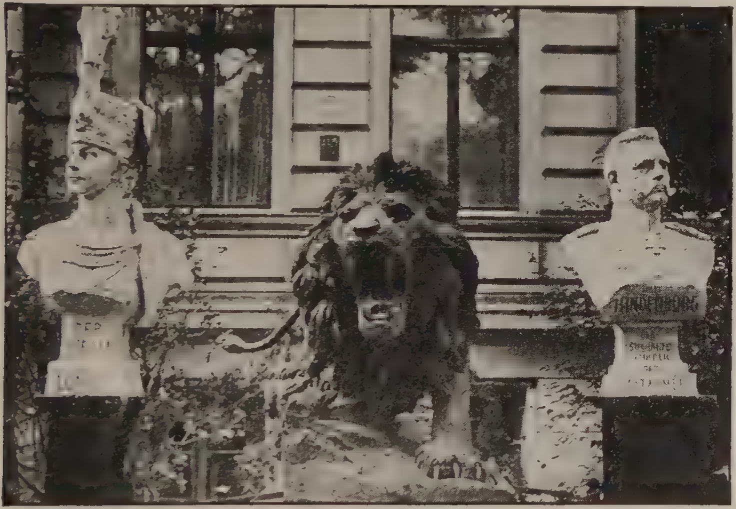
The battle of the Marne, at the time it was fought, was pronounced the greatest of known battles. As a factor in the war having decisive qualities, it was likened to Gettysburg, but afterward, as the war moved on to the third, fourth, and fifth year, to Antietam, Verdun taking its place in 1916 as having a resemblance to Gettysburg in that a supreme German offensive was broken. The total number of troops engaged on the Marne ran into seven figures, and, as has already been said, was probably not much short of two millions. Some adequate idea of the number may be obtained from reflecting that a single line of French infantry could not be formed from Paris to Verdun with fewer than 300,000 men. But at no point of contact between the opposing armies could either army have had only a single line of men. In many places large bodies of troops were massed with artillery, and there were also in the rear auxiliary forces and reserves waiting to come into action later. Bearing these facts in mind, the estimate of two million troops appears to fall short, rather than to exceed, the reality. Nor is it alone the number and fighting ability of these hosts that stagger the imagination. The men all had to be supplied with food and water, and to be equipped with munitions without which weapons would have been useless. From end to end of the vast battlefield, orders from one central command had to be transmitted with rapidity. Complicated movements of tens and hundreds of thousands of men had to be carried out promptly and with precision. News of the enemy's movements had constantly to be communicated to headquarters. On a line as long as from London to Sheffield, or from New York to Albany, an army had to act in coordination. The systematic organization necessary to bring such huge forces into action, to supply men with nourishment and ammunition, and to control and direct their movements, was as wonderful as was their destructive power when in conflict with one another.

History records a score or more of so-called "decisive battles," each of which in its turn stands like a rock where the fortunes of the human race were diverted into definite channels. Many of them in their effects on history were more immeditely decisive than this battle, but as one came to understand the issues at stake on the Marne, the greater the importance of that battle appeared. The tide of Teutonic invasion in France reached its height at the Marne. For months afterward its waters continued to hurl themselves upon a breakwater, but the barrier did not give way. "The morale," said Napoleon, "is to the physical factor as three is to one," and another competent student of war has pointed out that "there is a force in war more potent than mere numbers." Of all factors which went to determine the issue on the Marne, none was so decisive as the morale. The German retreat from that valley profoundly affected afterward the issue of the whole war in material results, but more particularly in moral ones. It settled for a generation to come the estimation in which the fighting man on each side would regard his opponent. As the German suffered in prestige, so did the French and British gain.

On the abandoned battlefield of the Marne late in September, 1914, signs of war were more marked than they were on plains farther north, near the Aisne where a stiff and prolonged fighting was then taking place. On rolling uplands great trees along the roads had been mown down by shell-fire; even trunks two feet in diameter had been severed. Many of the dead still lay in trenches. The heights of Meaux evidently had been evacuated in great haste, all bridges having been blown up; the Allies, not content with making a break in the middle, had blown the structures away. Working one's way northward through Chantilly and Senlis, through the land that had been trodden by the feet of tens of thousands of armed men, and worn by innumerable wheels of great army transports, a strange scene came under one's eye. All along that route were death and destruction—dead men, dead horses, villages in ruins, railways torn to pieces, telegraph-wires scattered over bare fields, here a great water-tank hurled from its base, lying derelict among ruined haystacks; there a transport wagon, its wheels smashed, leaning giddily over the bodies of brave men who had fallen in their country's cause. Farther on was a reaping machine, its work half accomplished, standing beside the decomposing carcass of its team. Through Senlis, with its ruined streets, through Crépy-en-Valois, with rows of newly dug shallow graves, and stript and derelict villas, the long road wound, a road that so recently had been ground under the wheels of transport trains and ammunition wagons, that had been gay with the song-snatches of marching infantry and the jingle of splendid cavalry, the road that led to a river and to broken bridges where the fate of Europe was hammered out in blood and iron. The real tragedy of the Marne was seen when French civilian refugees returned to homes they had previously abandoned. Scarcely a vestige of their furniture, linen, or household utensils remained, nothing but the bare walls of their houses. As a rule the country and crops had suffered little. In some places it would have been hard to discover that the Germans had passed, if it had not been for glimpses of dead horses, the blackened walls of burned farmhouses, or rows of fresh, nameless graves which marked spots where Frenchmen had fallen.

The devastating power of the French three-inch gun was something of which hitherto no one had dreamed. Entire companies had been killed by it, as if by simultaneous thunderbolts, reminding one of nothing so much as the wholesale extinction of the populations of Herculaneum and Pompeii. On the borders of a forest a company of Prussian infantry in bivouac had been laid low as if surprized and overcome by fire and smoke. Two sentinels still grasped rifles. Two men were found with playing cards still in their hands. Sleeping as well as waking men had been swept out of life apparently without time to move. A group of sixty dead lay around a small haystack as if asleep, their rifles piled and their knapsacks arranged in an outer ring. The paths of shells could be traced by heaps of corpses stretched face downward, or staring up at the sky, having seemingly been paralyzed by the mere force of an explosion.

The vitality of Paris gradually came back. People who had fled by hundreds of thousands dribbled in from provincial towns where they had grown to hate exile and become ashamed of their flight. Back they came to fine homes, small flats, or attic-rooms, rejoicing to find all safe under layers of dust, shedding tears when they saw the children's toys, which had been left in a litter on the floor, an open piano with a song on the music-rack which a girl had left as she rose to go. The city had been saved; the Germans were in full retreat; great shadow had been lifted and the joy of a great hope thrilled all Paris. As weeks passed, streets became thronged, shops began to reopen, and business was carried on by women and old men. A great hostile army was still entrenched less than sixty miles away, and a ceaseless battle, threatening the roads to Paris, from Amiens and Soissons, Reims and Vic-sur-Aisne, was raging night and day, month after month afterward. But the fear which since August 1 had lain like a black pall over the spirit of Paris had been lifted as tho a wind had blown it away.



A BERLIN WAR EXHIBIT

The busts, are of the Crown Prince, "The Victor of Longwy," and Hindenburg, "The Conqueror of the East," as exhibited late in 1914 outside the Eberlein Museum, Berlin, with the British Lion in distress between them

Theaters and music-halls were reopened one by one and dancing and singing girls took their old places behind the footlights. In the Tuileries gardens, grass and trees still grew and kept green, but black figures were moving about among them. Women sat there sewing and knitting, or with idle hands in their laps, clothed as widows; young girls some of them, in whom should have sounded the loud, clear note of joy, but their heads were bowed and their eyes fixt as they stared at the pathway, sunshine bringing no color to their cheeks. Months later when spring again came one might have seen along broad pathways processions of cripples, in the uniforms of the French army, young men in the prime of life, to whom spring should have brought a sense of vital joy, but who were dragging between their crutches the stumps of lopped limbs in trousers that hung free. On the benches, in patches of sunshine, were dozens of soldiers with loose sleeves pinned to their coats, or with only one leg to rest on the ground. And yet there was now more gladness than sadness in Paris. "Spring is here," said an old cab-driver in a white hat, and "France will soon be free and the war over." Hopefulness that France could end the war quickly had become a splendid superstition that buoyed up many hearts.

The strategy of Joffre had been that of Napoleon in the war of 1814, but conducted on a scale of which Napoleon never dreamed. Just as the great Corsican drew his enemies to the east of Paris, so did the Allied commander draw to that field the German forces. The first determining factor, in considering the week-long battle, was that it was fought on ground which the Allied commanders had themselves chosen. When the Germans arrived before Paris, strong forces covered nearly 150 miles eastward—from Nanteuil-le-Hardouin, fourteen miles northeast of Paris, through Meaux, Coulommierès, Sézanne, La Fère-Champenoise, Vitry-le-François, Verdun, and Nancy to Épinal. There was only one thing for Kluck to do. The enemy had challenged him and he had to fight. He failed because he had against him two alert minds in Joffre and Foch, and encountered the French in a state of magnificent *élan*, having full rein for the first time after patient retreat, and of splendid submission to the orders necessary for working out Joffre's plan. Joffre remarked afterward that there were two methods of making war. One was to employ troops in masses; the other to fight in extended order. The former was the German method. It was immensely costly in life, but Germany in the beginning could afford to practise it for two reasons. One was that she had superiority of numbers. The other was that her men were disciplined to such a degree of animal, unreasoning, mechanical obedience that they fought best when they were closely held together under the personal command of officers. To fight in extended order, was the French way. It was the best way for them, because the French temperament was such that French soldiers did not fight well when they were kept wedged close together like bricks in a wall. The Frenchman was never at his best unless he was allowed a little personal initiative. He became impatient under constant command and mechanical discipline.

France, two years later, set apart a day on which to celebrate the anniversary of the battle. M. Millerand, who was Minister of War when the battle was fought, then made an announcement that as early as August 25, the day the Germans burned Louvain,—that is, before the retreat of the French and British had begun—orders had been sent out by Joffre, to the five French armies, regarding the general positions they were to take up for a battle toward which he was leading the Germans. Maunoury as early as August 27 had been sent by Joffre to take command of the new Sixth Army, secretly organized, the army which started the battle by an onslaught on Kluck on the Ourcq, and to which Gallieni sent out, as reinforcements, his famous taxicab army. One of the most striking points brought out was the manner in which Joffre gave an appearance of disorderly rout to the retreat of his armies through Belgium and northern France, and the way in which he analyzed the mental processes of German leaders. Kluck, Bülow, and other chiefs rushed headlong, with all the impetuousness of conquerors, sweeping all before them, and went into the trap he had prepared for them. An idea prevailed for two years in Allied and neutral countries that Kluck made a strategic blunder in turning southeast and marching across the British front, thus leaving his flank exposed to Maunoury. Kluck did the only thing he could do. Had he kept on toward Paris he would have left open a gap which D'Esperey's Fifth French Army could have entered and thus broken his line. Joffre foresaw the dislocation which would eventually ensue in the German line after rushing forward at such express speed.

Visitors to the battlefield on the second anniversary reported that only observant eyes could discover that this region had been the scene of a far-stretching and historic battle two years before. Nature had healed most wounds inflicted by fighting, except for many trees with scarred trunks and dead branches, with here and there traces of hastily dug, shallow trenches along main roads, and rusty, tangled and twisted remains of barbed wire defenses. Hundreds, even thousands, of graves were soon marked with crosses or the tricolor. Occasionally was seen an exploded shell, wedged in the trunk of a torn and leafless tree, or an iron chair, high up among the foliage, from which a sniper or an observer had shot. One of the chief points of interest was a farmhouse at Champ Fleury, where Kluck had his headquarters, and where a game of billiards was going on when a shell from a French 75-millimeter gun dropt on the roof and put an end to the game. The Château Mondémont, one of the most important tactical positions in the battle, still stood tho more than half in ruins. That wine-drinking played a serious part in the defeat was shown in the notebook of an officer on Kluck's staff, who on September 2 noted:

> "Our soldiers are worn out. For four days they have been marching forty kilometers a day. The ground is difficult, the roads are torn up, trees felled, the fields pitted by shells like strainers. The soldiers stagger at every step, their faces are plastered with dust, their uniforms are in rags; one might call them a living rag-bag. They march with closed eyes, and sing in chorus to keep from falling asleep as they march. The certainty of victory close at hand, and of their triumphal entry into Paris, sustains them and whips up their enthusiasm. Without this certainty of victory they would fall exhausted. They would lie down where they are, to

sleep at last, no matter where, no matter how. Only the delirium of victory keeps our men going. And, to give their bodies a drunkenness like that of their souls, they drink enormously. But this drunkenness also helps to keep them up. To-day, after an inspection, the general was furiously angry. He wanted to put a stop to this collective debauch. We have just persuaded him not to give severe orders. It is better not to be too strict, otherwise the army could not go on at all. For this abnormal weariness abnormal stimulants are needed. In Paris we shall remedy all this. We shall forbid the drinking of alcohol there. When our troops are at last able to rest on their laurels, order will be restored."[8]

MONUMENT ON THE FIELD OF THE MARNE
Visitors are there to celebrate the second anniversary of the battle

This officer pointed out that the further the Germans advanced, and the longer the French and English were able to escape a decisive action, "the more did the initial advantage of the Germans pass into the hands of their adversaries," because the Germans "got further and further from their base, and grew more and more exhausted by their forced marches." All this time they were using up their munitions and their food supplies with alarming rapidity. It was a case where the least dislocation of the supply service might become fatal to armies so vast as those which the Germans had launched. Joffre, who was fighting on interior lines, was meanwhile coming closer and closer to his supply bases, and every day fresh troops were arriving behind his lines of battle. The Germans generally did not admit the failure of a purpose to take Paris. A writer in a periodical published in Berlin[9] said there had been, on reaching the Marne, "a lull in the operations after an uninterrupted series of German victories," and then, "in the face of superior French and English forces, the right German wing was withdrawn for a short distance," and a new front was taken along the Aisne river running from Noyon over Soissons and Reims to Verdun, where the Germans "took positions in strongly fortified trenches and received reinforcements." During this time, till September 16, the *Bulletin* added that "the world was swept by the Havas News Agency with reports of French victories."

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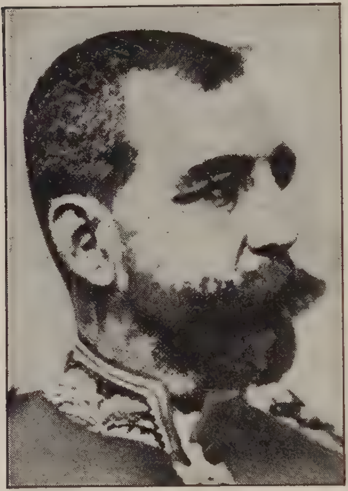
[8] Printed during the war in an anonymous German book entitled "The Battles of the Marne."



GENERAL VON BERNHARDI
Author of "Germany and the Next War," who for a time had a command in the East, and later in the West

General von Bernhardi, in a review of the war published in March, 1915,[10] said the Germans, after they had "forced their way into the immediate vicinity of Paris, everywhere defeated the enemy opposing them, Frenchmen as well as Englishmen." Their advance guard then "met hostile forces far superior, in the main forces of the French army, which had been hitherto held back,'' and ''as there was no reason to enter into an equal struggle with them,'' the right wing of the German army was withdrawn and ''succeeded in breaking away from the enemy without losses worth mentioning.'' Official Germany, neither then nor afterward during the war, admitted that the Marne was a defeat. It was represented rather as merely a strategic movement.

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[9] The *Bulletins of the Bureau der Deutschen Handelstage.*
[10] In the New York *World.*

The most probable supposition of the objective that Kluck and Bülow were pursuing when they reached their furthest points south is that, ignorant of the French reserves, and misconceiving the morale of the Allied armies, they were aiming at a concentration midway between Verdun and Paris, preliminary to a serious later attack on the capital, and hoped meanwhile to deliver their ''smashing blow'' at the French center, while the Metz army and the Crown Prince together were breaking through the fortified barrier of the Meuse. Maubeuge resisted till September 7, thus keeping back the siege-pieces without which a siege of Paris could not have been attempted. On September 1 the Austrian army had suffered a crushing defeat, and two days later Lemberg fell. Five or six army corps, including some of Hausen's, were at once hurried off to the eastern frontier. Meanwhile, Belgium continued to contribute to the confusion of the German plan.

The retreat seemed to have been dictated primarily by the necessity of obtaining reinforcements before the issue was decisively joined, and of gaining time for the general adaptation of the original plan of campaign to the exigencies of the unexpected attack from the north. But it gave important advantages of position also, both general and local. It did not actually shorten the front of the Allies, but it brought that line much nearer its main bases of supply and reinforcement; it greatly prolonged the German lines, and it aggravated the labor and anxiety of the road and base service. Furthermore, it brought the German armies to ground which, with all their studies, German commanders could not know as well as the French.

In a military sense the battle, as already stated, was decisive only as Gettysburg was; it was not a Waterloo, nor was it even an Austerlitz. The German armies which retreated were presently in line again and they were still on French soil. Indeed for more than a year afterward the German lines in France remained practically where they stood when the retiring forces turned on their pursuers at the Aisne and the Oise. But in the sense that Gettysburg was decisive, the battle of the Marne was decisive. The one great chance the Confederacy had had to conquer was ended when Pickett's division flowed back. All that followed down to Appomattox only confirmed the verdict rendered between Cemetery Ridge and the slopes of Little Round Top. Had the French line in early September, 1914, been broken between the eastern forts and the Grand Couronné at Nancy, there might, in a very real sense, have been an end to France as a great Power. The survivors, swept back on the Vosges and Paris, might have made the same gallant but hopeless fight that their fathers made in 1870, but the resistless flood that had swept from Liége to Lagny, from the Meuse to the Marne, might soon have beaten out these lingering Allied war-fires.

It was France that bore the burden. Belgian resistance had crumpled up in a few days, and fewer than a hundred thousand British troops shared in the campaign from the Sambre to the Marne; they were hardly more than a great raft tossed against the wave of German invasion. It was France, rising from the long period of depression stretching back to Sedan and Gravelotte, that met the flood and stemmed it, rolled it back, settled the issue of the war in the opening days, assured Europe of the endurance of that Democracy which the French Revolution had brought to the Continent. There was small reason to question that the battle would take its place with that of Marathon. Nicholas Murray Butler in conferring a degree on Marshal Joffre at Columbia University in New York in 1917 so characterized the battle. The barbarism that was rolled back in the ancient struggle aimed at the destruction of the Hellenic beginnings, just as, for all who believed in Democracy, in the right of men to live their own lives, the battle of the Marne was a deliverance from a peril almost as great.

Upon France, unready as democratic States must always be, fell at the Marne the full fury of men equipped with all the weapons that the supreme genius of a nation whose gift for organization and capacity for concentration upon its purpose have never been equaled, could supply. To meet this storm France had little more than half as many soldiers; she lacked the equipment, the preparation, the whole armory of warfare possest by her foe. But France never lost courage, never for a moment thought to desert the cause in which every Frenchman felt himself fighting, as it were, the battle his ancestors had fought against the Moors at Tours or against the Huns at Châlons. At the Marne the issue of the war was really decided altho more than four years had to pass before Germany was conquered. Men saw that while Germany might never be beaten to her knees, while she might come out of the struggle without the loss of a province, as France had emerged from the Revolution intact, yet German domination of Europe had become a dream impossible of realization after Kluck and Bülow led their beaten masses back through the hills of Champagne. With the battle of the Marne won by France, at least the Teutonic dream of world-power was shattered.

CHÂTEAU ON THE MARNE DESTROYED IN THE BATTLE

Before the war was two years old the world knew enough about this battle to realize that it would rank henceforward as one of the most memorable. It was not decisive in the sense that Jena and Waterloo were decisive, for the vanquished German forces remained in being; they had suffered no overwhelming losses in men or in material. Nor was it decisive in the sense that Solferino and Sadowa were decisive, for it did not terminate a campaign. But it was decisive in the sense that it completely transformed the strategical situation in the greatest of world wars. Greater battles were afterward fought, provided battles are to be measured by numbers and length of contest. But in the larger view, they were merely the pushing further back of a great wave which the Marne had checked and started in its backward course. At Nancy and the Marne Germany lost the war. On one side were superior generalship and exalted national courage in defense; on the other, preponderance of numbers and armament, but this preponderance through miscalculation lost the day. Looking backward on the fourth anniversary of the battle—when Foch had won a second Marne—men could see that the first Marne had established the superiority of French military genius over German. The whole German plan of a campaign was wrecked by Joffre in 1914, just as it was by Pétain at Verdun in 1916, and by Foch at the second battle of the Marne in July, 1918. These had been the three great crises on the Western Front, crises in which the security of the world had hung upon the issue between French and German military genius, and in each case the German lost.[11]

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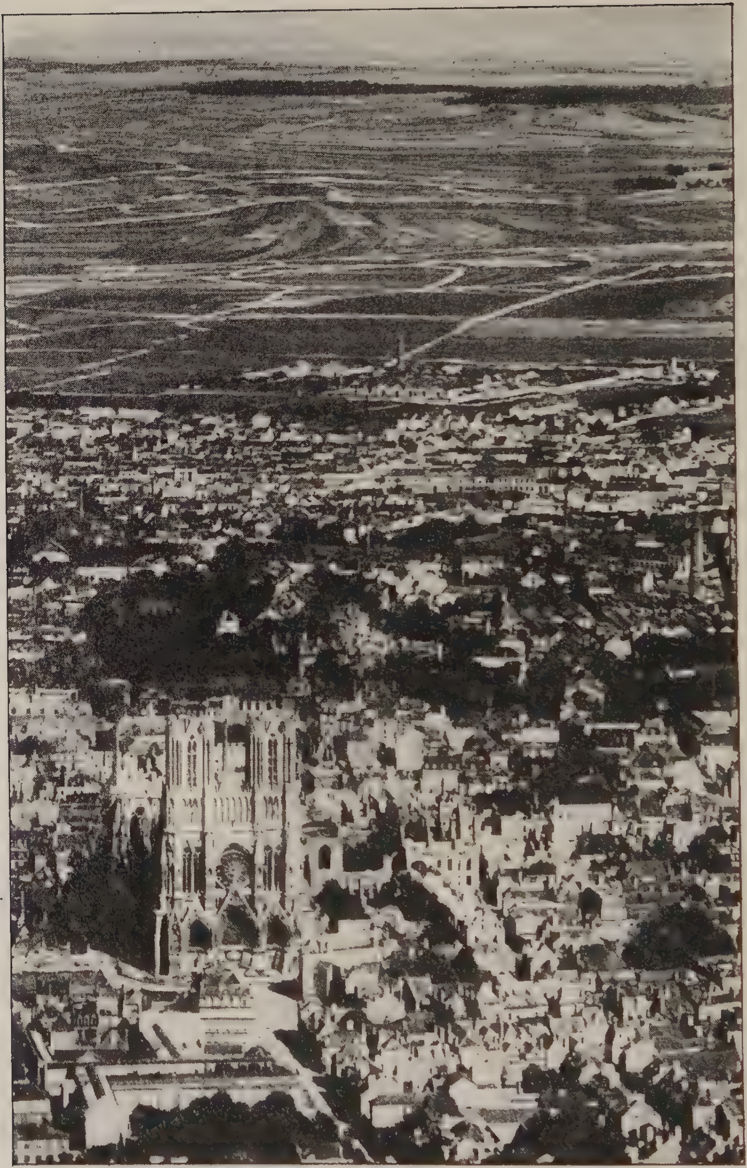
[11] Principal Sources: The *Standard,* The *Daily News,* The *Times,* The *Times'* "History of the War," The *Daily Chronicle,* The *Daily Telegraph,* The *Outlook,* London; G. H. Perris' "Campaigns of 1914 in France and Belgium" (Henry Holt & Co.). The *Times,* The *Sun,* The *Tribune,* New York; Associated Press dispatches, "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, and Hilaire Belloc's "The Battle of the Marne" (Hearst's International Library Co.), The New York *Evening Sun.*

ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Part IV

THE AISNE BATTLE, ST. MIHIEL AND VERDUN, AND THE "RACE TO THE SEA"



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PART OF THE CITY OF REIMS

The Cathedral is shown in the foreground. German trenches and artillery sites are in the upper distance.

I

THREE WEEKS OF FIGHTING

September 13, 1914—October 5, 1914

TO take Paris and destroy the French military power before Russia was fully mobilized—that had seemed in September the thwarted purpose of German strategy from Liége to the Marne. And yet, one month afterward, German armies were making advances in Poland, Galicia, and East Prussia; were storming the defenses of Antwerp, and the barrier-forts of eastern France. Along the Aisne German military strength in the west stood just where it had taken a stand five days after the retreat from the Marne began, so that an actual German rout, which had seemed imminent on the Marne, had failed to occur. Nor had the Allies been able to succor Belgium, or even to save Antwerp. Territory had been regained, German attacks had been repulsed, and certain advantages had been won; but in October, as in the two earlier months the Allies gave evidence of lacking something in mastery of the art of modern warfare as it had been mastered by the Germans.

That Germany had in reserve quite as many able-bodied, untrained men as she had trained men in service was well known, but that in two months she would train them sufficiently well to act in divisions and army corps, that she would find for them all the necessary officers, and equipment, all the transports and subsidiary service, had not seriously entered into the calculations of military experts among the Allies. But that was just what the Germans had secretly undertaken to do. Retiring from the Marne and still pivoting on the left flank of the Crown Prince's army, they had fallen back through an angle of some 30 degrees, and, in a carefully prepared position, had taken their stand on the Aisne, where they hoped to gain the time required for putting in the field larger masses of men, with whom to resume the offensive, and eventually march to Paris.

One of the many surprizes of the war was the ability shown by the Germans in mass retreat and recovery after reverses, an ability based alike on the character of their civil education and their military training. Kluck and Bülow had no such task after the battle of the Marne as faced French and Joffre after Mons and Charleroi, but the reestablishment of a solid German line from the Laon plateau, to Reims, and thence reaching over Champagne, through the Argonne, and around Verdun to Metz, was, nevertheless, one of the great achievements of the war. The Allies had soon to admit their inability to do more than check German offensive movement until such time as was needed to acquire supremacy over them in numbers and artillery power. The German position, as first taken up, extended along the right bank of the Aisne from Compiègne, where the waters of the Aisne join those of the Oise, as far as Berry-au-Bac, where the line of defense turned away from the Aisne to follow the course of the Suippe till it reached Vienne-la-Ville, whence it went through the Argonne to Consenvoye on the Meuse. With its right resting on the Oise, its left on the Meuse, and its center firmly planted on the plateau of Craonne, the German army was so placed as to cover lines of retreat on the west, and down the Meuse and Moselle on the east, provided tactical conditions remained favorable for defense.

Between Compiègne and Berry-au-Bac, within artillery range of the river, is a broad ridgeway parallel to the Aisne, and gradually ascending from the Oise till it reaches a height of between 400 and 500 feet at Craonne, where it opens out into an extensive plateau, the southern edge of which dominates the valley. This ridgeway is divided into wooded ravines by numberless streams that flow into the river, the ravines here and there terraced, sometimes by nature, but more often now terraced by Germans for infantry trenches and artillery emplacements. Beyond Berry-au-Bac the position was less commanding and more open, the ground gradually rising from the Suippes in a continuous and gentle slope to a height varying between 100 and 150 feet, the contour of the ground giving tactical advantage to the defender.

The Laon plateau was a natural fortress, broadly described as a triangle of hilly and wooded country, sloping up gently from the north, reaching a height of between 600 and 700 feet, and breaking down to its base on the Aisne in a series of spurs and ravines, every roadway in which could be easily covered by cross-fire from above. From a line between Attichy and Noyon the plateau is about thirty-five miles long in the west where it falls gently toward the Oise. At Craonne in the east it drops abruptly to the plain. It is bounded by roads and railways of which the angles are at Compiègne, La Fère, and Cormicy north of Reims. It is cut from south to north by roads and railways from Soissons to Chauny and Laon, and from northwest to southwest by a valley in which a canal is brought from the Oise to the Aisne. Small towns and villages within the triangle are full of historical and archeological interest. They contain many twelfth- and thirteenth-century churches, ruined abbeys, donjons, and châteaux. Here was to occur desperate fighting in this war, not only in 1914, but on memorable occasions afterward, the most memorable of all being those which contributed in 1918 to the German retreat from France under the long succession of Foch's hammer-blows.

FRENCH SOLDIERS REAPING GRAIN WITHIN 500 YARDS OF GERMAN TRENCHES

When Kluck, about September 12, crossed the Aisne at Soissons, he found that a German rear-guard along the Champagne hills back of the Aisne—here known as the Craonne Plateau—was solidly in possession of heavy cannon that had been intended for use in reducing the forts of Paris. This rear-guard had in addition covered the hillsides with trenches and fortifications, and occupied in force all the crossings of the Somme for many miles west of Noyon, thus protecting the long imperiled flank. The foresight of German commanders had guarded against a danger that in August seemed remote, but in mid-September had become real. When, by the victory of the Marne, the Allies gained the offensive, the first and immediate object of their efforts was to transform the German retreat into a rout, and to destroy the German right, now rushing north, and to roll up its center and left. When, with fine skill in retreat, Kluck passed the Aisne at Soissons this effort failed. In the days that followed, the compelling purpose of Allied strategy was, first, by direct assaults on Kluck standing on the Champagne hills and above Soissons on the Craonne Plateau, to force him off the northern rim of this range into the plain north of La Fère and Laon. When this attempt failed, the Allies endeavored, by a move of their own left flank around Kluck's right, to cut his communications and turn his position. This was the first effort in the first days of the great battle of the Aisne.

The initiative in war has been defined as the power to dictate to the enemy the form an action shall take; this is, to lay down the type of battle. Combined with the offensive, it is a terrible weapon. Moltke had it at Sedan, as Napoleon had it at Jena, Lee at Chancellorsville, and Thomas at Nashville. A general, though acting on the defensive, may sometimes have the initiative; that is, when he compels his enemy to conform to his own ideas of war. Tannenberg was a good example of a fight where the victor had both the offensive and the initiative; and so to the Germans was the retreat from Mons. At the Marne the Allies snatched from the Germans both the initiative and the offensive; but, once the retreating Germans had entrenched themselves on the Aisne, Joffre had left only the offensive; the Germans had again secured the initiative—that is, they had compelled their adversaries to adopt the form of battle on which they had themselves decided, and this form was trench battle. So began that war of entrenchments which was to last for many months, even for years.

The first fighting on the Aisne became an affair of advanced Allied cavalry and strong German rear-guards. On September 12 Maunoury's Sixth Army was in the Forest of Compiègne, with its right fronting the Germans at Soissons. It had secured several good artillery positions on the south bank, and spent the day in a long-range duel with German guns across the river, in an endeavor to "prepare" a crossing. Practically all the bridges were down, and since the Aisne, altho not very wide, was fully fifteen feet deep, the only transport had to be by pontoons. When an attempt to force a passage of the river front had to be made by the Allies, the task was no light one. The river was swollen with rain, so that the bridges had to be built, crossed and repaired under a devastating fire, at ranges carefully measured by the Germans from every point of vantage on the opposite bank. The passage of the Aisne, as now effected in the face of an enemy heavily entrenched, in a carefully selected and prepared position, was probably one of the most remarkable river crossings in military history.

During the climax of the conflict the valley became a perfect inferno with a pandemonium of sound. From height to height rival artillery discharged never-ceasing floods of projectiles across the valley, while at points selected for crossings engineers labored to construct bridges. Successive lines of khaki-clad figures in extended formation, advancing from cover to cover, sought to reach their objectives while the air above was filled with the buzzing of aeroplanes and the bursting of shrapnel. The rattle of riflery, the insistent rat-rat-rat of machine guns, the explosions of shells in the air and on the ground, and the thunder of artillery produced an indescribable medley of sounds. Meadows by the riverside became a hell of fire in which it seemed impossible that anything could ever live again. Foot by foot unmoved engineers rebuilt the bridges. Foot by foot dauntless infantry won their way to the river, crossed it, and marched up the further steeps. All night long German searchlights swept the southern shores, seeking insistently to discover any attempts to move troops down the stream. It was not till the morning that comparative silence fell upon the valley of the Aisne.

Having crossed the Aisne east and west of Soissons, and effected a lodgment on the first slope of the Craonne Plateau, the Allies found they could advance no farther, but were compelled to dig in, wait for the arrival of heavy artillery, and settle down to a siege. They were also forced to resort to trenches, so that along the Aisne there promptly grew up two parallel lines of earthworks, behind which were both armies secure from assault.

During the night of the 13th, while German searchlights played on sodden riverside fields, Joffre decided that the following day should be made to reveal the nature of the German plans. Accordingly, while British engineers were busy strengthening new bridges and repairing old ones for heavy traffic, a general advance was begun along the whole western section of the front. Maunoury carried the line of the river between Compiègne and Soissons, and attacked vigorously up to the edges of the plateau. From Vic Zouaves advanced up the deep cleft of Morsain through St. Christophe, and seized the villages of Autrèches and Nouvron on the neighboring spurs. By evening, or early next morning, he had won his way far up the heights and was suddenly brought up against the main German position on the plateau itself. There he found himself held, and of all the Allied commanders was the first to realize the nature of the defensive trenches which the enemy had prepared.

Meanwhile, the battle-lines had been extended. Bülow, compelled to withdraw from the Marne by Kluck's defeat, went back slowly through Châlons and Epernay, made contact with Kluck north of Reims and then, taking the offensive, drove the French from the hills east of that city, on which stood their dismantled forts, posted his artillery there and began the bombardment which finally ruined the famous cathedral. At this point the Allies' advance was brought to a complete halt, so that the German left, with Einen west of the Argonne and the Crown Prince on the east, formed a battle-line from the Oise to the Meuse north of Verdun—in fact, from Noyon on the Oise to the German fortress of Metz on the Moselle, now the pivot of German maneuvers. As the French at the Marne had stood with their flanks resting on Paris and the barrier forts, so the German battle-line now stood rooted with fortifications on either flank, from which they could not be driven by frontal attack.

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GENERAL VON EINEN

By September 18 the Allied effort to drive the Germans out of France had failed. There was left to their strategy the resource of a tremendous turning movement, in which the Battle of the Aisne, which had already become the Battle of Four Rivers, was to become the Battle of Seven Rivers, of the Oise, the Aisne, the Meuse, the Moselle, the Somme, the Scheldt and the Lys. In August the Allies had been turned out of the Champagne Hills because they were unable to hold the line of the Somme. In September Kluck faced the same difficulty. For the moment his reserves held back the Allied cavalry at the Somme crossings, but in a few days, by using the railroad to Amiens, the Allies were able to get around his extreme right and, turning east, strike Péronne and St. Quentin.

In such a thrust there was for Kluck a peril as deadly as that which his own enveloping movement had had for the Allies. The railways, on which he depended for reinforcements and supplies, came south from Belgium at the very west end of his line. The Paris-Cologne line, the most important of all, was nearest the enemy. Could the Allied flanking force, commanded by General D'Amade, of Moroccan fame, cut this line, push east a little and cut the Laon-Maubeuge line, his position in the Champagne hills would become untenable, since he would be in danger of being enveloped, thrown back on Bülow, defeated and perhaps captured.

On September 18, the Allies did penetrate to St. Quentin, having taken Péronne, while their cavalry actually cut the Paris-Cologne line east of Roisel and Le Catelet. At this moment a news dispatch from London announced the surrender of Kluck, and the French Minister of War forecasted the prompt withdrawal of the Germans from France, but neither surrender nor withdrawal was in Kluck's mind. On the contrary, he had already prepared for a counter-thrust. Gathering up all available troops from the center and left, calling in a portion of the army in Lorraine and transporting it hurriedly over the Calais-Basel railway, which crossed the rear of the whole German position, he drove the Allies out of St. Quentin, out of Péronne, and half-way back to Amiens. At the same moment, he launched another attack at the Allied position south of Noyon and drove his enemies out of their lines, retook Lassigny, Roye, and Chaulnes, and put his assailants on the defensive all along the line.

By the utilization of interior lines of communication. Kluck blocked the first drive at his right. When the attack was renewed from the north toward Cambrai. Albert. and Bapaume he met it with new troops, and threw it back again. A third time the Allies pressed on, moving east from Arras to Douai, but a third time they were repulsed and—because north of this point the railways on which the Germans depended turned east—the drive by the left flank was blocked.

By this operation the whole battle-line was transformed. To the straight line going east from Noyon to the Moselle, there was now joined a second line, perpendicular to the first from Arras to Noyon. Behind this line the Allies were still moving north toward Belgium. Meantime the character of the operations in the west had changed. Already, in the last days of September, a German attack upon Antwerp was breaking out, and Allied strategy was concerned no longer with a drive at the German right, but with a move to succor Belgium, now in her last ditch. For the third time, the German defensive had prevailed; its right had not been routed, and it had not been driven from the slopes of the Champagne hills; it had not been turned out of its position, and was, in fact, already venturing to assume the offensive in the east and south.

The net results of the fighting on the Aisne up to September 21 went to show that the operations in that territory could no longer be regarded as a battle in the general acceptance of the term. The fighting approximated more nearly to that of the trenches before Sebastopol, or the protracted engagements in Manchuria. The really serious point revealed was that the enemy had received considerable reinforcements, and that it was rather he who attacked the Allies than the Allies who attacked him—that is to say, the initiative was gradually passing into German hands. Even on the west flank, where Joffre had proposed to make his principal effort, the Germans were successfully engaged in heading off the French attempts to envelop their right. Only on the east flank did the Germans fail to stop French attacks in southern Alsace and the valleys of the Vosges.

General von Haeseler
The aged mentor of the German Crown Prince

During the first two weeks at the Aisne rain fell in one long downpour. To this succeeded a week of St. Martin's summer, and then came autumn damp and mist. The chalky soil was churned into mud that seemed bottomless. It filled ears, eyes and throats, it plastered clothing, and mingled it with dirt. British grandfathers who had been at Sebastopol could have told something about mud; so could others who had been in India and South Africa; but even after such experiences the mire of the Aisne seemed a grievous affliction. A day was soon to come, however, when in West Flanders these same men would sigh for the Aisne as a dry and salubrious habitation. Altho the warfare relapsed into a duel of guns, every now and again a spasmodic assault would break out, and no side could afford to slacken its vigilance. The Germans were fond of creeping on at dusk or just before daybreak and trying to dig themselves in, so as to reach British trenches at a single rush. Their sharpshooters, too, were clever at working forward under cover. They used their searchlights at night to dazzle British riflemen.

The real offensive of the Allies was now pushed on their extreme left, where Maunoury had extended his flank up the Oise, and the new armies of Castelnau and Maud'huy were lengthening the line toward the north. By September 20 Maunoury had established himself south of Lassigny, a day's march from the Oise and the railway line. On that day Castelnau's Seventh Army came into position on his left, and occupied a line through Roye and Péronne and just west of Chaulnes, which extended to the edge of the Albert plateau. Ten days later Maud'huy appeared, and occupied the region around Arras and Lens. There was a fierce struggle, which lasted several days for possession of the Albert plateau, by the Germans ranked as one of the chief battles of the campaign. The French had hurried every man they could spare, including many marines, into this section. Maud'huy's achievement showed that Joffre's confidence had not been misplaced.

The French left now ran for seventy miles north of Compiègne, almost to the Belgian frontier. It was a wonderful piece of outflanking, and bent back the German right from its apex on the height above the Forest of l'Aigle, or the Eagle, in the shape of a gigantic L. But presently it appeared that this flanking strategy was being met by another. The Germans were themselves taking the offensive, and stretching out their right, not to conform with, but to outstrip the Allied movement. It was becoming a race for the North Sea. The British commander-in-chief now saw the dawning of a dangerous German offensive, directed especially against Britain, and aiming at the possession of Calais and other Channel ports. News came that the great fortress of Antwerp was at its last gasp. Once it fell, a fresh German army could be hurled at the gap between Lille and the sea.

The battle of the Aisne was fought by the left wing of the Allies against that portion of the German force which in August had invaded Luxemburg, Belgium and northern France, and now stretched from Dunkirk on the North Sea to Compiègne, where the Oise, from the north, joins the Aisne in its westward flow down from the Argonne. As the crow flies, Compiègne is about 120 miles from Dunkirk —roughly, the distance between New York and Catskill-on-the-Hudson. Almost at right angles with this battle another was going on over another line of about 120 miles, from Compiègne to Verdun, while from Verdun to Belfort, near Switzerland, the conflict was continued on the eastern frontier for 120 miles more. The fighting line from Dunkirk to Belfort, therefore, measured 360 miles, or the distance from Cleveland on Lake Erie to Richmond in Virginia. Along this immense front the fighting was almost incessant. The battle, packed as it was with incidents, lasted for more weeks than the encounters of a hundred years ago lasted days. The struggle was mostly one of long, protracted artillery duels, the digging of innumerable trenches and interminable skirmishing, varied by occasional rushes of charging men from concealed positions. It was around towns and villages rather than in them.[1]

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[1] Principal Sources: The London *Times'* "History of the War," G. H. Perris' "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium," Lockhart's "Life of Napoleon," "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, Associated Press dispatches, *The Fortnightly Review,* The New York *Tribune,* The New York *Times.*

II

SOISSONS AND THE BOMBARDMENT OF REIMS—TRENCH WARFARE

September 13, 1914—September 27, 1914

SUNDAY, September 13, was the first day of the great frontal battle on the Aisne. A more detailed account of it must be given here. The German army had then crossed and taken up positions on the north bank between Compiègne and Soissons and toward Reims. Heavy artillery had been rushed down from the north and placed on various strategic points, notably in the quarries behind Soissons, at Vic-sur-Aisne, and at Attichy. On the right the army was protected by the Forest of l'Aigle and the Oise, which descends almost due south from Noyon. It was an extremely strong position, capable only of frontal attack. It was clear from the outset that these fortified positions must be fought for and taken, no matter how great the effort, how terrible the sacrifice. The time Kluck's army had for preparations was very short. The Allies had lost not a moment in opening the attack. Of the bridges over the river all, with the exception of a small one, had been blown up. Pontoon bridges had to be constructed and as German batteries had command of the river during the greater part of its course, a preliminary artillery duel was inevitable. This began early on Sunday and lasted during the greater part of the day. Heavy guns enabled the Germans to fire at longer range than was possible to the Allies, more especially to the French, whose heavy pieces had not arrived. The British artillery, on account of its weight, marksmanship, and maneuvering, rendered much good service.

The valley of the river became an inferno. From height to height great guns belched fire upon huge meadows and over the heads of Allied troops engaged in crossing, while a withering fire was poured upon engineers constructing pontoon bridges. Pontoons were carried on wagons specially constructed for them. It was necessary to take them to the water's edge, and there launch and lash them together. The whole operation had to be carried out in a hell of fire, to which shells, mitrailleuses and rifles each contributed their quota. The Germans, having dug in at various points on the north side, were able easily to pick off Allied men engaged in the open. So hot, indeed, did the Germans make it for the Allies that the attempt at bridge-building had to be given up.

To observers the scene was characterized by a grandeur fearful beyond description. Work was carried on by airmen far up in the clouds, and it became "a truly awful sight to see one of those great artificial birds hovering over German lines, from which death was being hurled at them in every imaginable way." When the aeroplane descended to reconnoiter a belt of woodland, or an obscure position, "the tension became almost unbearable." Under the buzzing of aeroplanes and the shrieking of shells, the Allied army advanced toward the river, where, owing to the presence of an unbroken bridge, a portion of the British force was able to effect a crossing comparatively early. Many of the French got across in single file using the girders of a railway bridge. Elsewhere in time the engineers achieved their task successfully. Columns then advanced across the newly made bridges, and by nightfall the crossing had in general been effected. All night long great searchlights swept the river, while the opposing generals attempted to carry out various strategic movements with a view to renewing the combat on the following day. A desultory fire was kept up during the whole night.

All along the line the Germans dug themselves into little pits. The Allies were also entrenched. A heavy bombardment continued along the heights eastward toward Soissons, which the enemy now began to subject to shell-fire. Toward afternoon the action became general and the fighting of a most desperate character as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed across the river. The Germans at times attempted to take the offensive and even succeeded within small areas in forcing back their opponents, just as these succeeded elsewhere in forcing Germans back. But in spite of tremendous efforts on both sides, night fell upon a situation in all essential particulars unchanged.

It had become quite clear that this was no mere rearguard action, but a determined stand of the main body of Kluck's army. Moreover, it was strongly suspected that German reinforcements were coming up. So well had the Germans dug themselves in all along the heights, and so well were their big guns concealed, that the Allies had trouble in knowing where their shells were coming from, but they had their airmen hunting them out, and after a while made their own guns speak. The Allies had to fight for every inch of ground while digging themselves in, creeping bit by bit, and sometimes giving ground. Next day the Germans, who had been reinforced, were determined to break through the Allied lines between Vic-sur-Aisne and Soissons—that is to say, between the French and British. This attack was heralded by a tremendous outburst of heavy artillery, following upon which came a systematic advance of infantry and machine-guns. The Allied forces poured back a deadly fire and in certain cases repulsed the Germans at the point of the bayonet. This battle continued with unabated fury all that night and the next two days.

The Germans attacked the French with great fury near Reims three times, but on each occasion were repulsed, and attacked the English with equal fierceness in the neighborhood of Soissons. Descriptions of that fearful day and night made it clear that no sacrifice was grudged by the Germans. "Men were literally thrown away to act as mere dead weight," said a British soldier afterward. "They hurled them down on us like a landslide—poured them out, simply. Our officers were wonderfully cool, and made us lie close and fight close. That and a bit of pluck did it. But it certainly did want a bit of pluck."

The position of the Germans proved to be one of extraordinary strength. As early as September 12, the Aisne quarries had been occupied. The key to their position formed a natural horseshoe extending round the Oise from Giraumont and Autheil. Situated on the face of a steep declivity forming the boundary of the plateau, they consisted of ordinary quarries, in which galleries extended for miles in some places communicating with each other underground. Five years before they had been acquired by German interests. Since then considerable work has been secretly done in them, in the way of reinforced concrete, traverses and possibly gun emplacements. The result was that the plateau constituted a powerful fortress, capable of containing large numbers of troops. By a curious chance, the French population of the neighborhood, in endeavoring to save their stock from the invaders, had previously driven herds of cattle, sheep and pigs into the galleries for concealment, and consequently the Germans did not lack for food. Further protecting the Germans right wing, as this position did, with means of communication open to Noyon and all along the rear of the enemy's line eastward, its base strongly established on the Oise, with the Forest of L'Aigle on the other side of the river, it faced any turning movement undertaken by the Allied left wing. Consequently the taking of it was essential to the Allies.

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A BRITISH FIELD GUN

The bombardment had begun seriously on the 14th, when the first heavy French guns came up. The Germans were able at once to reply on equal terms. As the German troops were not yet entirely thrown back on their fortified position, heavy infantry fighting took place at some little distance in the broken, wooded country. The French artillery stuck to its work, and after a night of continuous cannonading gained the mastery. The Germans apparently were then leaving their quarries, even toward the northern limit, and were falling back eastward. The merit of the quarry position was largely due to the fact that the approaches to it were clear of trees and so gave very little cover to attacking infantry. The Germans had here shown remarkable ability in seizing a strategic position and demonstrated their thorough previous knowledge of the ground.

On the seventh day of the battle, which by that time extended from Noyon to Montfaucon, along the main battle-line, the situation was still critical. The Allies had gained only minor successes over Kluck and Bülow. In the center, north of Reims, where the Germans were moving heaven and earth to break the French center, their armies had been checked. At Montfaucon, northwest of Verdun, the Crown Prince was making a stand. Montfaucon, which the Germans were fortifying, is a domelike peak that rises in the middle of a plain. It is an observation point rather than an impregnable military position. Here in 1918 the Americans were to make their memorable advance between the Argonne and the Meuse.

Around Soissons at a distance of about four kilometers German infantry were spread out 500 meters deep. Behind them artillery had taken up positions, cleverly hidden from view. Soissons itself was occupied by one regiment of infantry and ten mitrailleuse-batteries. Four machine-guns, mounted on armored motor-cars, were placed in front of the town that later was to become a gigantic mass of ruins. The bombardment of Liége was declared to have been nothing compared with the continual thundering of guns heard here. Twenty and more fired shrapnel at the same time. Around Soissons the battle raged during a whole night. The town itself had been evacuated; it had formed a natural barricade between the two armies and after destruction would have been useless to either friend or foe. Nothing was left of it afterward, not a stone was untouched, everything was shot down, burnt, and destroyed.

Sunday, September 27, was one of the most peaceful days that had been known for a fortnight on the Aisne, but from nightfall to nightfall on Monday, the Germans made a series of vigorous and determined attempts all along the line. These attacks succeeded one another like waves of the sea; they broke, recoiled, then rushed on again. The ground in front of the trenches was alive with wave after wave of oncoming Germans. "The same futile attempts," French called these attacks. They continued to the evening of the 28th, when they died away and were not renewed.

From the Somme to the Meuse, German efforts persisted with an energy and desperation as astonishing as was their costliness. They clearly indicated action on a concerted plan, dictated from the Headquarters Staff. The Germans fell back at last, broken and exhausted, after incredible efforts. They even evacuated some of their natural fortresses among the quarries which had hitherto been impregnable. Rumor said they had abandoned these positions, not so much under stress of the French attacks as owing to the noisome odors that emanated from their own unburied dead. The condition of these quarries, when the French came to occupy them, was said to be "absolutely indescribable."

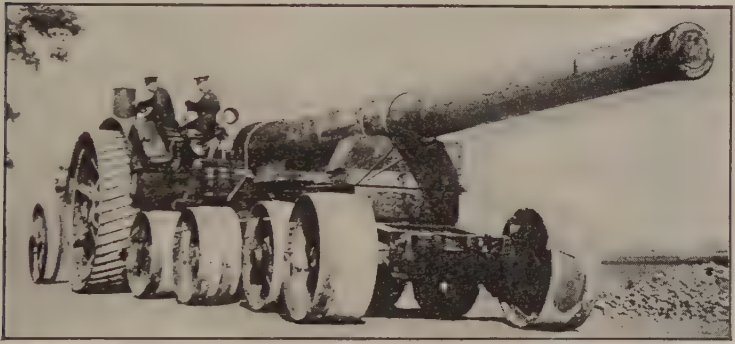
German efforts opposite Reims reached a climax on Monday, the 28th, when the intensity of their bombardment surpassed anything that had hitherto been experienced. The town was set on fire in many places; blocks of buildings were completely demolished and many inhabitants killed. From every part of the line came the same story of attack and counter-attack, of desperate bayonet fighting and of terrific losses, in which the Allies had by no means escaped scatheless. The news officially published on October 6, that the German trenches at Soissons had been carried, marked the termination of one of the most fiercely contested trench-engagements in the war. For some days the Allies had been advancing their line until the distance separating the trenches was only a little more than 200 yards. Over this short range a continuous rifle fire was kept up night and day, marked at times by infantry rushes. During lulls in the firing, German and English troops could shout across at each other.

Two salient events marked that part of the fight of which Soissons was the center. The Germans had occupied the French fort of Condé, north of the river and east of Soissons. Its strategic position and the excellent use made of it, looked likely to be as difficult to overcome and a cause of as serious delay as the half-finished French forts east of Reims which had been abandoned for trenches and hastily dismantled on the outbreak of war. The one trouble was that the trajectory of the Allies' guns was too flat for the purpose of a siege. After vain attempts for ten days and more, 6-inch howitzers were brought into play. They were placed with such skill in regard to positions that the German gunners in their turn found their trajectory too flat; they could explode shells only at a harmless distance above the Allied gunners. At the same time British heavy guns were able to throw heavy 100-pound shells at high angle.

Within four hours after the guns were in position, Fort Condé, which had been vainly besieged for sixteen days, became untenable. A well-placed observer could see little groups hurrying away with burdens, whether of wounded or ammunition or what, could not be determined. Soon not a German was left. The taking of Fort Condé was only the beginning of the end. Psychologically, perhaps also strategically, the real end came on Friday. On that day the Germans made the last and most severe of their counter-attacks. All through these weary weeks along the Aisne they had been firing at least fifty shells to one British shell. "We just let off now and again to show 'em we hadn't forgotten," as one of the gunners put it.

Exhaustion, rather than shot and shell, wrought peace along the river. The scene at night had been magnificent but appalling beyond words. The whole valley was swept with a blaze of searchlights from darkness until dawn. Great beams moved up and down, searching skies and trenches and revealing masked batteries or the heights and dark forms lying along the ridges. Here and there a lurid flash revealed the bursting of a shell or a wisp of fire; a volley came from some concealed vantage, and over all would roll the perpetual thunder of guns—a fierce and thrilling accompaniment. This was a battle to the last ounce of strength, in which man and horse poured out their lives in a few frenzied moments. Day and night the combat raged without intermission, ebbing and flowing like the tide and seething like a caldron. And into the hell men went down. It was a brave sight to see them go, gaily and lightheartedly, to return, perhaps, in a few hours broken for life, or possibly never to return at all.

In falling back from Châlons and Epernay, a portion of the German army had turned along a ridge of low, wooded hills northeast of Reims. At this point they occupied the sites of dismantled forts and were furious to begin that bombardment of the town in which they were in part to destroy the great cathedral. Reims was the key to their position. To the west was their right on the Aisne, vigorously attacked by the Allies from the direction of Soissons. To the east they held the wooded crests of low hills stretching toward the forest of the Argonne. For three days they held their ground, their heaviest guns hidden in the woods. Infantry, entrenched on the edges of woods, in which batteries were concealed, was attacked alternately by artillery and infantry, the French penetrating the heart of woods in which German batteries were concealed. At night the Germans made



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A LARGE BRITISH GUN BEING HAULED INTO ACTION BY TRACTORS counter-attacks. G. Ward Price,[1] who saw the bombardment, wrote:

"The forts of Witry and Nogent l'Abbesse, concealed in the woods, were the points at which the heaviest German artillery was stationed. From there the Germans bombarded the town of Reims, where as I saw it from the tower of the ancient cathedral all day long, a fierce battle raged. The position of the Germans was a strong one. Reims is an exceedingly important strategical point and an important junction of roads. All roads to the north from Châlons, Epernay, and Montmirail converge on it. For fifty miles to the east there is a great tract of open, almost deserted, country, no towns, hardly even a hamlet, so deserted, in fact that here in the center of it is established the great exercise ground of the French Army, the Camp of Châlons. The country is a sort of French Salisbury Plain. In the whole of the sixty-five miles or so between Reims and Verdun, are only three roads leading north, and of these only one is a main artery, starting from Châlons. It was quite clear, that, if the Germans wanted to hold back their pursuers, they had to do their best to prevent them from getting past Reims."

Whitney Warren, the American architect, spent about two hours at the top of the north tower of Reims cathedral, behind the parapets, where he could not be seen, watching the bombardment of which he wrote:

"While the commercial part of the city had been absolutely destroyed, in other parts one found places where stray shells had fallen, doing great damage. It all seemed absolutely ruthless and useless. The curé of the cathedral told me that the Germans, during their occupation in August, had established an observation-post with an electric searchlight in the north tower. This they took away with them and some of the French officers, during the first days of their reoccupation, occasionally went up the north tower to have a look about; but the curé strongly objected and they then gave up doing so. I know that during the two days that I was there nobody but myself went into the tower and I did so unbeknown to the authorities, being very careful not to show myself, as I was assured it would draw fire if the Germans saw anybody moving about on the tower. I think, myself, that this fear was then an exaggeration, as their line of observation must have been at least seven or eight miles removed and at that distance, even with a very strong glass, it would be almost impossible to distinguish a human silhouette."

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[1] Correspondent of The New York *Sun.*

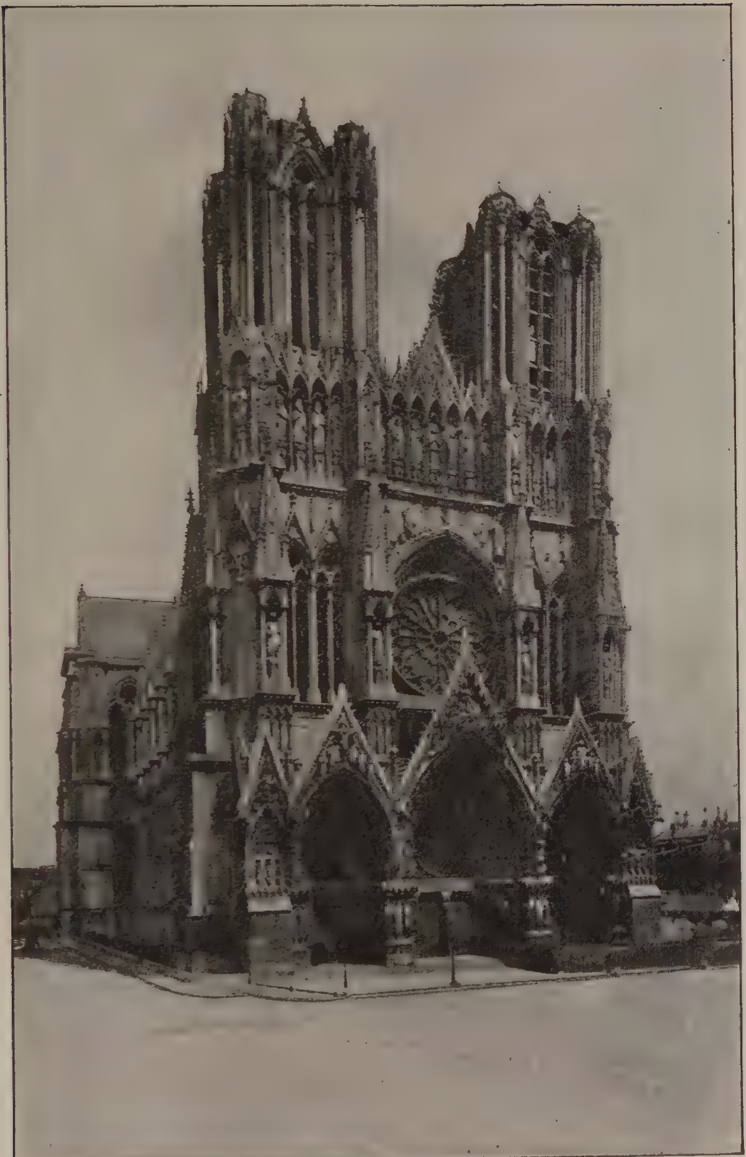
It was now the fate of Reims cathedral, which had escaped the destructive forces of seven hundred years, to suffer from the impact of siege guns. The attacks of the Germans on artistic monuments—Louvain and Reims—were defended by them on military grounds; elsewhere they provoked a cry of horror. Berlin dispatches declared that orders had been issued to save Reims cathedral. Moreover, it flew the Red Cross flag and sheltered many German wounded. But it was "in the battle-line of the French and the Germans were obliged to bombard it." A Paris dispatch said the battering of the building "was not done by the heavier guns, as had been feared." It suffered most from shrapnel fire. The famous rose window, the sculpture and other details of the façade that were in part ruined, were however, "just those examples of art that can not be replaced." Statues, gargoyles, and other ornaments on the exterior were "tumbled to the pavement and shattered."

But the glory of Reims had greatly departed; of that truth later reports bore evidence. The walls and towers were left standing, but the sculptured stone that formed their glory was racked and torn. One observer wrote as tho a miracle had been wrought in the saving of the priceless Gobelin tapestries that remained uninjured while molten lead from the burning roof fell all around them. The carillon of bells, famous the world over, was ruined. None knew better than architects of what the world was bereft by the attack on this monument.

Fire started after shells had been crashing into the town all day. Over 500 fell between early morning and sunset. A quarter of the city several hundred yards square was set on fire, flames spreading from street to street. The cathedral had been turned into a hospital for the German wounded, in order to secure for the building the protection of the Red Cross flag. When the first shell struck the roof, every one believed it was merely a stray shot, but later in the day a German battery, on a hill four miles away, began to make the great Gothic pile its particular target. Shell after shell crashed its way into the old masonry and stone work that had stood the storms of centuries, and fell into the deserted streets round about it.

At 4.30 some scaffolding on the east end of the cathedral, where repairs were going on, caught fire and soon the whole network of poles and planks were ablaze. Then the roof of old oak timbers caught fire, and the ceilings of the nave and transepts became a roaring furnace. Blazing piers of carved woodwork crashed to the floor where piles of straw had been gathered for the work of the field hospital. As soon as this was ablaze the paneling of the altars, the chairs and other furniture were consumed. The German wounded would have been burned alive if French doctors had not removed them at great personal risk.

Under the cold drifting rain clouds, "one whole semi-circle of the horizon, edged by the heights on which the German batteries were mounted three miles away, in this bombardment became nothing but an inferno of bursting shells." One of them crashed through the transept roof of the cathedral. A cry of horrified surprize and indignation burst from the old sacristan as another shell smashed a hole in a tall house nearby. "That's my house!" he shouted, as if he thought the German gunners three miles away might hear his protest. Then his voice dropt to a key of bitter grief. "Ah, the misery of it!" was all he said, and his face remained unmoved, for none of the assembled little group of priests and cathedral officials showed either fear or emotion. A crowd of about two hundred citizens risked the shells that continued to fall around the blazing cathedral in order to watch the terrible spectacle. As the wounded Germans appeared at the transept door a howl of uncontrollable passion went up. "Kill them!" shouted men in the crowd. Some soldiers deliberately charged their rifles and leveled them, whereupon the Abbé Andrieux, "the most gentle-mannered little priest that ever wore a soutane," sprang between the wounded Germans and the muzzles that threatened them and shouted, "Don't fire! You would make yourselves as guilty as they!" The reproach was enough. Amid only fierce hooting and angry cries the Germans were carried safely to shelter in a museum nearby.

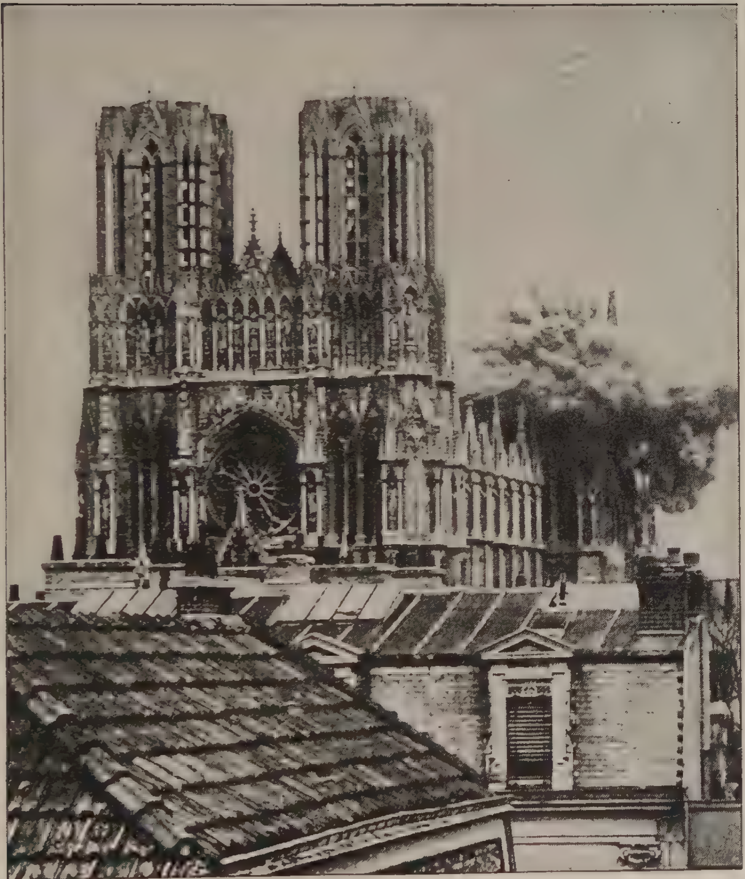


REIMS CATHEDRAL BEFORE THE WAR

From neighboring hills the flaming cathedral became an impressive sight. From the roof a red glare poured into the dark sky while the windows flickered with the light of dancing flames within. So night closed down. Not for long was its stillness undisturbed. At two in the morning German batteries opened fire again. And then, from windows that looked toward Reims across the plain, one could watch the lurid sight of night bombardment. In the daytime it was the smoke of a shell that marked an explosion; at night it was vivid red flashes and these made the spectacle far more terrible. It was impossible to see the flame of the German discharges, for the guns were well hidden in the woods. At last daybreak came—a sad, gray dawn, with cold, dispiriting rain. When the shadows lifted, and enough light filtered through the low, lead-colored clouds to enable one to see across the plain, the sight of the ravaged city, with its partly ruined cathedral standing stark against the background of a vast wall of smoke rising slowly from the still flaming streets around, ''was as desolate a thing as the sun can well have found in his journey round the world that morning.'' Reims was under bombardment at intervals for months. While fire was no longer systematically and intentionally directed upon the cathedral, one night four shells dropt through the shattered roof and exploded in the ruined interior.

Reims cathedral, one of the finest examples in the world of early Gothic, was founded in 1211. The choir, transepts, part of the nave, and the west façade all date from the thirteenth century. The western towers were added in the following century, and the belfry in 1485. Among the principal features were the rose-window, the north portal, the thirteenth century upper windows, and the treasury. The present edifice was the successor of a structure erected in the sixth century, and rebuilt in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, partly in the Romanesque and partly in the early Gothic styles. Additions and restorations were made in 1506, and at various times during the nineteenth century.

As has already been pointed out the Germans, in explaining their act, said that, while orders had been given in Berlin that the edifice should be spared, its towers ''were



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REIMS CATHEDRAL WHEN FIRST ATTACKED

used by French soldiers as points of observation." On this point Richard Harding Davis wrote from Reims a few days after the first attack:[2]

> "They were not so used. To protect innocent citizens against bombs dropt by German airships for two nights a searchlight was used in the towers, but, feeling that this might be considered as a breach of the agreement as to mitrailleuse, the searchlight was withdrawn. Five days later, during which time the towers were not occupied and the cathedral had been converted into a hospital for German wounded and when Red Cross flags were hanging from both towers, the Germans opened fire upon it. Two days later, when the Abbé Chinot and I spent three hours in what was left of the cathedral, they still were shelling it."

In the midst of a world-wide discussion of the bombardment of the cathedral, there was published[3] an article from a German Major-General named von Disfurth (retired) in which he justified the attack in a most brutal way:

> "No object whatever can be served by taking any notice of the accusations of barbarity leveled against Germany by their foreign critics. We owe no explanations to any one. Whatever act is committed by our troops for the purpose of discouraging, defeating, and destroying the enemy is a brave act and fully justified. Germany stands the supreme arbiter of her own methods. It is no consequence whatever if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world be destroyed, if by their destruction we promote Germany's victory. War is war. The ugliest stone placed to mark the burial of a German grenadier is a more glorious monument than all cathedrals of Europe put together. They call us barbarians. What of it? We scorn them and their abuse.
>
> "For my part I hope that in this war we have merited the title, barbarians. Let neutral peoples and our enemies cease their empty chatter, which may well be compared to the twitter of birds. Let them cease to talk of the cathedral of Reims, and of all the churches and all the castles in France which have shared its fate. Our troops must achieve victory. What else matters?"

As to the material damage done to Reims itself many facts were collected from refugees who had plodded over the twenty odd miles behind Reims and Epernay. Between 600 and 700 of the civil population were killed outright by shells, while a greater number were injured. Before winter set in, three hundred houses had been demolished by shells and 150 burned to the ground. Apart from the cathedral, many public buildings suffered. The stained-glass windows in the church of Saint Remy, a church with historical associations hardly less famous than the cathedral, were shattered and the principal cemetery shelled so furiously that one could hardly pick his way along its path owing to the masses of split tombstones and twisted ironwork torn up and flung in every direction. Of the population of Reims, which before the war was about 110,000, not more than 40,000 remained. The rest fled rather than continue to endure the dangers of bombardment, and because the perils of starvation stared them in the face. For days whole families existed in their cellars on nothing but *boules de son* (bran). Many succumbed to privations. The inhabitants, in fact, became troglodytes, spending almost every hour of the day in cellars. An English resident, a partner in a firm owning wine-cellars, described the conditions of the refugees in these subterranean dwellings:

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[2] For The New York *Tribune*.

[3] In the Hamburg *Nachrichten*.

> "Imagine 4,000 people of all ages and both sexes, with nothing but a blanket or two for covering, living for a whole week, night and day, in empty underground cellars, intended merely for the purpose of storing champagne, ventilated naturally but only sufficiently for that purpose and entirely without any sanitary accommodations whatever. The condition down there was something frightful. I made these people a little speech, in which I said: 'I can understand your taking refuge here when the bombardment began and you were in danger, but now you must get out of here, or you will simply meet with a death far more horrible than the shells would bring you. You will have typhoid fever breaking out in a day or two, and it will spread through the town, and perhaps through the country.'
>
> "However, they would not budge, so I went to see the general. He was a little doubtful about its being safe for them to come out. The bread-line had been broken up that morning and the people sent home because the shells began falling into the town again. He said he couldn't take the responsibility for ordering them out. 'If you don't clear them out of those cellars at once,

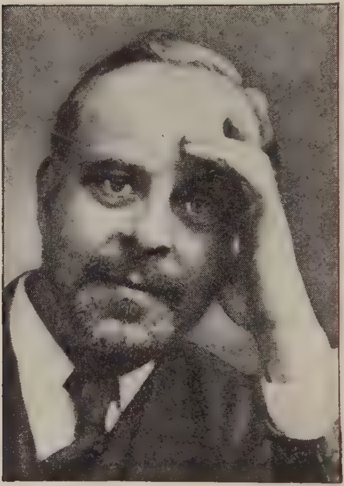
General,' I said, 'you'll incur a far heavier responsibility. You'll have 100,000 deaths in the department, maybe, of typhoid or cholera.' So the general sent eight gendarmes with fixt bayonets, and we cleared them all out. Now I am simply going to have the place soaked with disinfectants."

The nave of the cathedral suffered most and mainly from fire. The roof was gone—that is, the outer roof, for the inner vaulting of stonework below the rafters still hid the blackened nave from the sun. The high altar remained, but its furniture, with everything that stood in the nave and choir, had disappeared. The transepts, except for the damage to the rood-screen, were not at first much injured. At the gaping doors was a beautifully carved figure of Christ greatly disfigured. About half of the great rose-window at the west was smashed. The walls of the towers were discolored. Vast medieval monastic buildings are so solid, and so bare of woodwork and furniture, that flames can do little more than crack the surface and destroy the ornamentation. It needed an expert in architecture to tell how far the stability of the towers had been weakened. Many carved figures of angels on the northern side of the richly decorated west front were headless, and statues of saints around the top of the left portico were damaged, some being armless, others headless, while the bust of one was broken off, apparently as the result of being struck by fragments of shell. Other statues lay on the low, broad steps leading to the west front.

All those who remained in Reims after the fire were under the impression that the cathedral had been completely destroyed by the bombardment. Indeed, the spectacle was calculated to unbalance the mind of the coolest observer. The edifice seemed surrounded and filled with flames, and great columns of smoke arose around it. Happily the attempt to destroy this architectural marvel, which had been the joy and inspiration of seven Christian centuries, did not completely succeed. Reims Cathedral was still standing. It was damaged and would forever bear the wounds inflicted, but, as an architectural whole, it remained. The large and beautiful archiepiscopal palace, south of the cathedral, a part of which dates, as does the cathedral, from the thirteenth century, was entirely destroyed.

Early in December, G. H. Perris went to Reims, and was surprized to find the vast pile standing majestic and seemingly whole. He approached it from behind and when seen from below said "the loss of the steep outer structure of the roof, essential tho it be to the architectural scheme, was not immediately noticeable," but when he came to the front, "the injury to the most glorious of Gothic façades was grievously visible." It must have been hit, either sideways by shots from the German batteries at Nogent l'Abbesse, their most southerly position, or, more probably, by fragments of shells that exploded immediately before the entrance. Mr. Perris found that "dozens of the beautiful statues and carved groups which fill the sides of the three deep doorways had been broken, the chipped stone showing white against the age-worn color of the mass." The corner pillars of the front were "still more completely defaced, probably by the burning of the scaffolding which covered this part of the front before the first and most serious bombardment." The row of about twenty gigantic statues of the Kings of France which run across the façade, above the rose-window, seemed to be intact, as were also the heads of the towers. But half of the fine balustrade between them had disappeared. What the burning scaffolding did for the façade, blazing rafters did for the interior. In all, about forty shells were believed to have struck the cathedral. The direct damage thus done was relatively small, "a hole in the wall of the north tower, several broken buttresses and pieces of parapet, and such like." It was the fire caused by the explosion that did the damage that was irreparable.

By the end of 1916 it had become a question whether anything would be left of one of the world's architectural masterpieces, except a pile of shapeless ruins. The devastation of six months during which all eyes had been directed elsewhere for the most part, had been shocking. Before that the main body of the cathedral was bearing up against the assault of German shells. There was only a single hole in the roof, and it seemed that the cathedral might be able to resist indefinitely the attacks. But the situation had now entirely changed. For two years the Germans had fired on it as if in spite whenever they met with a check elsewhere on the front. German shells seemed aimed to strike the cathedral at points where they could do the most to endanger it. Fired from the Fort of Brimont on the north end and from Nogent l'Abbesse on the east, shells converged on it and burst on flying buttresses which, crowned with a line of angels with outspread wings, were one of its incomparable glories. Now it was clear that a continuation of the bombardment would bring down the whole building. The stone roof and the walls below were held up only by the flying buttresses. Four of these had already been demolished; a few more shells and roof and walls must collapse, leaving nothing but the memory of a supreme work of art.



George H. Perris
The English newspaper correspondent who served throughout the war

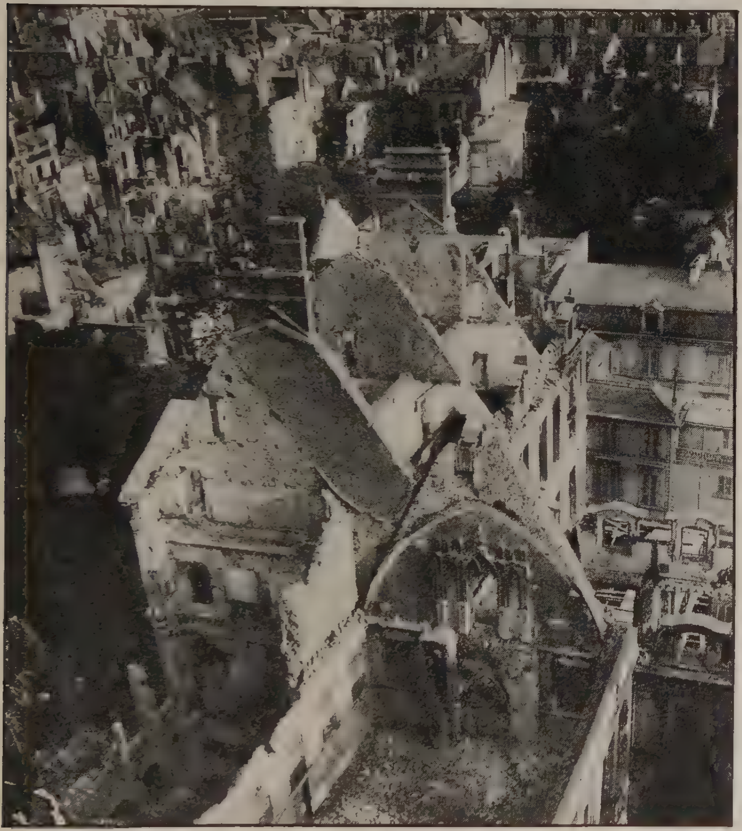
Whitney Warren returned on January 25, 1917, from an eight months' visit to France and Italy, where he accumulated material for a supplementary report to the French Institute on the condition of the cathedral. He stated that the records then showed that since September 25, 1914, the bombs that had fallen on the town without taking into account those which fell in deserted or evacuated districts, numbered in total at least 60,000. Of casualties he reported 545 civilians killed, of whom 86 were children and 192 women, and 652 wounded. After the retaking of Douamont by the French, 1,260 shells were counted as having been thrown by the Germans in honor of that event. On this occasion the cathedral received three shells of 150m. caliber, without counting those that fell on the vaults. On July 12 a shell of 210m. caliber pierced the vault of the south transept. If one could overlook the demolished flying buttresses and certain surface wounds, the carcass of the cathedral, which was built like a fortress, had resisted nobly. But the three winters which had passed since the burning of the roof threatened absolutely to destroy the vaults, which were without protection from the weather. How long the vaults could resist was a question.

Late in April, 1918, reports came that the Germans had fired more than 100,000 shells into Reims, that the cathedral was falling stone by stone, and that there would soon be nothing left but its west front and a few columns. This attack had nothing to do with any of the military offensives then carried on by the German armies. It merely gave new illustration of the German purpose of ruthlessness and frightfulness. The last and most devastating attack followed the thwarting of Ludendorff's attempt to drive British and French forces to the channel. It was not until the second week of October, 1918, under the rapid advances Foch armies were then making from the North Sea to the Ægean, that the Germans were driven north beyond points from which their guns could reach the cathedral.

During the two weeks that British troops faced fire on a line from Soissons to Reims, they were dug so deep into the earth as to be firmly rooted to the soil of France. The pick of the British infantry were in these trenches. Two months before they had been strolling light-heartedly, laughing and singing, through the streets of Havre and Boulogne. Hardened by toil, grimly determined to do their best, they now lay in trenches, or sat in shell-proof shelters, taking life and death as they came. In a rolling, wooded country was a valley from six to eight miles wide, having between wooded slopes a pretty river and a canal. As one passed over the crest of a hill and approached the main valley of the Aisne, a screaming shell, carrying one hundred pounds of weight, might come whistling overhead and fall behind. It was a "Black Maria," or a "Bloody Mary," as the British Tommies called it. It struck the ground and exploded with terrific force. It was well for any one if the distance was not less than thirty yards and the ground were soft.

If one were well entrenched with a good, natural shelter to his back, over which shells would fall harmlessly, it became a pastime to watch the coming and exploding of these messengers of death. Men laughed as they saw an enemy wasting so much energy and so much hard cash on a fruitless attack. Another shot, and bang would go 100 pounds of German tax-payers' money. "Man, but it's a sair pity to see sich a waste!" a Scotsman might say. If one had a liking for sweet smells, he might not stay long even in the shelter of woods. Better the open valley and the fields. Lovely haunts of bird and beast had become charnel houses. Dead men and beasts lay there polluting the air. Some helmet with an eagle that lay nearby would have made a fine souvenir of the war when hanging on the wall of a pretty cottage in Surrey, but it was untouchable now, filled as it was with the horrid remains of a once fair Teuton's head. From grim stories like these one could not get away. Every man who passed through those devastated lands came back with eyes and brain full of them. And it was war, real war, the sort of war dreamed of and hoped for by those military madmen responsible in the first instance for producing these dead bodies to encumber fields and forests of the fairest province in France.

In British trenches one saw the homes men had made during that desperate fortnight on the Aisne. A whole regiment could be found which had not budged from its position for two weeks. When told they might retire and make room for fresh men, they smiled and said they were "quite comfortable, thank you." They knew the ropes and the other chaps who came along might get into trouble. So in the trenches they were staying, with thousands of others, taking their turns with the rifle, stopping deadly rushes, returning them with interest, doing gallant deeds hour by hour, eating, sleeping, living in the midst of death and destruction, with that gay forgetfulness of self which makes man endure to the end. When not keeping eye on the enemy, they spent days or nights in their homes, the little bomb-proof houses dug in hillsides. In one the occupant might be playing cards with a tattered pack—"high, low, jack, and the game"—as if the scene was a quiet corner in a café, with no shells, no machine-guns, no rifles filling the air with deafening sounds. In another, one man might be quietly reading and two tossing half-pennies. In a third fresh meat was being stewed into a savory mess and a wood-pigeon roasted—poor victim of a shell which had burst in the wood near by. In some of the caves they made little souvenirs of the terrible fortnight—British soldiers cutting figures of "Kaiser Bill" out of chunks of wood or twisting



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A CORNER OF RUINED REIMS
As seen from a tower of the cathedral

and plaiting straw into odd shapes, German soldiers doing similar stunts.

The defensive position which the Germans took up on hills that lined the valley compelled them to spend damp days and chilly nights cooped up in trenches which were dug in a chalky soil and dried with difficulty. In these pits and galleries that stretched for miles along the hillsides men were long without exercise, cramped, confined, obliged to sleep, eat and spend every hour of the day in the same section of a damp, depressing trench. By day the Allied guns kept up an almost incessant fire that made it impossible to rise to the level ground without imminent danger. By night the chance of a surprize attack from infantry was so great that every German had to be at his post, sleeping as best he could in the narrow ditch which was at once his home and his defense, with his rifle by his side, ready to spring up to his place along the parapet on the first alarm. Alarms came often during dark, cloudy nights.

QUARRIES NEAR SOISSONS

Here Germans entrenched themselves after retreating from the Marne

The sentries that were thrown out in advance of the German lines, straining ear and eye in the stillness and gloom, easily interpreted innocent sounds of the night into the noise of French infantry stealing to the attack. When a loosened stone rolled down the hillside, the dry branch of a tree cracked in the wind, the startled sentry swung around. There were shadows all around him, and among them his scared eyes seemed to see the forms of men creeping steathily toward him to overwhelm him in a silent bayonet-rush. "*Wer da?*" he would shout into the dark and then fire at the spot his fancy peopled with the enemy. The crack of the report brought the whole force behind him to its feet. The advanced post from which the sentry had been sent out came up at the double, and all along the line of trenches behind, sleeping men would spring up, seize and load their rifles, ready to fire if the alarm proved well-founded.

In elaborate trenches the great host of the German army lived for weeks as in a gigantic, long drawn-out warren of green-gray rabbits. Many of these trenches were floored with cement and roofed over with boards covered with sods that served both to keep out the rain and to hide them from French and British airplanes. They were divided into chambers communicating by doors and there were several lines of them. In the most advanced trenches outposts mounted guard at night. Two or three hundred yards behind was the main line of entrenchments. Behind that again were great pits, dug out of the ground to serve as kitchens or dormitories, in which the reserves and supports for the first line lived.

These rearward trenches were connected with the foremost line by parallel passageways. There were other parallels in which machine-guns were posted to fire over the heads of the men that lined the parapet. Then behind all, often in the chalk quarries of the hills, were the emplacements of big siege-guns, bolted down to their cement platforms, and howitzers that could toss a shell high enough into the air for it to fall three miles away were posted. It was a whole semi-subterranean town, in fact, with main thoroughfares and side-streets and telephone wires running all along, where hundreds of thousands of men ate and lived and slept, and yet so well concealed that, from a little way down the hill you could see nothing to tell you of its existence, unless it were a hardly noticeable little bank of earth raised slightly above the surface of the ground.

Trench warfare had not been foreseen either by the Allies or by the Germans. Neither had prepared anything for it. That the Germans had foreseen any necessity for so vast a system, that they had imagined the war ever would become one of immobile positions, 500 miles in length from the Swiss mountains to the sea, there was no evidence. All their plan had been for a rapid offensive, in which they were morally certain of immediate and overwhelming success. It was accident and circumstance external to their design that became their tutors in this matter. After trench warfare had been established German superiority in this arm became invaluable to them through all that early period in which the Allies could not deliver one shell of large caliber for twenty of theirs. Their great pieces and their munitionment had been prepared for no such object, however, but for use in the field. Trench warfare, as established in the third week of September, was rapidly developed until it became the normal type on the Western Front. It was imposed upon the Germans by their defeat at the Marne, and, so far from being a complete system, organized and thought out before the outbreak of the war, all its features were developed in the course of the winter of 1914-15. Continual additions and further novelties were imposed upon them as the campaign proceeded.

The Germans were able to resist the Allied advance because they were hidden in their labyrinth of trenches, their half-subterranean gangways that followed for miles along the Aisne and toward the Argonne. Damp dwellings tho they were, they were an excellent defense against the artillery that bombarded them from sunrise to sunset and sometimes during the night. Hardly a night passed in the trenches without some alarm. Men dared each other to do mad deeds, stole forth of a dark night to take Maxim-guns, surprized guards and slew them, returned in triumph with Maxims slung like sheep across their shoulders. Rendered brazen by success, they sallied forth again to collect ammunition. One night, when a German attack was pushed home in a mad effort to break through the Allied lines, Prussians, sheltered by darkness, charged up to trenches, there to be stopt by barbed wire entanglements. Allied infantry went among them and bayoneted those who had been left by the fire. Men coming back from trenches told uncanny tales of the havoc wrought by great shells.

It was hard for anybody to realize what life in the trenches on the Aisne was like.[4] For days a gale roared through the forests of Compiègne and de l'Aigle, tearing autumn leaves from trees and hurling them with sheets of rain across the sodden downs, and howling around châteaux and farmsteads, flooding trenches and drenching soldiers. The small hours of a September morning found men in trenches lying on bundles of hay and straw through which liquid mud percolated into their clothes. Here and there along the trench a worn-out sentry would strain his hearing and sight in the darkness to detect the approach of the enemy. "Halt, who goes there?" he would ask. "Friend," would come a whisper from the front, with the private signal added. Out of the darkness would then crawl a figure, his "balaklava helmet," shoulder-straps and khaki jacket decorated perhaps with turnip-tops, his clothes, face and hands caked with whitish clay. Numbed and chattering from wet and cold, utterly exhausted with his long vigil among turnips in front of the enemy's lines, he would half stumble into the trench. It was a sniper who had returned. "Well, you had better turn in," would say the officer who noted the strained, white face and red-rimmed eyes of the draggled figure, and then the sniper would move off to his well-earned rest.

As daylight broadened, suddenly a shot would ring out from the front, and a sentry would stagger back and sink in the bottom of a trench, shot through the face. A moment later might be heard a peculiar singing, shrieking, wailing sound which announced the approach of a "Black Maria," and presently a huge shell would land just beyond the trench with a terrific thud, burst with a truly appalling crash, shoot a fountain of mud and greasy black smoke into the air, and shake the earth with a concussion like an earthquake. In a moment or two a second, and then a third would arrive, one after the other and then, through the rest of the day, would follow a deluge of these monster projectiles, each of which tore a crater out of the ground large enough to bury a motor-car. Presently one would land beside a trench, blow the edge of it in, and bury the men alive. The nearest men would crawl up with shovels and begin feverishly to exhume their comrades. Here a foot would protrude, there an arm be uncovered. The first was unhurt, the second dazed, almost unconscious, a third simply a mangled mass of humanity. The earth around would be carefully cleared away. A man was moaning slightly, with the blood oozing out of the corner of his mouth. The problem was how to move him without causing him the worst pain. But why move him? His case was obviously hopeless. He could not be carried from the trench till nightfall, and by that time he might be beyond all help.

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[4] An interesting account of these phases of the war was given by a writer in The London *Times'* "History of the War." With occasional changes, parts of his account were used in preparing the matter given here.

GERMAN OFFICERS' HUTS NEAR REIMS

Suddenly the shelling would stop; a sentry would say, "Here they come, Sir; here they come!" and out of the driving rain and mist, over the gently swelling rise in front, would come a German attack, mobs and mobs of men shouting as they came to encourage themselves and each other and ever above all other sounds, "Vorwärts! Vorwärts!" from the officers. The sound of a whistle would be heard in the trenches and then the order, "Rapid fire!" Immediately sheets of bullets would fly from a trench into the packed mass in front. A machine-gun on the flank would open with a metallic, jarring rat-rat-rat startling to young soldiers, and the mass in front would reel like a fainting man and men from behind would rush up, the mass pulling itself together and reaching on again. Once more it would waver under the terrible tempest of lead and then more men would rush up, their officers shouting, "Vorwärts!" As the mass came on, the flood of shrapnel, rifle and machine-gun fire would again pour into it. At thirty yards from the trench the men would have had enough, and then would break, and those who survived would flee, panic-stricken, to the other side of the crest. One more of the innumerable German attacks had been repulsed with terrible slaughter. Most of the dead had fallen on their faces with heads toward the trench; some had fallen with their knees doubled under them. There were hundreds of wounded; some tried to crawl away, others to crawl toward the trench. Of those too badly hurt to

FRENCH OFFICERS' HUTS NEAR SOISSONS

move, some were silent, some moaning, and some shrieked aloud in agony. Many of the dead lay there for days, and the air was charged with the fetid odors of the charnel-house. Night came on but not yet any respite from the dreadful shelling, nor any from the drenching rain and howling wind. The wounded were collected and carried away by stretcher parties. Food and water were brought up from the rear. German snipers crawled as near as they dared and prevented any free movement in the neighborhood of the trenches. It needed a great effort of the imagination to realize the mental and physical strain that was upon these men, ceaselessly exposed to rain and cold, incessantly shelled, constantly attacked.[5]

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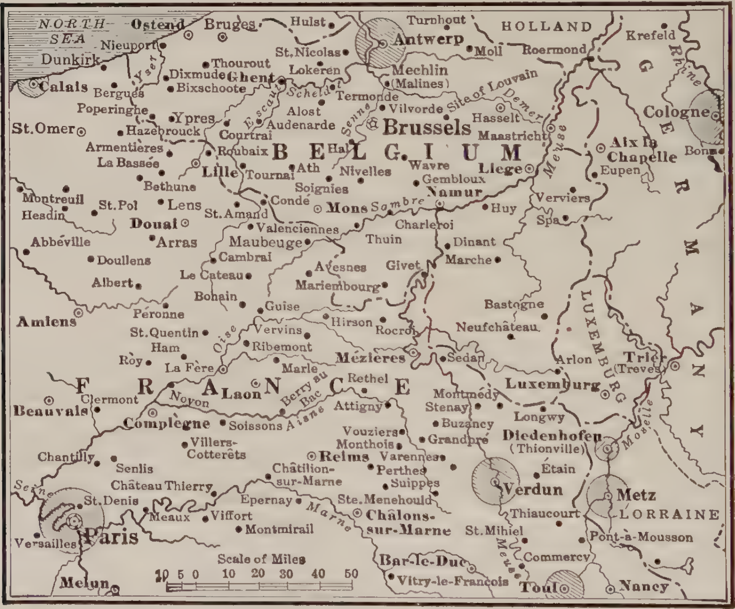
[5] Principal Sources: The *Daily Mail,* The *Daily News,* The *Morning Post,* The *Times,* London; The London *Times'* "History of the War," Hillaire Belloc's "Battle of the Marne," Associated Press dispatches, *The Literary Digest,* The *Sun,* The *Evening Post,* The *Tribune,* New York.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Ostend
Bruges
Hulst
Turnhout
HOLLAND
Krefeld
Nieuport
Antwerp
Moll
Roermond
Dunkirk
Thourout
St. Nicolas
Yser
Dixmude
Ghent
Lokeren
Mechlin
(Malines)
Site of Louvain
Rhine
Calais
Bergues
Bixschoote
Schelde
Termonde
Demer
Poperinghe
Alost
Vilvorde
Hasselt
Cologne
Ypres
Escaut
Audenarde
Senne
Brussels
Maastricht
St. Omer
Hazebrouck
Courtrai
Meuse
Aix la Chapelle
Bonn
Armentières
Roubaix
BELGIUM
Hal
Eupen
La Bassée
Lille
Tournai
Ath
Nivelles
Wavre
Liege
Gembloux
Bethune
Soignies
Namur
Montreuil
St. Pol
Lens
Condé
Mons
Sambre
Huy
Verviers
Hesdin
St. Amand
Spa
Douai
Valenciennes
Charleroi
Abbeville
Arras
Maubeuge
Thuin
Dinant
Doullens
Cambrai
Marche
Le Cateau
Avesnes
Givet
Albert
Mariembourg
Bohain
Guise
Bastogne
LUXEMBURG
Amiens
Peronne
Hirson
Rocroi
Neufchâteau
St. Quentin
Oise
Vervins
Ham
Ribemont
Mezieres
Sedan
Arlon
Trier
(Treves)
Roy
La Fere
Marle
Rethel
FRANCE
Beauvais
Clermont
Noyon
Laon
Berry au Bac
Attigny
Montmédy
Stenay
Luxemburg
Compiègne
Soissons
Aisne
Buzancy
Longwy
Vouziers
Grandpré
Diedenhofen
(Thionville)
Moselle
Villers-Cotterets
Monthois
Chantilly
Senlis
Reims
Varennes
Châtillon-sur-Marne
Perthes
Etain
Château Thierry
Suippes
Verdun
Metz
Seine
St. Denis
Epernay
Ste. Menehould
Meaux
Viffort
Marne
Châlons-sur-Marne
Thiaucourt
LORRAINE
Versailles
Paris
Montmirail
St. Mihiel
Pont-a-Mousson
Scale of Miles
10 5 0 10 20 30 40 50
Bar-le-Duc
Commercy
Melun
Vitry-le-François
Toul
Nancy
GERMANY

THE BATTLE AREA IN THE WEST
This map aims to show towns that became in some way related to the war operation

III

THE RACE TO THE SEA—ARRAS, LILLE, ALBERT, AND ROYE

September 20, 1914—October 21, 1914

AFTER the Marne failure, the immediate purpose of German strategy was to secure in France a new position where contact between various armies separated by the battle could be reestablished. German official statements did not admit defeat, but from September 3 to September 19 a complete silence was preserved by Germany as to operations in the west. Americans in Germany at that time on returning home were surprized at questions asked them about a battle of which they had never heard. The German High Command found consolation in a hope that a new battle would win back whatever they had temporarily lost. Behind the Aisne they had a new position, resting on hills, and had restored contact between their armies. Within ten days they had renewed the offensive, but they could not reopen the Marne decision. While they had undertaken a new offensive between Noyon and Verdun and had struck a heavy blow at St. Mihiel, the French had started a great turning movement west of the Oise, and this compelled them to send masses of troops from Lorraine and Champagne into Picardy and Artois. Joffre, convinced that he could not break the German wall from the Vosges to the Oise, on September 20 had ordered troops to work around the German right from Amiens, with St. Quentin and the whole network of railroads on which the German armies depended for supplies, as his objective. The Germans answered his movement by bringing troops forward and putting them in west of the Oise.

About Albert Joffre placed an army under Maud'huy. Toward Arras he sent Castelnau with another, and somewhat later sent Foch to Flanders. As the Germans had to answer this thrust, they drew more troops from the Champagne and Lorraine fronts. The line from the Vosges to the Oise thus lost its importance and a deadlock ensued. These conditions ended all German hope of resuming the advance on Paris. The field of active operations day by day mounted northward, until it passed the Somme, reached the basin of the Scheldt, and pointed toward Lille, which had been occupied by the Germans but for a time was virtually abandoned. There was now open a gap of less than forty miles between Lille and the North Sea through which the Germans might hope to reach the Channel ports. Then followed that operation which the French named picturesquely the "Race to the Sea," in which Joffre tried to turn the German right flank. As the Germans met his thrusts, his line mounted further until it approached the sea. With this movement the trench line had to be correspondingly extended, until a complete deadlock was inevitable. When the Germans recognized this they began a great new effort which culminated at the end of the season in the battles of the Yser and Ypres, which were more bloody German defeats than the Marne had been. These battles, detailed in a later chapter, were the last efforts of that year to reopen the decision Germany had missed at the Marne and were the logical consequence of what had taken place. afterward on the Aisne and in Lorraine. They are better known collectively as the Battle of Flanders.

The British, who became engaged in this movement, found themselves somewhere near its center, with their lines of communication running from Paris to Bay of Biscay ports instead of to English Channel ports, an embarrassing situation. Could the British resume their original place on the exterior left of the Allied line—that is, could they take up position somewhere east of Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne—they might shorten their lines of communication home considerably, for they could transfer their bases from the Bay of Biscay to Channel ports and so could not only gain time, but could obviate crossing their communications with those of the French. They had a particular interest in preventing the ports of northern France from falling into German hands, because the Germans, in holding them, would assuredly have used them as bases for submarine raids. It thus came about that the British army on the Aisne was moved north, section by section, and night by night, and was gradually replaced by French troops. The British in consequence marched to new scenes of activity near the Channel. The diary of a non-commissioned British officer, published soon afterward, gave interesting glimpses of that difficult, but rapid transfer of troops from the Aisne to Flanders:

> "We have left the River Aisne, and now we are a long way north of that position. French troops appeared out of the darkness and took our place. They had marched many miles but were quite cheerful and calm, their only desire being to get into our "dugouts" and go to sleep. They cared nothing for the expected pressure of the enemy. And so we entrained, and slept, closely packed, indeed, but on beautiful soft cushions instead of the mud of a trench. The men were comfortable, being wedged by forties in covered trucks with clean straw for a bed. We awoke in Paris! There it was, with the church of the Sacré Cœur on Montmartre. All was peace. But it was not for us. We passed slowly by Paris and slept again until we stopt for water at Amiens. Our journey continued as fast as a train holding 1,000 men and their transport wagons could travel. We were at Calais by evening. Not all the soldiers traveled by train. Some, in auto-busses, taxicabs, motor-cars, were hurried by high-road and by-road to the new theater of operations. So great was the throng of vehicles that many roads reminded the English of the highway to Epsom on an old-fashioned Derby Day. Overhead noisy, throbbing aeroplanes flew like a flock of migrating birds."

The removal of this army of three British corps, one Anglo-Indian corps, and four cavalry divisions, over a distance of approximately 100 miles to a new rendezvous, meant not only a change in the British lines of communication from St. Nazaire to Boulogne, but that probably 200,000 or even more men, with all their impedimenta, had to be moved round the left flank of the French already in position, who numbered 400,000, and were drawing their supplies from the west of France by railways converging on Amiens. The British had thus to cross French communications, which could not be done without dislocating French supplies. One could understand from these circumstances what Sir John French meant when he described the operation as "delicate."

The success of it was attributed to the "excellent feeling which existed between the French and British." In an "eye-witness's" account, dated October 26, some of the circumstances in which the British forces were moved were set forth in detail:[6]

> "In places the two lines were not 100 yards apart, and for us no movement was possible during the daylight. In some of the trenches which were under an enfilade fire our men had to sit all day long close under the traverses—as are called those mounds of earth which stretch like partitions at intervals across a trench so as to give protection from a lateral fire.
>
> "Even when there was cover such as that afforded by depressions or sunken roads on a hillside below and behind our firing-line any attempt was met by fierce bursts of machine-gun and shell-fire. The men on the firing-line were on duty for twenty-four hours at a time and brought rations and water with them when they came on duty, for none could be sent up to them during the day. Even the wounded could not be removed until dark. A preliminary retirement of the units was, therefore, carried out gradually under cover of darkness.
>
> "That the Germans only once opened fire upon them while so engaged was due to the care with which the operation was conducted, and also probably to the fact that the enemy was so accustomed to the recurrence of sounds made by the reliefs of men in the firing-line and by the movement of supply-trains below that they were misled as to what actually was taking place.
>
> "What the operation amounted to on our part was the evacuation of the trenches under carefully made arrangements with the French, who had to take our place in the trenches, the retirement to the river below—in many cases down a steep slope, the crossing of the river over noisy plank roadways of floating or repaired bridges, which were mostly commanded by the enemy's guns—and the climb up to the top of the plateau on the south side.
>
> "The rest of the move was a complicated feat of transportation which cut across some of the lines of communication of our Allies. In spite of the various difficulties the whole strategic operation of transferring large numbers of troops from the Aisne was carried out without loss and practically without hitch."

The transfer began on October 3. An army of more than 100,000 men had to be gradually extricated by night from trenches which were often not more than a hundred yards from the enemy, while a second army of equal numbers had to be substituted. The line of retreat when it began was down an open slope, across exposed bridges, and up the slope on the other bank of the Aisne. Any alarm to the Germans might have been fatal, since a vigorous night attack in the middle of the operation would have been difficult to resist, and even an artillery bombardment must have caused great loss of life. Cavalry went by road; infantry marched part of the way, trained part of the way, and did the last lap in motor-busses. One way or another the men were got

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[6] This "eye-witness" was an officer, Col. E. Swinton, of the British General Staff.

FIELD MARSHAL FRENCH AND HIS OFFICERS
General French is the one with his hand in his pocket

across the Aisne, the trenches left, and a new phase of the war began. From chalky uplands and wooded slopes there was a sudden change to great plains of clay, with slow, meandering ditch-like streams, and all the hideous features of great coal-fields.

The movement was completed in seventeen days, when the First Army Corps under Sir Douglas Haig finished its detrainment at St. Omer. How many railway lines and trains were used, what time-table was drawn up by the French railway administration, and whether the cavalry and artillery went by march or railway route, was not told. "No more arduous task," said French, "has ever been assigned to British soldiers, and in all their splendid history there is no instance of their having answered so magnificently to the desperate call which necessity made on them." During the last days of October and the first fortnight of November, some fifteen German corps were believed to be concentrated against the position taken by the British army north and south of the Lys.

General d'Amade

As the flanking movement first went forward, the contending armies had gone to Noyon, St. Quentin, Albert, and Péronne, then to Arras and Lille, to Ypres and Dixmude, to the banks of the Yser and to Ostend. When late in September the Allied attack from the Oise to the Meuse came to a halt and further progress on that front seemed impossible, there remained a chance that, by a wide swing around Noyon and north of the Somme, an Allied flanking army might get in on Kluck's right and rear and so cut his lines of communication and compel his withdrawal from the Champagne hills. Kluck's battle-line touched the Noyon hills west of the Oise where, in strong entrenchments, were planted heavy cannon. Terrific assaults made by the Allies had failed. Moving north and west of Noyon, the Allied flanking force then passed through Amiens, crossed the Somme, and turned east and struck squarely at Kluck's flank and rear. By September 18 they had captured Péronne and penetrated to the suburbs of St. Quentin, while their cavalry crossed the westernmost of the railroads on which the German right depended for supplies. While the Allies were collecting reserves to create a new army for this thrust to be commanded by General d'Amade, the conqueror of Fez, the Germans had launched a counter-stroke which drove the French out of St. Quentin to positions west of Péronne and back almost to Amiens. On September 18 the French had reached St. Quentin, but by September 21 they were twenty miles west of it—at Albert beyond Bapaume. Meantime, to the south, near Noyon, the reinforced Germans had driven the Allies south to Ribecourt and dislodged them from the heights of Lassigny.

More than this, there was now beginning along the Aisne the terrific battle that bears its name. The whole front of the Allied line was being bombarded, the Cathedral of Reims, on September 19, was in flames. The Germans were making a terrific attempt to regain the offensive in order to exercise such pressure on the Allied center as would compel them to abandon the menacing move on the German right flank. After sharp fighting this German offensive was beaten down, and once more it was demonstrated that neither army could make any considerable progress from its center. The Allied move against the German right was then resumed. New armies came up from southern France, from India, from the four corners of the globe, and were sent to the front. The German attempts to push the Allies back of Ribecourt, at Roye, and at Albert, all failed. Flanking operations were then carried further north, the drive east this time to be from Arras toward Cambrai and the battle-line to extend from the Aisne to Belgium. Kluck's army was no longer facing south but was facing west, so that the Allied left had its back not on Paris but on Boulogne and Calais.

Four considerations had drawn the attention of the Allied and German Staffs to the northwest, as soon as the heat of the pursuit from the Marne was over. First, there lay in this region the most prolonged and the only vulnerable line of German communications. Second, large, rich districts of France were here and they had not yet been effectively occupied by either party. Third, in the extreme north, at Antwerp, was the still unconquered Belgian army. Fourth, here were the roads to the Channel ports, the only way by which England could be directly threatened. These roads offered the only possibility of an envelopment. The northward movement of the left wing of the French, from Lassigny and Noyon, after it began in the second week of October, soon extended for ninety miles due north from Roye to Armentières. Then followed a series of destructive struggles in which the little towns of Albert and Péronne, and many villages were repeatedly taken and lost. Well named Santerre—not Holy Land, but "land of blood"—a flat region lying on the middle course of the Somme became horribly ravaged. It was a country of large farms, much occupied with the growing of beetroot, and the manufacture of spirits and sugar. Not only were distilleries and sugar factories destroyed here by shell-fire, but at Roye, Lihons, and other places, churches and public buildings, as well as many houses, were bombarded.

So far the Germans had met reinforcements with reinforcements and the deadlock that had prevailed along the Aisne was continued along the Somme. Contending lines were advancing further north and approaching the Scheldt, but the German communications were still intact. An effort to extend the Allied left toward Antwerp was halted at Lille. Then with the fall of Antwerp on October 9 all hope of an immediate recovery of Belgium vanished. It remained now for the Allies, joined by survivors of the Belgian Army, who had escaped from Antwerp, and for the British who had evacuated Ostend, to establish a flank on the sea. On October 15 the Germans took Ostend. Henceforth their right was safe from outflanking movements. Two days later the Allies touched the Channel north of Dunkirk. The battle-lines in this part of the world conflict now extended from Switzerland to the English Channel and frontal, not flank operations, were henceforth inevitable. Berlin, London, and

Paris expected a new offensive from the right German flank, in order to break the Allied left where it touched the sea, and then to isolate and take Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne. Rumors went abroad that the Germans had great guns which they intended to mount near Boulogne, on the very cliffs from which Napoleon a century before had looked vainly out toward the English coast. Prediction was also made of a new German offensive along the French coast, westward to Havre and thence south by the Seine valley to Paris. Such an operation by way of Calais, General Bernhardi had said that Frederick II once had planned.

At this time, there was evident an effort on the part of the Allies to concentrate in this corner of France, in order to hold the line from Dunkirk, through Ypres and Arras to the Aisne, beyond Noyon. But just as the Germans during five weeks beat down every effort of Allied strategy to drive them back, so did the Allies defeat every effort of the Germans to get the Channel ports. The British numbered not more than 200,000 and were engaged against a million or more Germans. British troops had taken their place on the firing-line for the first time on August 23. In seven weeks Sir John French had been bereft of not fewer than 1,146 officers, out of a total approximating not more than 6,500. Of that number 267 were killed, 550 wounded, and 329 missing, or had been taken prisoners by the Germans. More than one-sixth of the British leaders had thus been removed from action. Military experts hinted that it was more than

GERMAN HUSSAR PATROL NEAR THE AISNE

likely that before the war ended every one of the 10,431 officers in the British army would be either killed, wounded, or made prisoner. But by October 20 the English had been heavily reinforced. French was then believed to have 300,000 men under his command and his forces on the Belgian frontier were expected by December to number more than that, and Kitchener's new force of 1,000,000 was to be ready in the spring.

October 4 marked the close of the second month of the war. The honors of the first month rested with the Germans. Only thirty days after their artillery had awakened echoes among the Belgian hills they were on the Marne and the Seine, and the roar of their cannon became audible as far as the boulevards of Paris. On the Eastern frontier their success had been less complete. About Lemberg Austria's main army was falling back, but German and Austrian soldiers were advancing north and east into Poland, while in East Prussia, on Sedan day, Hindenburg won his sweeping victory near Tannenberg. Indisputably, Germany had won the first round in the war. The parallels and precedents of 1870 were on the lips of men. A month later, none could mistake the change that had come over the conflict. The battle of the Marne had been fought and the southernmost foothold of the Germans in France was, not at Provins, but far to the north on the Noyon Hills, nearly seventy miles from Paris. Eastward the German line ran straight across the plain of Châlons north of Verdun, and the army of the Crown Prince was retiring from Varennes. After a week of retreat and three desperate efforts, neither the German right nor the German center could regain territory, and in three weeks of the most confused and bloody fighting the Western World had known—the battle of the Aisne—the Germans and Allies were now deadlocked on lines seamed with trenches and swept by artillery.

West and north meanwhile had appeared new Allied armies, gathered from every part of the earth, regiments of Sikhs and Gurkhas touching elbows with Moroccan goums and battalions of blacks from the Senegal and the Niger, British regulars, recalled from Hindustan and Egypt, strengthened or about to be strengthened, by troops from

Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—all these were moving on the German flank and rear. Four other continents besides Europe were contributing levies to the Allied side—Asia, Africa, America and Australia. Amiens, Lille, and Arras, cities and regions that had been occupied by the Germans in September, were reoccupied, and all the main railways from Paris to the Channel ports made secure and ready to convey troops northward as soon as the campaign was renewed toward the Belgian line. The new concern of the German High Command was how to protect its imperiled right, how to guard the railroads from Laon and St. Quentin to Brussels and Liége, the life-lines of their armies in France.

Until October 4 the Germans had seemed successful in this flanking movement. French and British advances on Péronne and the suburbs of St. Quentin were pushed back. Cavalry raids toward Le Catelet and Roisel were checked. Beyond Noyon, Allied drives at Lassigny and the Noyon hills were crusht and ground lost was retaken. But in order to do this German troops had had to be collected from the whole battle-line, from interior garrisons in Germany, and from Alsace and Lorraine, while other army corps were driven forward from Belgium and the garrisoning of that captured kingdom left to a Landstrum of middle-aged men. But all this had not served to relieve the pressure on the German command. The Allied flanking thrust had kept moving steadily to the north. It had failed at Péronne and St. Quentin, but was renewed at Albert and Bapaume. Halted again, it made itself free west of Arras and then mounted to Douai, until the battle of the Aisne had extended its field of operation so that it became a battle of Seven Rivers and the German offensive had fallen to the level of a siege. The invaders of France were themselves being besieged. Again and again they struck out with unfaltering courage in an effort to break the circle of steel that closed them in, but after losses which far exceeded those suffered on the road from Liége to the Marne, they made no substantial progress. Meanwhile, in the East, Austrian defeat at Lemberg was followed by an Austrian rout at Tomazov; Jaraslow had fallen, Przemysl was isolated and invested; Cossacks crowned the Carpathians and were pressing toward the Hungarian plain. From the Baltic to the Carpathians, the Russian battle-line was in motion, its left flank on the Carpathians near Cracow, its right once more moving into East Prussia, its center drawing toward Posen and Breslau. The line was still on Russian soil, but no longer was it far from the Silesian and Posen frontier posts. The Czar seemed unmistakably to have crusht—at least for the time—Austria's military strength.

As has already been pointed out, German statesmen, in justifying their violation of Belgian neutrality, had confest that, in order to win at all, Germany must triumph in the first round; must at once crush the military strength of France and hold Paris as a hostage, while her armies flowed eastward to the Niemen and dealt with the armies of the Czar. But after two months of war it was the Allied, not the German, armies that were making advances in France. On September 4 the world had been talking of the fall of Paris, but on October 4 it was a possible retreat of the Germans out of France that occupied the world's attention. What had started as a daring, unrivaled effort to begin and end a great war in a few weeks, with a brief and irresistible drive, had fallen to the level of a mere campaign. In size, extent of territory, and in numbers engaged it was a campaign unequaled in history, but it was still a campaign, as campaigns were known before Waterloo, Sedan, and Sadowa had nourished in German military minds a belief that nations could be crusht in a few weeks. In a large sense October 4 was a date which marked the close of the first phase of the World War. It saw the interruption of German expectations, the termination of a period in which Germany had hoped to win quickly; the extinction of a dream which for forty years had dominated all her military operations.[7]

Details of the first fighting in this new movement on the Franco-Belgian frontier—that is, at Arras and Lille, at Albert and Roye—must be given here. By nightfall on October 1, French infantry had driven the Germans from a wood near Arras. At 6 P.M., when a haze was settling over the country, a French aeroplane could be seen descending in wide circles over the German positions. Smoke-balls, visible evidences of bursting shells, seemed "apparently coming into being from nowhere." During the night an almost endless stream of reinforcements passed through Arras. The French were attempting to retake Douai, which, attacked from Valenciennes and Cambrai, had been lost. No fewer than forty houses in Douai had been burned as a "chastisement," on the ground that the inhabitants had fired on German troops from houses. Small villages around Douai were destroyed. A prominent resident who left Douai on October 2 said the last time he gazed at the place he saw from a considerable distance "a great column of flame mounting to the sky." The battle was resumed in the morning and by October 3 an enormous German force had assembled on the plain to the east of Arras.

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[7] The New York *Tribune*.

MOVING A BIG GUN OVER A MUDDY ROAD
Twenty-five men are here employed, the caterpillar wheels wide enough apart to clear the railway track

By the end of the first week in October, Arras was the pivot of a fierce battle. The action opened with skirmishes at Vitry-en-Artois, and next morning one of the hardest battles in the chain flung across France was under way. Arras rattled and throbbed with the flow of an army and experienced all the tragedy which war brings in its train. There were moments when its cobbled streets were threaded by streams of wounded brought in from the country beyond, while guns boomed incessantly, a fitting requiem to the sad little procession which occasionally revealed that some poor fellow had sacrificed his life for the flag which accompanied him to his grave. It was understood that the Germans had assembled in force at Cambrai and that strong wings had been thrown out on both sides, the outposts of one wing coming into touch with the French at Vitry. The French were in position about five kilometers outside of Arras, south, southeast, and east. There were sixteen batteries of artillery of 75-millimeter caliber. All day long the guns thundered and roared.

This region, bordering on the seaward portion of the western frontier of Belgium, was quite unlike the region of plateaux and broad river valleys east of Paris, where armies had been fighting several weeks before, being mainly an industrial region. With its combination of mining and agriculture, it might be compared to the English "Black Country," with farm lands interspersed between coal mines and factories. In some directions villages are so close together that the district might be described as one immense town, of which the various parts were in some places separated by cultivation and others by groups of factories bristling with chimneys. The cultivated portions were enclosed and cut up by high, unkempt hedges and ditches. The homelike note given to the landscape by hedges was accentuated in places by hop-fields.

During the siege of Arras, Mlle. Suzanne Le Gentil, a young lady of eighteen years, daughter of a solicitor of that town, kept a diary which was afterward published in London,[8] where eight of a family of nine children had become refugees. Mlle. Suzanne was described as a "practical, clear-headed young woman." Her journal began at the beginning of the war when the family were at Wimereux; but on August 24 they had returned to Arras. Early portions of the diary recorded the first occupation of the town by the

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[8] In The *Times*, London.

Germans on their advance to Paris. With the return of the Germans after the battle of the Marne the story became more poignant:

"October 6.—The Germans commence to bombard Arras. The shells fly over our roof. We set the fowls and rabbits at liberty, with some food, and instal ourselves in the cellar. What a bombardment! What noise! 2 o'clock.—The stables of M. Cabuil and the house of M. Prévost catch fire. . . . We look out to see if we must fly. Papa returns from the St. Sacrament. When the bombardment commenced he was with Dr. Carpentier at the Hôtel de Ville. 5 o'clock.—The shells recommence. We hear the pealing of the cannon. 6.30.—The house of Franqueville is burning; the sparks come over on us. Another fire near the Hôtel de Ville. More water! The Hôtel de Ville is silent, and is said to be burning. 8 o'clock.—Installation of mattresses for the night. Papa and Simone, André, Renée, and Albert on mattresses in the wine-cellar; Ivy and Emma, Robert, Joseph, Bernard in the beer-cellar; Mama, M.——, and myself on two mattresses in the coal cellar; and Marie in a blanket on the ground. No further bombardment; taking advantage of the calm, the *Arrageois*[8a] come out and chat. During the night Mama goes to get some provisions from the store-room.

"October 7.—About 2 A.M., we hear the distant sound of cannon. At 7 o'clock the bombardment recommences, but less violent than yesterday. But soon there appear two German aeroplanes, which throw bombs on Arras. 2.30 P.M.—*Grande Joie!*[9] M. Duroc tells us that the noise we have heard is that of the French guns. General Pau has arrived: he has been expected for two days, and he is repulsing the Germans. We come out of the cellar, delighted. Papa makes a tour; the Hôtel de Ville is destroyed, save the tower. All the *quartier* near to the Hôtel de Ville is destroyed up to Planqué's, the pastrycook's. Papa goes as far as Segaud's. People come out, they open the little shops. There is no further danger. Then all at once a bomb bursts over Papa, who has only just time to run into Segaud's. He is hurrying back, when another bursts in the Place du Théâtre. Happily he is not hurt, and comes in just as we are making haste down to the cellar. 4.35 P.M.—A great report, a red glow, and heat we can feel in the cellar; a bomb has fallen in the little yard, breaking the telegraph wires, the kitchen windows, the veranda, and some bottles. Happily there is no fire. But the fire at M. Acrement's is gaining hold, so we hesitate whether to

[8a] The Arrasians.

[9] "Oh, joy!"

leave. We go to sleep *chez* M. Wartelle, who has the kindness to lodge us all. So we leave, *tout la bande,*[10] and forget to have our supper. We install ourselves at M. Wartelle's, along with a number of other refugees.

"October 8.—During the night, an interminable procession of people who are seeking safety. About 5 o'clock Papa and M. Wartelle go to our house and visit the town. What havoc! The town in ruins! Our house is not burning. At 9 o'clock Papa and Mama return to the house to fetch some provisions. He does not return until half-past 12; *nous étions si inquiets.*[11] An aeroplane had thrown a quantity of bombs on the Rue du Boc, the Cathedral, the Petite Place, and the Grande Place. At 4 o'clock the Chanoine H—— brings us some good news. The Germans are retreating. Their center still holds, however, so we may still have some bombs. The Chapelle du St. Sacrement is damaged, and a nurse and two wounded have been killed. The Hospice badly damaged, and a nun and 17 soldiers killed. A baby which a nun held in her arms was killed! but she was not hurt! *Pauvre Hôtel de Ville, adieu!*

October 9.—The news is not so good. The Germans are behind Beauvais, the bombardment may recommence. We ascend and have our meals upstairs. People come out of their houses. Papa takes us out to see the town. *Quelle horreur!*[12] One would say there had been an earthquake. Rue St. Géry is impassable; *débris* blocking the street. The Church of St. Jean Baptiste is so badly damaged that it will not be possible to hold the Office there any more. By the direction of the bombs we see that the Alboches directed their fire on the beautiful monuments of Arras—the Hôtel de Ville, St. Jean Baptiste, the Cathedral. At the École Normale, a bomb falls, kills two French wounded, and spares a German who is by their side. The horror of horrors is the Hôtel de Ville—an irreparable disaster.

"October 10.—No bombardment. Last night a soldier—believed to be a spy—came and rudely demanded hospitality. He was sent off. The General of the Tenth Army is very capable, it appears; let us hope he will deliver Arras from the Germans! They are burning corpses at the Polygon; six horses and two soldiers were killed on the Boulevard, and they have been there since Monday.

October 11.—During the day, an officer said to my uncle Fernand that he could not understand why they do not evacuate Arras, as the Germans were determined to take the town; the French, for

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[10] "The whole bunch."

[11] We were so anxious.

[12] What horror!

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THE HÔTEL DE VILLE AT ARRAS, BEFORE BOMBARDMENT

their part, would not suffer it to be taken, and if it did fall into the hands of the Germans, France would take it from them, *coute que coute.*[13] He said it was exposing ourselves to a bombardment by the French after the bombardment by the Germans. We go to the house to prepare our luggage—simply the things that are indispensable, and what each of us can carry. During this time three bombs fall near the house. We do not know whether the bom-

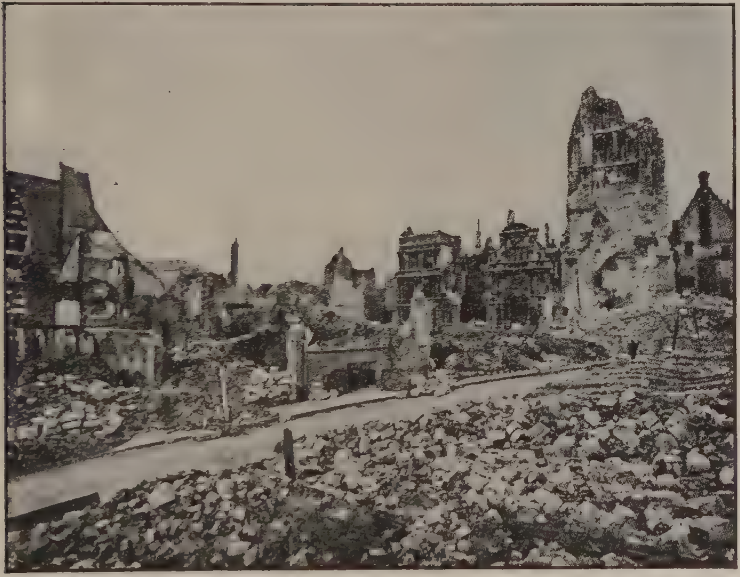
[13] Cost what it might.

bardment is continuing. We leave M. Wartelle's about 3.30. The crowd is pressing on the road to St. Pol. There are dead horses on the sides of the road, and crowds of horses, ammunition, and soldiers all along the route.

By the morning of October 21, Arras had been under bombardment fifteen days. In spite of the action of German artillery on some of its historical buildings, the tower of the Hôtel de Ville still stood erect among the ruins. The few inhabitants who remained thought what a fine survival of the war it would be. But at 9.30 that morning a storm of shells began to fall on the Petite Place. At 1.30, when it was over, the ruin of the town was complete. One of the last German shells caught the tower midway up its side and sent the upper half crashing into a bed of *débris* made by comely façades and vaulted rooms. Thus, what had been for five centuries a central beauty spot of northern France perished in an hour. Like the Roman Forum, the square now contained a heap of shapeless things. What gave a sense of final desolation was the presence here and there of a delicate pillar, an arc of historic tracery, a patterned window-frame.

The scale of destruction embraced several acres, over which nothing whole was left. The northwestern façade of the square, protected by nearness to houses, kept a semblance of truncated unity. Just one desolate pillar remained almost erect; but the Hôtel de Ville, a glorious monument, no longer stood. Fourteen houses on the southeast were knocked to fragments. Except around the railway station, there was no ruin so complete as that of the Hôtel de Ville. The cathedral was hit three times, but not much damaged. Perhaps the Church of St. John the Baptist was the chief sufferer. An isolated shell cut off a fine column in front of the Convent of the Orphan Sisters. There were fires, but not very destructive fires. Here and there odd houses were in collapse and streets pitted with shells.

In describing the work of destruction done in this war the superlative again and again became worn threadbare and lost all ordinary significance. Especially was this the case regarding the bombardment of such places as Reims, Arras, and Albert. Approaching Arras over the rolling Picardy country travelers from Antwerp had seen from far away the roofs of the town and particularly the famous Gothic belfry of the Hôtel de Ville, rising over 250 feet, but now demolished to the height of a two-story building. Arras lay in a shallow valley, on the upper waters of the Scarpe, but it was dominated to the east by a ring of hills, where the Germans placed their big guns. Their infantry was pushed forward practically to the outskirts of the town, their trenches being at places a bare hundred yards from the French. There were still numbers of houses standing in the western part, but the region around the station, the center, and the business district were wiped out. There was not a public building, nor a mill, nor any outstanding edifice left. Every civilian, after spending weeks of suffering and starvation in cellars, had gone. The loss of life among the civilians was not exceptionally heavy, from 100 to 150 being the estimate. German fire was directed with



THE PLACE DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE IN ARRAS IN AUGUST, 1915 skill so as to do the utmost amount of damage. Not a morsel of bread was to be obtained in Arras afterward.

Of battles in this territory at this time the most important occurred at Lille where the German line, extending northward, had now been joined for the initial stage of the battle by a strong force, mainly cavalry, from over the Belgian border. With the Germans spreading from Armentières round to Roubaix and southward through Croix to the eastern outskirts of Lille, the battle began. The fighting consisted of violent attacks, pushed at times to extremely close quarters, in the immediate east of the city. Linked with the battle of Lille was a battle fought to the northeast of Lens. Here again the Germans were at serious disadvantage, owing to lack of artillery, and their rifle fire was said to be bad. Fighting northeast of Lens, with that around Lille, finally drove the Germans out of a large area, a semi-circular piece of French territory, with the Menin road its point farthest in Belgium. Farther west and northwest successes for the Allies had a serious effect on the German positions which extended to within about ten miles of St. Omer. The battle of Lille continued several days—that is, the fighting in that part of France having Lille for its chief center. Lille was the Manchester of France.[14]

On October 11, from 8 A.M. to nightfall, shells fell incessantly. Numerous public buildings, houses and factories were on fire, and the people were flying in all directions. The next day at 6 P. M. the Germans resumed their work. Far off could be heard French artillery replying to German guns. On the 13th, as there was no hope of saving the city from total destruction, it was surrendered. Five or six thousand shells had been fired into it. The Art Museum was damaged and some quarters were in flames. The Germans, who afterward pillaged the town, packing up and dispatching to Germany machinery, furniture, linen and even clothing, sent to neighboring places for fire-engines and subdued the flames. According to the official report, 882 buildings, among them some of the finest, had been destroyed and 1,500 damaged, but the loss of life was small. The Mayor, Bishop, and Prefect and several councilors were taken as hostages. The Germans entered Lille singing and smoking, accompanied by bands playing their favorite music. A prominent resident who escaped saw several soldiers lie down on pavements where they slept for hours; some of the cavalrymen could scarcely sit their horses from weariness. Thus Lille was in possession of the Germans. The day before they had seized Ghent; the day after, they were to occupy Bruges, and on October 15, Ostend.

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[14] In The London *Times*.

North of the Lys, however, the tide of invasion had ceased. British were driving Germans from Ypres at the very moment when Germans entered Lille. The aim of the Germans now was to remain on the defensive until the army released from Antwerp, and reinforcements which had crossed the Scheldt and were hurrying to the Lys, could join hands with them. They took every advantage of the ground, concealing themselves in ditches, woods, and villages, and behind hedges. A network of telephone wires warned them of the Allied movements.

With Antwerp on the point of falling, the Belgian Army and the British auxiliary force were about to retreat and the Germans to cross the Scheldt between Antwerp and Ghent. As the bombardment of Antwerp ceased, the bombardment of Lille had begun. A tremendous conflict was about to open from Nieuport to Lens in which the Allies could not hope to push the Germans back far. It was not at that time a matter of so great or pressing moment to them that the Germans should be pushed back as that the

THE KAISER'S PORTABLE HOUSE
In this house the Kaiser sometimes lived on the Western Front

Allies should avoid serious defeat. Hundreds of thousands of fresh troops were in training in every part of the British Empire for later service at the front; legions of the Czar were coming out of the Russian and Siberian steppes, and the inexorable pressure of sea-power was bearing down on Germany.

Albert, with 7,000 inhabitants, eighteen miles east of Amiens, became the scene of desperate fighting—not infantry fighting, but prolonged and murderous artillery fire. While the Germans early in October were pushing their front farther northwestward, the Allies replied by extending their own until it overlapped some of the Germans. As both sides brought up large reinforcements this made long forced marches necessary. French troops again and again marched twenty, and even twenty-five miles a day. The Germans in efforts to avoid being outflanked managed always to keep their front as extended as that of the Allies. At Albert they sought to drive a wedge into the Allies' front and the attempt almost succeeded. They brought up masses of artillery, and French infantry were made to suffer. The whole sky was lit up by bursting shells. On a Sunday they gained perceptibly and next day still prest on, but the French brought up their famous quick-firing batteries and checked them. A Taube monoplane made a reconnaissance at some 7,000 feet. "Ah!" said a French gunner at a battery on the Péronne road, "There is that wretched bird which haunts us. In an hour or less we shall be aware of what report it has given." He was accurate in this prediction. When German shells from heavy guns began to fall, they did not fall on the spot which the air-scout had reported occupied by French batteries, but on the town of Albert. Here is an account of the opening scene in a prolonged tragedy written by an eye-witness who saw it from a hill:[15]

"We were warned along the road to be careful, and we saw a vast column of people coming away from the town. But nothing out of the way happened until at ten minutes past five we heard a deep boom quite unlike the noise made by the ordinary field-gun, and a shell, evidently of much greater force and size, fell in the town.

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[15] Correspondent of The *Daily Mail,* London.

"We looked on in amazement, but we thought it must be an accident of misdirection. Then, to our indignation and dismay, shells began to fall rapidly. They came in bunches—one, two, three, four. There were several batteries at work, it seemed, and the aim was excellent. I only saw three burst outside the town. The place collapsed literally like a pack of cards that has been built up into 'houses.' Every moment something fresh went. Now it was the Town Hall, now a group of cottages, now a high wall.

"It reminded me of a scene in a melodrama. The buildings went down exactly as if they had been set up simply to be knocked over. One could not believe without an effort that one was seeing a real town shelled. It was just as if some inventor had made a new kind of explosive and had invited his friends to see it demolish the model of a town. There were a number of French staff officers on the hill, and they were most indignant at this attack upon an open, unfortified town, whose inhabitants the Germans could not accuse of taking any part against them. These officers attributed it to spite.

"The road toward Amiens was packed with refugees of all ages. Old men and women, too feeble to walk, were being wheeled in barrows. There were a great many perambulators with babies in them who had been snatched from their beds and hurried out of the town.

"One poor woman said she had been startled by a shell suddenly destroying a café at the corner of the street in which she lived. Fortunately she was near the end of the town. She rushed her children, three of them, out on to the main road without waiting to pick up a single one of her possessions. There were hundreds in like case.

"At half-past six a number of fires lighting up the whole countryside were visible looking toward Albert. They appeared to be hay-ricks or straw-ricks which had been set alight by shells. The largest of these red glares was Albert on fire. Against the flaming background the tall spire of the church stood out uninjured. It is a landmark, this spire. It is very high and crowned by a gilt statue of the Blessed Virgin and the infant Jesus.

"In the grounds of the hospital six coffins lay ready to be buried. They contained the bodies of six officers. These were among twenty-five patients who had died of their wounds during the day. Their funeral service had begun when the bombardment by heavy guns started. The priest in his vestments was reading the office for the dead. An order was given to evacuate the place without a moment's delay. The coffins had to be left where they were alongside the open graves.

"It was impossible to enter the town. The heat was too great, and there were no streets safe, even in the outskirts. Dogs could be heard howling piteously, and with a strange effect of calmness in catastrophe the church clock struck eight. Those on the road all said that the place was deserted. A lamentable little group of wounded men who had come from the battlefield had collected by the roadside just out of the town. Some of them had been in a barn at a village close by called Boisel. The château there had been turned into a hospital. They were the overflow.

"The systematic shelling had ceased by this time, but two or three shells screeched through the air, following the dull roar of the heavy gun, a noise like a lingering blow on a big drum. Rifle fire too was audible at a long distance away. By all accounts the French had succeeded in resisting the wedge."

The heights of Roye, a little town on the main road from Amiens to Noyon, became the center of a fierce conflict. These heights were occupied alternately by French and Germans. The Germans brought up reinforcements, but their attacks were repulsed. The country around Roye and to the northward comprises one of the most fertile regions in France, low and rolling, traversed by innumerable small streams which feed the Somme and Oise. It is an ideal battlefield for rapid maneuvers unhampered by natural obstructions, for the inclines are all gradual and their summits rarely reach an elevation of more than 720 feet.

Some of the fiercest fighting during the removal northward had occurred at and near Roye. The enemy held the curve running from Péronne to Chaulnes and thence to Lassigny, with the salient at the latter town, which was twice reported as having surrendered. By November 2, the whole country south of Arras and around Bapaume, Albert, Chaulnes and Péronne had been laid waste by bombardment. Albert had not a single resident left in it, nor was a house standing. Even the old church tower had to go, because in a country where open, flattish ground is the rule, such places afforded admirable lookout stations. The Germans first realized this, or perhaps were the first to obliterate churches held by the Allies. All villages offering strategical advantages to the enemy were ruthlessly destroyed.

Of all towns near the war zone Amiens with its famous cathedral preserved its normal life more fully than any, even tho it was in an area where there had been every cause for grave uneasiness. Street-cars still ran, the usual town policemen kept the peace, and the ordinary throngs of market-people came and went. Even when the roar of artillery dominated every other sound, citizens went about their business, with a graver air perhaps, yet without any sign of restiveness. Beyond exacting heavy tribute, the Germans did no actual damage to property in Amiens. The magnificent cathedral remained intact. An "Aviatik" dropt three bombs, which injured a few people, but there was not the smallest fuss made about this incident.

GERMANS IN CAMP ON THE WESTERN FRONT

What one could not forget was the ruthless destruction of so many other towns and villages. No one ever saw such utter, such awful ruin as that of the busy little manufacturing town of Albert. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was left standing. Albert stood three long bombardments, the last apparently with the purpose of completing the work of destruction. It was appalling to think what it meant.[16]

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[16] Principal Sources: The *Daily Mail*, The *Daily Chronicle*, The *Daily News*, The *Times*, London; Associated Press dispatches, "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, The New York *Tribune*, Sir Conan Doyle's "British Campaign in France and Flanders" (George H. Doran Co.), Col. E. Swinton ("eye-witness") of the British General Staff.

IV

ST. MIHIEL, THE ROMAN CAMP AND VERDUN

September 19, 1914—October 30, 1914

WHEN an official announcement came from Berlin on September 19 of the capture by Germans of French works at Beaumont, which lies north of Toul and south of Verdun, it was thought to be a counter demonstration to compel the Allies to divert troops from their flanking operations in the west, but it proved to be another effort to open the short, direct road into northern France. In their first plan the Germans had thought that they would be able to move unopposed through Belgium, driving the French south of the Marne and then envelop the eastern barrier-forts and so gain possession of the Paris-Metz and Paris-Strassburg railways. But when a Belgian army from Antwerp continued to menace their communications, it became of renewed importance to them to open if possible the eastern entrance. They were trying to do this when the world's attention was directed mainly to the greater conflicts in northern France as detailed in the last chapter. Beaumont lay on the road from Pont-à-Mousson, on the Moselle, to Commercy, on the Meuse, the road passing over the Woëvre plateau and through a line of fortresses. Success against the forts would have isolated Verdun and permitted its reduction, just as Maubeuge further north on the Belgian frontier had been reduced early in the month, and would necessarily have compelled the French to send reinforcements to the Meuse, thus diminishing the mass of troops engaged in the great northern flanking movement. The attack had wide significance. If it had succeeded, it would have permitted the Germans virtually to evacuate Belgium—at least temporarily—and so to recall many thousands of troops that were then employed in guarding vital lines of German communications from Liége by way of Brussels and Namur to the armies of Kluck and Bülow.

Maintenance of the Verdun-Toul line had always been a cardinal principal of French strategy, but at that moment when the French needed their undivided energies for the northern movement, it was an embarrassment to them to combat an attempt to force open from the east the door into France. Englishmen whose attention was absorbed by the campaign in Flanders did not always realize that strategically the center of the campaign for the French was on their right wing. In the advance to the Marne, the army of the Crown Prince, which came south in the Argonne after the fall of Longwy on August 26, had endeavored to envelop the Toul-Verdun line from the north and west, while the Bavarian army had sought to capture Nancy, and then sweep around in the south and join hands with the Crown Prince. But the Bavarian army was thrown back from Nancy by Castelnau, and the Crown Prince, after minor repulses, became involved in the general German retirement. After the middle of September the weight of the German attack was shifted from the more southern to the more northern half of the barrier, and so Verdun took the place of Nancy as the main German objective.

On the right bank of the Meuse, in the Camp des Romains, which lies a little south of St. Mihiel, and in forts Troyon and Genicourt, north of the town, guns were trained on the river to dispute its passage. Further north were the southern defenses of Verdun, facing upstream on the left bank, where stood the Fort des Paroches, between Troyon and St. Mihiel. The defense by the French of this fort became one of their hardest tasks in the east. In the first three hours of the bombardment, the Germans dropt shells into it at the rate of one a minute, firing from positions in ravines which French artillery were unable to reach. No one could get to the help of Troyon; there was nothing for its garrison to do but fight on as best it could. During one night infantry advanced and cut wire entanglements, but the attack was finally checked by French mitrailleuses. German onslaughts made in dense masses were repulsed by the garrison, aided by a battery of 75's and a cavalry division from Toul. The same fate befell a later and final charge, until the Germans were compelled to give up an attack in which they were said to have lost from seven to ten thousand men.

The road by which the German army of Metz had poured into the Woëvre was by way of Mars-la-Tour and Chaillon, the latter just north of St. Mihiel. On September 19 the Germans began a fierce attack on the Meuse forts, their object being to cross the river. Violent assaults were made on Troyon, Les Paroches, and the Roman Camp one after the other, but without result. Troyon was bombarded twice, and at the end of the second attack only four cannon were left, the rest having been put out of action. Orders were given to the garrison to retreat, but they refused to leave their post of honor, and retired instead to an old cistern. Only 450 of them were now left, with 22 more cut off in the magazine. As there was every chance that the magazine would be blown up at any moment, the little detachment tried to join the others in the cistern by a narrow passage which connected it with the magazine, but just at that moment the roof of the passage was shattered by a shell and the men were buried under fallen stones and earth. A little later the German assault slackened and the garrison retired. During two attacks it was estimated—probably an exaggeration—that 10,000 Germans fell in front of the fort.

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CROWN PRINCE RUPRECHT OF BAVARIA
Who commanded Bavarian troops on the Western Front

The obstinate determination of the Germans to force their way across the Meuse was taken as proof of the critical position to which the right wing of the army of the Crown Prince in the Argonne had been reduced. On September 21 the flank of the Bavarian forces in that region, to the north and west of the Woëvre, was threatened by an Allied advance to the south, and there was risk that retreat, in itself a difficult operation, on account of heavy artillery, might be cut off by the guns of Verdun, which explained the efforts made by the Army of Metz. On September 20 the Germans reoccupied Thiaucourt and advanced on the line of fortresses for fresh bombardments of Troyon, Les Paroches, and the Camp des Romains, over a front extending north and south, a distance of about twelve miles. In the course of the next few days, as a result of flank attacks on the German army by the garrison of Toul from the south and the garrison of Verdun from the north, coupled with a determined advance of the Germans in the French center, the disposition of the German troops was altered till they took a double alinement that came to be known as the St. Mihiel pocket, or wedge, from which there was to be no material change until the Americans under Pershing, aided by the French, eliminated the salient in a fine stroke in September, 1918.

The effect of this change was that the German front was pushed forward from the Thiaucourt-Fresnes line (the 17-mile base of a triangle of which St. Mihiel was the apex) until it occupied two other sides of the triangle, each 14 miles long. The bold attempt of the Army of Metz to come to the help of the Crown Prince for the time being failed of its purpose. All it could do was to entrench at St. Mihiel (still keeping a footing in that part of the town which lies on the left bank of the river) and from there continue the bombardment of the French forts. When the Camp des Romains was destroyed, the garrison was compelled to surrender after a gallant resistance, but on the west side of the Meuse efforts to invest Verdun proved unsuccessful.

When the German right wing fell back after the defeat at the Marne, other German forces on that front retreated more slowly. On September 21, two days after the cathedral of Reims was bombarded, the German left wing, retreating on the western slopes of the Argonne, found itself in difficulties, because the forts on the Meuse from Verdun to Toul barred direct communications between Germans based on Metz and Germans retreating west of the Argonne. Had the retreat continued, the Crown Prince would have been in serious danger from Verdun, which was on the flank of his retreat. Joffre had to choose between throwing his strength into the western Allied flank and pressing hard against the Crown Prince, and decision between the alternatives was not easy to make. For a day or two the German situation had been almost desperate, for, in anticipation of a flanking movement on the Oise and Somme, they had gathered up forces in the east and sent them to the western front. What saved them on the Meuse was the Army of Metz, which, in order to relieve the pressure, attacked the Meuse forts with great violence, and finally succeeded in destroying those at Troyon and Les Paroches and in occupying St. Mihiel and the Camp des Romains.

By the 23d there had been some reason for thinking that the Army of Metz, discouraged by the losses they had suffered, had given up the idea of crossing the Meuse. A certain number of battalions accordingly were moved to reinforce troops engaged on the Moselle, where an attack was threatened. While French troops were sweeping the woods of Champenoise on their right, and on their left were pushing back the main body of the Fourteenth German Corps in the direction of the Rupt de Mad, which falls into the Moselle just above Metz, the extreme right of the Army of Metz executed a bold flanking movement. Marching up the left bank of the Mad as far as Thiaucourt they took possession of St. Mihiel, which at the moment was without French troops. News of the approach of the Germans created a panic in the town and a large number of the inhabitants hurriedly fled in the direction of Commercy. Altogether some 5,000 people left St. Mihiel and neighboring villages. Next day, the 24th, a squadron of uhlans rode in and took possession, cutting the telegraph wires and carrying off forty of the inhabitants as hostages.

On the 25th the Germans had tried to make another crossing of the Meuse, where the river runs in a loop, naturally protected by hills from the fire of Paroches and the Roman Camp. At half-past six in the evening the main body of the Germans appeared north of the town, where was a battalion of French Territorials, but as they had no mitrailleuses they were obliged to retire, while fighting a rear-guard action to delay the advance of the Germans. They fell back along the left bank of the river, and made an attempt to prevent the Germans from crossing. During the night of the 25th German engineers tried to build a pontoon bridge but failed. An attempt to cross the river in boats was equally unsuccessful. In spite of their slender numbers the French, with only one searchlight available, shot down one after the other the men who were building the bridge.

Early on the morning of the 26th the position suddenly changed. The enemy brought up from Thiaucourt heavy Austrian 42-centimeter guns and placed them on the right bank. Further resistance was now useless. The fort in the Roman Camp endeavored to open fire, but the loop of the river and heights guarding it made its fire ineffective. The Territorial battalion accordingly shouldered their arms and fell back in good order, picking up and carrying with them their killed and wounded. At twelve o'clock the Germans were across the river, and marched toward the valley of the Aire. Early in the evening the advance guard of French cavalry crossed the Meuse at Lérouville, and got in touch with the Germans in the valley of the Aire. The mitrailleuses gave time, first for artillery and then for infantry, to come to their support. When night fell the struggle was still going on. The Germans made three attacks, one after the other, on the heights of the Aire, but all three were repulsed. The French shells did execution, and the German losses were heavy. During the night the Germans were

MUNITIONS EN ROUTE FOR VERDUN

forced to evacuate the valley and fall back on the Meuse.

The attempt of the Army of Metz to bring assistance to Bavarian forces of the Argonne on the right wing of the Crown Prince's army thus had failed, and the Germans entrenched themselves in St. Mihiel. With their 42-centimeter guns the Germans made short work of the forts at Troyon and the Roman Camp, which were armed only with guns of 12 centimeters, with an effective range of between eight and nine kilometers at most (about five miles), whereas the Austrian guns used by the Germans carried from 12 to 13, or almost seven and a half miles. The garrison in the Roman Camp was made prisoner after a desperate resistance. As the fort had been completely destroyed the Germans were not able to make use of it, but they established themselves in a position close by, where they constructed a battery for their Austrian 42's. From here they bombarded Lérouville and Sampigny. As the Roman Camp commanded St. Mihiel and a large part of the Woëvre, it was of the first importance to the French to recapture it, which they did on October 16, after reinforcements had reached them from Toul and Nancy.

By October 1 the Crown Prince, having taken Varennes, was almost on the Verdun-Paris railway line. Between the circle of forts surrounding Verdun and the similar circles surrounding Toul, there were a number of detached forts, some on the east, some on the west bank of the Meuse along which runs a wagon-road and a railroad from Verdun to Toul. The Germans had come in at the point where the Woëvre plateau, dividing the Meuse from the Moselle valley was narrowest, and the hills were lowest. As the result of a series of determined attacks a part of the Crown Prince's army forced its way into the Bois de la Gruier. On the 12th it took Bagatelle and on the 15th St. Hubert and the Barricade. From here it advanced along the lower, or Varennes-Vienne road, to within a quarter of a mile of the Four de Paris, and, extending its left front, occupied the Bois Bolante and the Bois de la Chalade, just south of the road. The Germans made repeated efforts to get at Verdun, but they were fiercely repelled.

Reports came that German troops had actually begun the investment of Verdun, but as a matter of fact the guns of that fort did not once come into action. In acting as a field-force, the garrison, however, had had several encounters with the Army of Metz, but that was all. There was no danger for Verdun, so long as the French army in the field could prevent the Germans from getting within range of its protecting forts, and this the Germans were not strong enough to do, unless they could get heavy reinforcements. With these in sufficient numbers, the position might have been materially altered, because the whole history of the war had gone to show that the fort which could successfully resist a shower of shells from modern heavy siege-guns had yet to be constructed. Verdun was safe so long as the Germans could not get close enough to bombard it.

Then came a French counter-offensive in this territory. From October 21 until well into November the French fought their way through four or five miles of blood-stained forest, till on the 29th, after six weeks of charge and counter-charge, they once more reached Bagatelle and thus occupied the same front they had held in the middle of September, except that the enemy had a footing at Barricade.

. Throughout this period British and American readers naturally had their eyes fixt on the western campaign—the recoil after the battle of the Marne, the long struggle on the Aisne, the great turning movement toward and over the Belgian frontier, and then the desperate effort of the Germans to break through the Allied lines in Flanders. All these events absorbed their attention. Little did men know that Allied resistance would have been in vain had not the eastern wall at that time held firm. The heroic defense of Fort Troyon was only one episode in a succession of intermittent struggles in that mountain region. Only at one point, where the hills fall and the woods thin off, did the Germans obtain and keep a foothold. That was at St. Mihiel. Verdun was safe. Near the city at nightfall in December could have been seen a man quietly plowing on a hillside, as if war were not only invisible but non-existent.[13]

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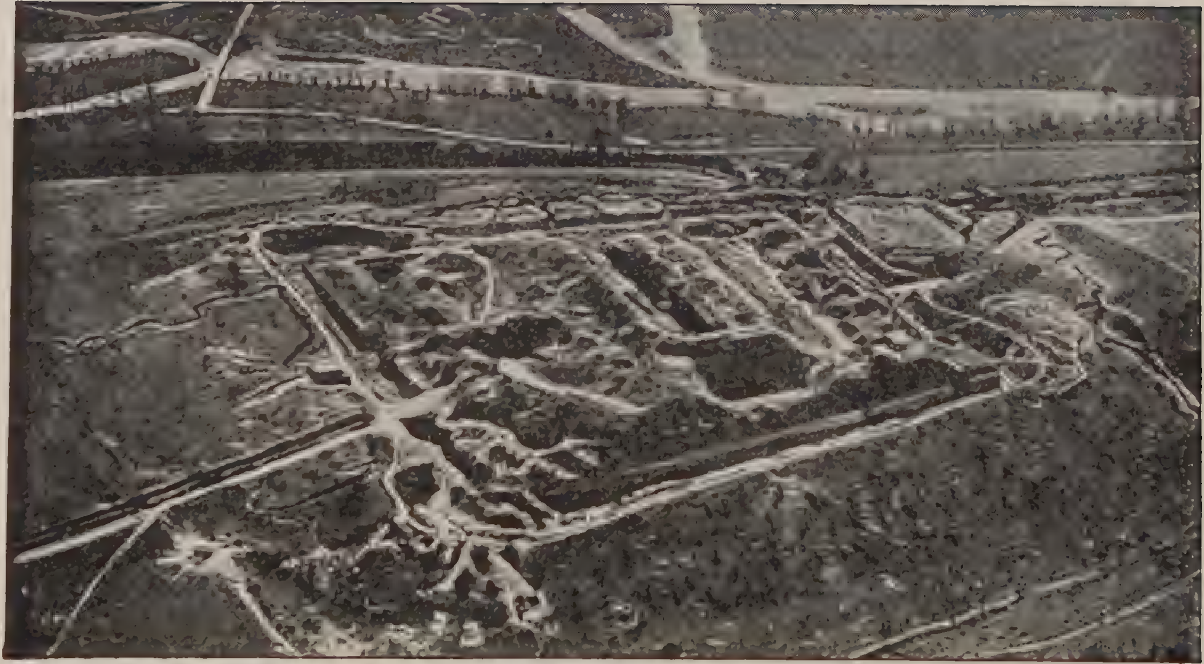
[13] Principal Sources: The *Times*, The *Daily Mail*, London; The Manchester *Guardian*, The New York *Times*, and G. H. Perris' "Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium."



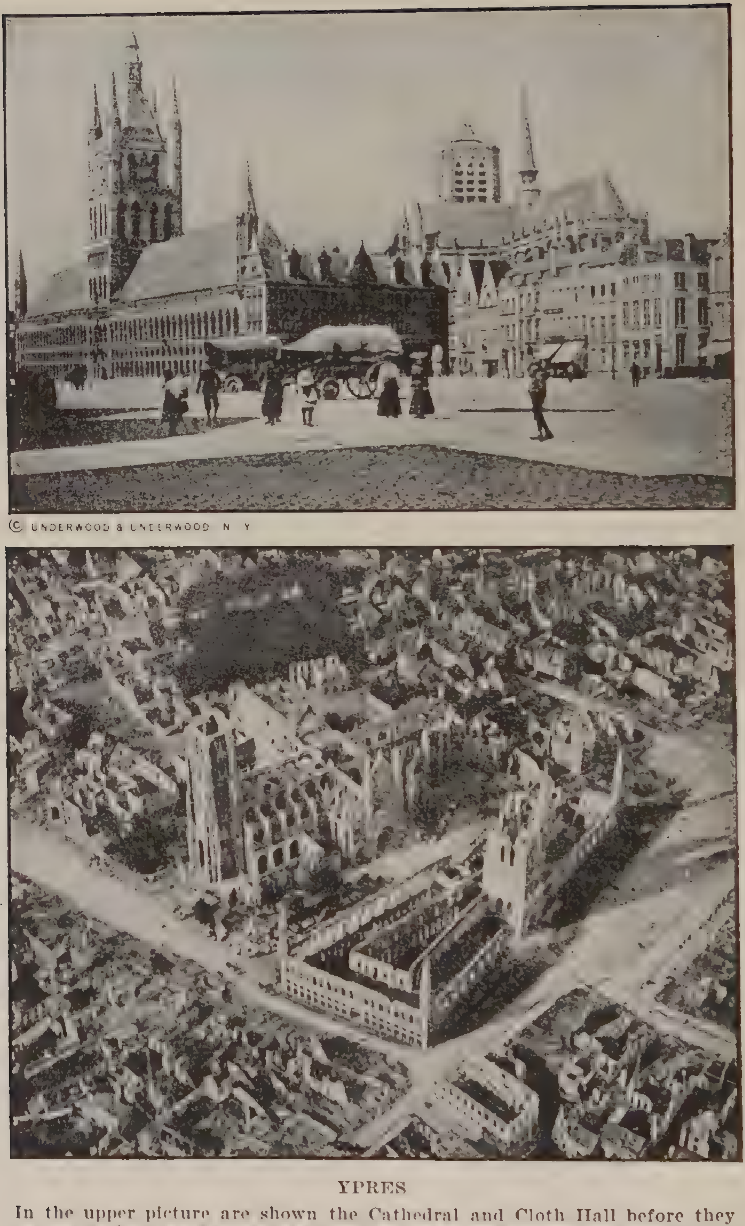
THE FORT DU CAMP DES ROMAINS

This fort formed one of the chief defenses of St. Mihiel on the south and was long held by the Germans. In the distance one sees the river Meuse

ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Part V

THE BATTLE OF FLANDERS—ITS TWO PHASES



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YPRES

In the upper picture are shown the Cathedral and Cloth Hall before they were attacked by German shells. The lower one shows the city in the early stages of its destruction

I

CALAIS AND BOULOGNE AS GERMAN GOALS

ALL the natural defenses of Belgium in the east had now fallen into German hands—the Meuse and the Ardennes, the Dyle and the Senne, the Dendre, the Scheldt, the Lys. In that oblong Belgian plain, roughly 60 miles by 30 miles in extent, bounded by the Lys from Aire to Ghent. by the canal from Ghent to Zeebrugge, by the sea from Zeebrugge to Calais, and by canal and canalized rivers from Calais to Aire, the Germans occupied Ypres and to the southwest of Ypres and Bailleul a long, narrow ridge of hills. They had outposts close to Hazebrouck and Cassel, and were advancing up both banks of the Lys from Armentiéres toward Aire. Between Courtrai and Merville, and even further west, they held bridges and forts. South of the Lys and between it and the Scheldt they had surrounded, bombarded and taken Lille after it had been sternly defended by French Territorials.

Antwerp was already in their grasp, but, so long as the Kaiser respected the neutrality of Holland, he could not operate from it against England by sea. Nevertheless, the capture of Antwerp was not without meaning, especially in Germany. It had long been coveted by German captains of industry; German capital had been invested there in large amounts and before the war it was fast assuming the appearance of a German port. Moreover, had Antwerp remained in Belgian hands, German communications back through Liége would have been menaced. The two towns were only sixty miles apart so that, if the Allied force at the former place could have been materially strengthened, it would have needed no great effort to thrust the Germans back on Liége. Then, not only would communications through Liége have been cut, but those south of Liége through the Ardennes would have been rendered precarious. While Ostend and Zeebrugge were Belgian ports, and the line of the canal from Ostend through Bruges to Ghent and the line of the Scheldt from Ghent to Antwerp were held by the Allies, the Belgian Army in Antwerp might be rapidly reinforced, either from Great Britain, or from France over railways and roads along the French coast to Dunkirk. By the capture of Antwerp and by holding Brussels and Liége, the Germans secured a strong barrier against a movement from France to the Rhine.

The Allied army had, it is true, escaped, but the German conquest included Ostend and Zeebrugge, the Belgian coast-line from Ostend to Holland, the ship-canal from Zeebrugge to Bruges, the Canal de Ghent, the Scheldt from Ghent to Antwerp, and the railways from Antwerp to the coast. From Emden, Wilhelmshaven, Bremerhaven, Heligoland, Cuxhaven and from the Kiel Canal, the task of striking at the British fleet, raiding British naval bases, and invading the British coast had hitherto been impracticable, but with Ostend and Zeebrugge gained, attempts of this kind might now be feasible—and they became so when the submarine warfare was well under way. With the German High Seas Fleet still intact, submarines could be transported to Zeebrugge, or built there, and boats and barges for the transport of German troops to Kent or Essex might be accumulated in waterways between Antwerp and the coast, as Napoleon had done at Boulogne.

Germany's real goals were Boulogne and Calais and especially Calais where the Straits of Dover are narrowest. It is a port that has grown familiar to thousands of tourists. But few have given it more than a chance thought, except as a necessary part of their trip from London to Paris. Calais for centuries had been an important strategic point, as well as a tourists' convenient threshold. Dover in England opposite Calais has been called the "business end" of the British Empire—that is, in its relation to the Continent, for whenever Great Britain had war on the Continent, her troops had set out from Dover. It occupies a narrow break in chalk cliffs, its harbor formed by an enclosure of water in more than a mile of piers, its cliffs honeycombed with galleries in which guns and batteries are hidden. Here England and continental Europe approach nearest to one another. Englishmen have dreamed for generations, in fact ever since the days of the Northern pirates, of an invasion of their island by way of the Straits of Dover. They have several times refused to consider seriously any project for linking Dover with Calais by a tunnel, lest an insidious enemy should some day gain an entrance unexpectedly from under the sea. Julius Cæsar with his Romans came to England by way of Dover, and probably the Phenicians also. The harbor was fortified as early as the fourth century, and its defenses have been kept up ever since.

In this battle of Flanders extending over several weeks, and in which lives were sacrificed without stint, the immediate purpose of the Kaiser seemed not to have been to get to Paris. He could perhaps have attained that object with no greater cost, had he only resumed operations further south, where his line was still within seventy miles of the French capital. By looking into Pan-Germanic literature one may find the German purpose in this Flanders battle in certain maps which indicate what, to the Pan-German mind, was Germany's rightful "place in the sun." These maps include in "Greater Germany" Belgium and Dunkirk, and are accompanied by full and extended explanations of the German claim that the larger part of this territory was already inhabited by Flemish-speaking people, that Flemish was a low German dialect, and that Flanders was at one time a portion of that German Empire which preceded the

ONE OF THE WATER GATES OF YPRES

ruin wrought by the Thirty Years' War. For many years there existed in Germany an influential group, who argued that Belgium and French Flanders, including Calais and Boulogne, ought to be reconquered by Germany; that the retaking of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870 was only a step toward the building of a Greater Germany. Aside from more or less sentimental reasons, there were practical reasons that were regarded as of great weight. Germany was confined to a narrow frontage on the open sea between the mouth of the Elbe and the Dutch frontier, her natural sea front being occupied by Holland and Belgium, which owed their immunity from German aggression to Great Britain. Antwerp and Rotterdam, natural ports of Germany, were thus in alien territory. But with Antwerp and Rotterdam both taken by Germany, Germany would still be at a disadvantage so long as France and England held both shores of the Straits of Dover. If Germany in 1914 could have won the battle of Flanders and taken Calais, Boulogne, and Dunkirk, she would have entered in possession of practically all the European territory that Pan-Germanism had sought or claimed.

The ultimate purpose of all German action was to get at England who was regarded as Germany's one real rival. Possession of the southern shores of the Channel would have made it possible for Germany to abandon all military operations except those involved in a defensive position. Even if she had not taken Paris, or crusht France, she would still on the sea-coast actually have had in hand what she at the outset had fixt her mind upon as the maximum of her territorial gain in the war. With her wonderful artillery and her splendid military machine, she could have entrenched herself from Boulogne to the upper Meuse, *via* the Aisne, and have waited there until her opponents wore themselves out in a fury of attack. But until she had taken the Channel coast any other conquest was of little value in the greater scheme. It was the sea-coast that she needed. Possessing only Ostend (since the Scheldt on which lies Antwerp was neutralized) she would have fallen far short of her goal; she would actually have been almost as far away from England as she was before. As a naval base, Ostend and all other ports in Belgium lying on the open sea, were without real value; they were indeed hardly tenable permanently so long as Nieuport and Ypres were in other hands. A line from Boulogne to Lille would have given a new frontier to Germany and the great industrial region extending from Lille to Charleroi by way of Mons, which is rich in coal, and the seat of great manufacturing establishments. Going east, the German front would have approached Verdun and followed the heights of the Meuse. East of this, in the French department of Meurthe-et-Moselle, lies one of the richest iron deposits in the world, and Germany needed iron. Early in November the Kaiser was near to a fulfilment of his ambition. The twenty-five miles that separated Dixmude from Dunkirk were the last obstacle to establishing a German western frontier at the point where German expansionists had long desired to establish it. In pursuit of that ambition the world was now to be thrilled by a great struggle in Flanders.

It is interesting here to recall Napoleon's projected invasion of England from Boulogne in 1801. In the course of a few weeks he assembled there not less than 160,000 troops and an immense flotilla of flat-bottomed boats to carry them across the Channel, whenever, by any favorable accident, the Channel waters should be clear of an English fleet. Both soldiers and seamen were trained for the work of crossing, and practised incessantly. Nelson had command of the Channel fleet, and a regular English army was reinforced on shore by a multitude of new and enthusiastic

NEAR NIEUPORT
End of the Western line on the North Sea

volunteers, men of all parties and ranks joining heart and hand in the cause. Nelson, more than once, reconnoitered the French flotilla assembled at Boulogne, and attempted the daring movement of cutting out French vessels in the teeth of shore batteries, but as the vessels were chained to a shore crowded with soldiers and immediately under fortifications, the attempt was unsuccessful. But Nelson continued to watch the Channel with vigilance.

In 1803 Napoleon returned to the scheme. Troops to the number of 160,000 were mustered in camps along the French and Dutch coasts, and vast flotillas, meant to convey them across the Channel, were formed and constantly maneuvered in various ports, Boulogne being the chief station. The spirit of England was effectually stirred. Her fleets, to the number of not less than 500 ships-of-war, traversed the seas in all directions, blockaded the harbors of the countries in which the power of the First Consul was predominant, and from time to time made inroads into French ports, cutting and destroying shipping, and crippling flotillas. At home the army, both regular and volunteer, was recruited and strengthened to an unexampled extent. Camps were formed along the English coast opposite France, and the King in person was seen in the midst of them. By night beacons blazed on every hilltop. The regular army in Great Britain amounted before long to 100,000; the militia to 80,000; and of volunteer troops there were not less than 350,000 in arms.

In command of French armies designed to invade England were Soult, Ney, Davoust, and Victor. The First Consul personally repaired to Boulogne and inspected both troops and flotilla. He constantly gave out that it was his purpose to make the attempt by means of the flotilla alone; but while he thus endeavored to inspire his enemy with false security (for Nelson had declared this scheme of a boat invasion to be "mad," and staked his whole reputation on its miserable and immediate failure if it were ever attempted), the First Consul was indefatigable in providing a fleet of men-of-war, designed to protect and cover the voyage. These ships were preparing in different ports of France and Spain, to the number of fifty. Bonaparte intended to have them steal out to sea individually or in small squadrons, to rendezvous at Matinico, and, returning thence in a body, to sweep the Channel free of the English at such time at least as might suffice for the execution of his purpose. These designs, however, were from day to day thwarted by the watchful zeal of Nelson and other English admirals, who observed Brest, Toulon, Genoa, and the harbors of Spain so closely, that no squadron, in fact, hardly a single vessel, could have forced a passage out to the Atlantic.

Napoleon persisted to the end of his life in his belief that the invasion of England had been prevented by a few unforeseen accidents, and that, had his generals crossed the sea, they must have been successful. He never seemed to doubt that a single great battle would have sufficed to place London in his hands. Once arrived in the capital, he would, he said, have summoned a convention, restored the mass of the English people to their proper share of political power—in a word, would have banished the King, and revolutionized England on the model of France. Napoleon's projected invasion of England was a chief object of interest throughout Europe during the autumn and winter of 1803.[1]

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[1] Principal Sources: The London *Times'* "History of the War," The *Times* (London), *The Independent,* The *Evening Sun,* The *Tribune,* The *World,* The *Times,* The *Herald,* New York: Baedeker's "Northern France," Lockhart's "Life of Napoleon," "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan.

II

THE NORTHERN PHASE—ALONG THE YSER FROM NIEUPORT TO DIXMUDE

October 16, 1914—October 31, 1914

UNDER the name, Battle of Flanders, were included two great conflicts, one beginning on October 16 and fought between the North Sea at Nieuport-Bains and Dixmude and distinctively, or popularly, known as the Battle of the Yser; the other, in part fought simultaneously, in part soon afterward, in territory extending south from Dixmude, Armentières and La Bassée and called the Battle of Ypres. The battle of the Yser may be said in itself to have had two phases, in one of which the Belgians, aided by a brigade of French Marines, defended the lower course of the Yser and its canal, in the other of which the bulk of the army of King Albert withdrew and their places were taken by the French under General d'Urbal. It was not till December 10 that the entire struggle came to an end. Hostilities to some extent had been almost continuous along this front from October 16. In certain sections they rose to a relatively much higher degree of intensity than in others; but they formed essentially one battle in which two centers of supreme activity were developed. The battle of the Marne was won mainly by the French, tho the British rendered such assistance as their small number made possible. The battle of Flanders was won by the united efforts of British, French, and Belgians. It was at that time, as Joffre said, "the greatest battle in the history of the world."

The Germans had struck simultaneously at Calais in the west and at Warsaw in the east, but in neither theater were they strong enough to achieve success altho they sacrificed troops of many sorts, old and young. Success for them in the two enterprises would have produced enormous results. The two attacks were ascribed as much to political as to military consideration. After the failure at the Marne it had become necessary to provide the German people with fresh promises of success, and so Hindenburg was to capture Warsaw, and the Kaiser himself was to clear Belgium of the Allies, annex it to the empire, capture Calais, and then strike at both London and Paris.

The line of battle in the west was a little less than a hundred miles long and extended many miles into France, but the fighting was mainly in Flanders. General Maud'huy may have had three corps, but hardly more; the British three and a half corps or seven divisions of infantry; the Belgians in effectives little more than a corps, in all about eight corps, and if we added two corps for d'Urbal's regulars and two for French Territorials, and allowed for cavalry and marines, the Allied strength would have been about half a million. The total German force from Nieuport to Albert was put in the neighborhood of one and a half million.

On the southern edge of the great battlefield was the Albert plateau. From the peat-bogs and cornfields of Santerre, where Castelnau was engaged, the plateau, between the Somme and the Scarpe, ran across a Picardy upland with hedgeless roads, unfenced fields, lines of stiff trees, and here and there a shallow stream. Arras lay among its hills, a beautiful and ill-fated city on the edge of an ugly land. Hills that sweep northwestward to the Channel coast, ending in Cape Grisnez, bounded the valleys of the Scarpe, Scheldt, Lys, and Yser, and formed in reality the western containing wall of the great plain of Europe, of which the eastern is the Ural Mountains. This plain is everywhere of intolerable flatness, except for a few inconsiderate swells or rises that break its monotony, as the Mont-des-Cats, north of Bailleul, some undulations south of Ypres and La Bassée, and the solitary height of Cassel. In general the region is flat as a tennis-lawn, seamed with sluggish rivers, and criss-crossed by endless railways and canals.

Ten miles north of Arras lay the town of Lens, where the "black country" of France began. From there northward to Lille and Armentiéres lay the mining region of Pas de Calais, every road lined with houses, factory chimneys and the headgear of collieries. The whole district was like a piece of the Wyoming valley or the Pittsburgh region of

Pennsylvania. Towns there merge into each other without intervals of country-side. The Lys, black and foul, meanders through a land of industrial *débris*. North of the Lys toward Ypres was a country-side of market gardens, where every inch was closely tilled, and the land laid out like a chessboard. Everywhere were good roads with only one side paved, as was the Flemish fashion, and no obstacles to the passage of armies except innumerable canals. Fields were lined and crossed with ditches, and the soil seemed a compromise between land and water. Then came a great barrier of sand-dunes, which lined the coast eastward from Calais, and through which the waterways of the interior debouched by a number of sea canals. Beyond the dunes were the restless and shallow waters of the North Sea.

From the mouth of the Scheldt in Holland to Dunkirk in France, the North Sea beats on a low, shifting sand coast in a dike-defended country. All this shore falls within ancient Flanders, which once extended from the Scheldt to Calais. With the exception of a short stretch south of the Scheldt it is still the coastline of West Flanders, a province of Belgium, only forty miles wide, in normal times supporting about 850,000 people, or some 670 to the square mile, mainly farmers. If every single acre in West Flanders were used as farmland, there would be one person to every acre and 40,000 additional persons unprovided for. West Flanders, save for the swell of sand-drifts, was severely flat. Its teeming population found room for houses on land where no products could grow. Mere lines instead of fences were used to enclose small holdings. The country was criss-crossed with canals which were highways for farmers and small industries. It was also traversed by small streams, chief of these the Yser, which rises in France, and, flowing east into West Flanders, bends around to the north and northwest, reaching the sea at Nieuport. The whole province is a sand drift, but its people had turned its gray coast-soils into fields and gardens more productive than many a naturally fertile spot. Men made the most of small allotments, coaxing rich harvests from every available foot, so that the land became a stretch of green kitchen-gardens. Beneath the verdure and the bloom one could kick up brown soils and bare sand almost anywhere. Bruges, Ypres, Ostend, Roulèrs and Iseghem were among the principal cities of West Flanders. Bruges, surrounded by small canals, was its capital, and one of the most medieval cities in Belgium. Like Ypres, Bruges had lost its ancient prestige, its population having dwindled from 200,000 to around 50,000, while Ypres had fallen from 200,000 to a little more than 16,000. History records almost a continuous sway of war over these two cities.

In late October and for the next six weeks, on a front of barely twenty-five miles, and with a depth of hardly ten, hundreds of thousands of men by day and by night here struggled for possession of a score of villages between the North Sea and the Lys. The battle-line at many points remained all that time little changed. If at a few places the Germans advanced a mile or two, there was still lacking anything like a decisive advantage to either side. With Antwerp taken, and Ostend gone, this region offered an apparent opportunity for the Germans to sweep down the coast to Calais, and Boulogne, to seize Dunkirk, the last French fortress in the north, and so take root on the eastern

AMONG SAND DUNES ON THE NORTH SEA
Transports here seen are near the Yser's mouth

shore of the Straits of Dover. Visions rose of a situation in which Germany by canal and river could bring into action submarines that had already been fatal to British warships, threaten England with invasion as Napoleon had threatened it, menace London by Zeppelins, block the Straits of Dover and so close the port of London.

Germany gathered her forces here for a supreme thrust. Not less rapid was the concentration effected by the Allies. Across the frontier came French and British regulars who had been withdrawn from the Aisne, with Sikhs and Gurkhas of the British Indian contingent, and Senegalese, Moroccans, Turcos and Legionaries of the French. Little stout fellows were the Gurkhas, with faces like peasant Japanese and wearing sombreros cocked up at one side. The Sikhs were still more picturesque, with bearded, brown faces, classical in outline, so that one might have seen "twenty Olympian Joves" in every Sikh company. Their bodies, however, were not Greek at all, the Sikh being slim and meagerly built, with high, square shoulders and thin shanks, which tight puttees of the British uniform showed off to disadvantage. Each wore a khaki turban with the end floating down his back, and had a dignity which nothing could shake. The meanest among them "walked like a king."

The retreating remnant of the Belgians had been reinforced by French and British marines, some at Ypres, some on the North Sea at Nieuport, some behind the Yser and the canal that joins it to the Lys. Here for more than a month continued with slight interruptions one of the most intricate and indescribable conflicts in the history of war, fought by men of more races, religions, colors and nationalities than any battlefield western Europe had known since the onrush of the soldiers of Islam was halted on the field of Tours. Asia and Africa, even America and Australia, shared in the slaughter that was now to take place in the great Battle of Flanders.

Beginning early in October, corps after corps of Germans were sent between Lys and the North Sea, until fifteen were assembled, in two armies, including four corps of cavalry. The army near the coast was under the Duke of Württemberg, the other under the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The whole force was equal to, if not greater than, the host which Napoleon led across the Niemen into Russia in 1812. Had these German troops been able to seize Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, and Havre, the chances of Germany dominating the European world would have been increased enormously. The chief British naval bases would have been within their reach, the main communications of the British fleets endangered. Harwich, Chatham, Dover, and Portsmouth could have been bombarded. Moreover, the distance between Calais and London was under a hundred miles. Had the Germans forced their way to Amiens, the communications of British troops in France would once more have had to be shifted to St. Nazaire on the Bay of Biscay. The prestige of German arms, impaired as it was at the Marne and not improved on the Aisne, or at Roye, Péronne, and Arras, would have been amply rehabilitated by a victory here in Flanders. It was the long battle on the Yser and around Ypres that brought these by no means visionary hopes and plans to an end. Never was victory nearer to the Germans than in the early days of November of this year when the British Expeditionary Army was so depleted as to have become almost a memory, with losses beyond anything that ever happened before in British history. At Ypres fifty thousand were killed, wounded, or captured—a

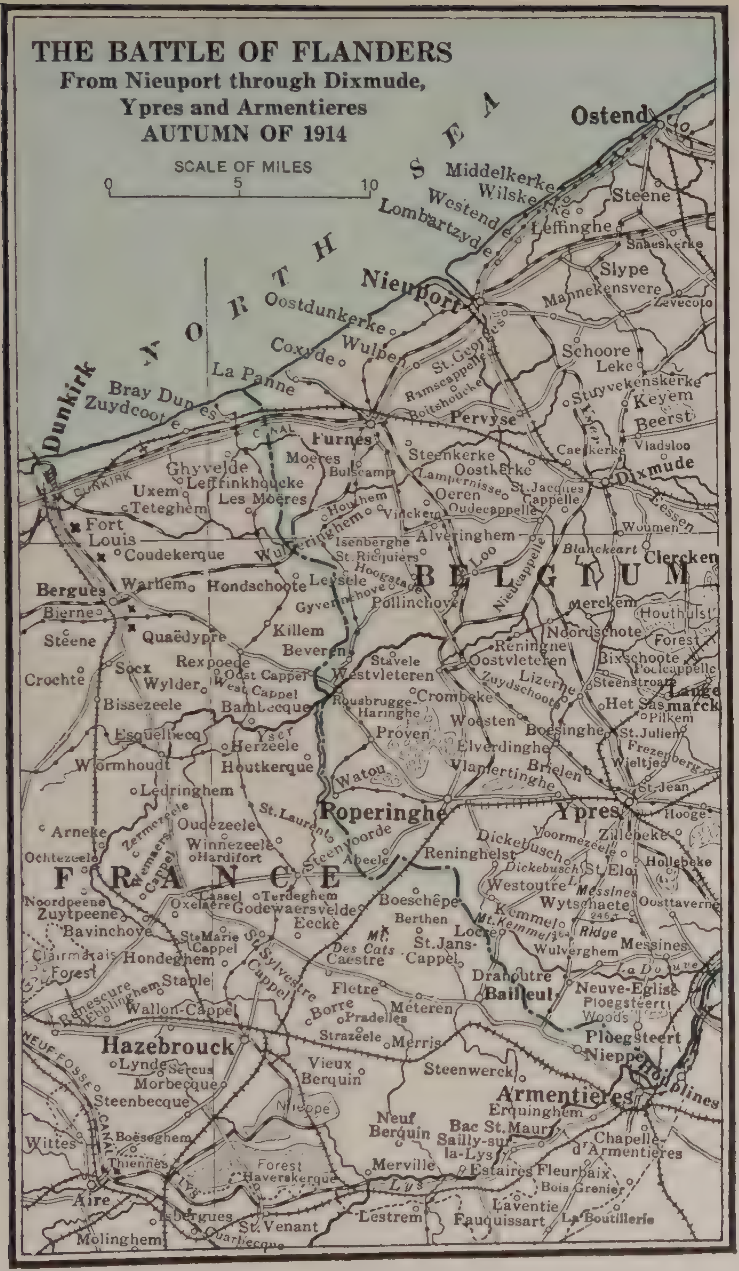
ENGLISH OFFICERS AT BILLETS IN FLANDERS

third of the whole Expeditionary Army. The French lost seventy thousand and the Belgians twenty thousand. As for the German losses, they seem to have exceeded a quarter of a million.

Of the two quite distinct engagements comprehended in the Battle of Flanders the first was fought not only by the Belgians, but was supported by French marines, and French Territorials, African riflemen, and a British fleet; the second for several days by the British alone, and afterward by the British and French together. There was continuous fighting from October 20 to November 16 along the whole front from La Bassée to the sea, but the two contests were separate German efforts to break through the Allied lines, first along the Yser, then about Ypres and south as far as La Bassée and Armentières. The fighting on the Yser merged, toward the south, in the fighting north of Ypres; the struggle for Ypres was closely connected with the battle that raged from La Bassée to the Lys; and the stand at La Bassée was influenced in many ways by the fate of the French left wing north of Lens, the German stroke against Arras being probably the gravest menace of all.

The canalized Yser runs several feet above the land adjacent to and west of it. It has a broad towpath and a rampart high enough to protect a man when firing. It moves in a slightly concave course from Dixmude to the coast at Nieuport. About two miles distant is the embankment of a railway connecting Dixmude with Nieuport. This embankment has been likened to the string of a drawn bow, of which the stave is the curving canal and the tips are Nieuport and Dixmude. The chief bridges over the Yser, and these were to prove important in the fighting, were at Nieuport, Mannekensvere, Schoorbakke, Tervaete, and Dixmude. As farm lands extending away from roads and dependent on these crossings were liable to flood, possession of the bridges was of importance alike to the assailants and the defenders.

Few roads in this district are wide enough to permit two vehicles to pass comfortably. Away from roads, the Germans had to fight across and among hedges, dykes, polders, willow-thickets, orchards, and gardens. The marshy character



THE BATTLE OF FLANDERS

From Nieuport through Dixmude,
Ypres and Armentieres
AUTUMN OF 1914

SCALE OF MILES
0
5
10
NORTH SEA
Ostend
Middelkerke
Wilskerke
Westende
Lombartzyde
Leffinghe
Steene
Snaeskerke
Slype
Mannekensvere
Zevecote
Nieuport
Oostdunkerke
Coxyde
Wulpen
St. Georges
Ramscappelle
Boitshoucke
Schoore
Leke
Stuyvekenskerke
Keyem
Beerst
Vladsloo
Caeskerke
Dixmude
Dunkirk
Bray Dunes
Zuydcoote
La Panne
Canal
Furnes
Pervyse
Yser
Moeres
Bulscamp
Steenkerke
Oostkerke
Lampernisse
St. Jacques Cappelle
Oeren
Oudecappelle
Eessen
Woumen
Ghyvelde
Leffrinkhoucke
Dunkirk
Uxem
Teteghem
Les Moëres
Houthem
Vinckem
Wulveringhem
Alveringhem
Isenberghe
St. Ricquiers
Loo
Blanckeart
Clercken
Fort Louis
Coudekerque
Hoogstade
Nieucappelle
BELGIUM
Bergues
Warhem
Hondschoote
Leysele
Gyverinchove
Pollinchove
Merckem
Houthulst
Bierne
Steene
Quaëdypre
Killem
Noordschote
Forest
Reninghe
Beveren
Stavele
Oostvleteren
Bixschoote
Poelcappelle
Rexpoede
Oost Cappel
Westvleteren
Lizerne
Steenstraate
Crochte
Socx
Wylder
West Cappel
Zuydschoote
Langemarck
Bissezeele
Bambecque
Rousbrugge-Haringhe
Crombeke
Het Sas
Pilkem
Woesten
Boesinghe
St. Julien
Esquelbecq
Yser
Herzeele
Proven
Elverdinghe
Frezenberg
Wieltje
Wormhoudt
Houtkerque
Vlamertinghe
Brielen
Watou
St. Jean
Ledringhem
Roperinghe
Ypres
Hooge
Zermezeele
St. Laurent
Arneke
Oudezeele
Steenvoorde
Voormezeele
Zillebeke
Dickebusch
Ochtezeele
Rubrouck
Winnezeele
Hardifort
Abeele
Reninghelst
Dickebusch L.
St. Eloi
Hollebeke
Wemaers Cappel
FRANCE
Westoutre
Messines
Noordpeene
Cassel
Terdeghem
Boeschêpe
Wytschaete
Oosttaverne
Zuytpeene
Oxelaere
Godewaersvelde
246
Eecke
Berthen
Kemmel
Mt. Kemmel
Ridge
Bavinchove
Mt. Des Cats
Locre
Wulverghem
Messines
Ste. Marie Cappel
St. Jans-Cappel
Clairmarais Forest
Hondeghem
Caestre
St. Sylvestre Cappel
La Douve
Dranoutre
Renescure
Ebblinghem
Staple
Fletre
Bailleul
Neuve-Eglise
Wallon-Cappel
Borre
Pradelles
Meteren
Ploegsteert Woods
Strazeele
Ploegsteert
Hazebrouck
Merris
Nieppe
Neuf-Fosse Canal
Lynde
Sercus
Vieux Berquin
Steenwerck
Morbecque
Armentieres
Houplines
Steenbecque
Nieppe
Erquinghem
Neuf Berquin
Bac St. Maur
Sailly-sur-la-Lys
Chapelle-d'Armentieres
Wittes
Boëseghem
Thiennes
Forest
Haverskerque
Merville
Estaires
Fleurbaix
Lys
Aire
Bois Grenier
Laventie
Isbergues
St. Venant
Lestrem
Fauquissart
La Boutillerie
Molinghem
Guarbecque

of the soil prevented them from making artificial cover, since trenches would speedily have been filled with water. Moreover, as the land at high tide is below sea level, the Belgians, by opening sluices, could let in the sea. The space between the Yser and the railway embankment could easily be flooded by closing culverts under the railroad and then bursting the bank of the raised canal.

That part of the battle which took place on the canalized Yser belongs among those prolonged actions on river fronts of which this war largely consisted—battles on the Meuse, the Marne, the Moselle, the Aisne, the Oise, the Somme, the Isonzo, the Piave, the Niemen, the Vistula, the Dunajee, etc. By the name Yser as applied to the battle was meant, not chiefly the stream so-called, but the canal which from Ypres runs first beside the little Yperlee, and then beside the Yser, which it finally joins, and so reaches the sea amid the dunes of Nieuport. Halfway along this course of twenty-three miles the canal touches Dixmude, a large village of 4,000 souls, who lived in cottages of rosy brick and tile, grown prosperous from beet-fields and grazing grounds, from flocks and herds, and proud of their ancient church of St. Nicholas. In this dead flatland, seamed with canals and dykes, man has ever been doomed to a double struggle against the reluctance of the soil, and the aggressions of the sea. Between hills on the protected French border and dunes on the North Sea, it lies saturated, and misty, further protected from submersion by an intricate system of drainage. For a population scattered in villages and small towns, a few highroads were adequate—narrow causeways of cobblestone, with broad bands of black mud on either side. Under frequent rains and white mists it was a dismal land, but in sunshine quaint enough with its mills, spires, farmsteads and lines of pollards and poplars.

Down in ditches at Dixmude, 5,000 Belgians under General Meyser and 6,000 French marines under Admiral Ronarch, held out against three corps of the Duke of Württemberg's army from October 16 to November 10, in torrents of rain hardly less destructive than the fire of German guns. The line of defense ran at first from Dixmude almost due north and for most of the way two or three miles east of the Yser Canal. If the line of the Yser had been lost, not only would Dunkirk and Calais have been imminently threatened; not only would the last thin strip of Belgian soil have been lost; but the British army at Ypres would have had to retire rapidly, or be surrounded, and all the Allied blood shed on the Lys would have gone for nothing.

On October 19 the Germans received orders to cross the Yser "at any cost." To facilitate an attack on Dixmude, columns from Bruges and Ghent were directed on Roulers. The town was attacked from three sides—from Hooglede on the northwest, Ardoye on the northeast, and Iseghem on the east. Issuing from Ostend and exposing themselves to the fire of the British flotilla off the coast, the Germans assaulted Lombartzyde, the Belgian advanced post in front of Nieuport where their attacks were repulsed with losses. On the right bank of the Yser between Nieuport and Dixmude, they fell upon the Belgians in Keyem and Beerst. Keyem held out, but Beerst was taken and then recaptured by French marines and part of the Belgian division from Dixmude. Eventually the Allies were compelled to retire from this point and also from Keyem. The Germans had recovered most of the Roulers-Dixmude road, the Menin-Roulers-Thourout-Ostend road and were threatening the route from Westroosebeke to Wervicq. The northern end around Westroosebeke was held by the French, but lower down toward Wervicq, which was in the hands of the Germans, parties of Germans crossed to the western side of the road. On the north and northeast, the position of the Allies was unfavorable, but on the east a belt of woods which extends south of Zonnebeke to Gheluvelt, thence to Hollebeke on the canal and thereafter to the eastern spurs of the ridge of the Mont-des-Cats, opposed a substantial barrier to an enemy moving on Ypres from the north bank of the Lys between Courtrai and Warneton. Most of the trees on October 19 were still intact and standing. In the tops of some, sharpshooters with machine-guns were ensconced. Branches here and there to some extent protected men from shrapnel. Trunks of trees stopt or diminished the velocity of rifle bullets, and foliage screened men and guns from hostile aircraft.

On the 21st the Germans attacked the long, thin line of the Allies, crossed the canal and made for Schoorebakke, one of the vulnerable spots in the Belgian center, but were beaten back, leaving behind lines of dead and wounded. Dixmude was furiously bombarded by heavy howitzers. No fewer than eight separate assaults were launched by the Duke of Württemberg against the town. At nightfall the Yser, south of Dixmude, had been temporarily passed by the enemy, who, however, were not able to maintain their hold on the west bank. The German commanders must have believed that a crowning victory was within their grasp. They had crossed the loop of the canal at Tervaete, and the low embankment of the railroad from Dixmude to Nieuport promised at dawn to be in their possession. From the embankment they could march through Pervyse and Ramscappelle either on Nieuport and Dixmude or on Furnes. From Furnes highroads led to Dunkirk and Ypres. North of Ypres they penetrated lines near Pilkem, and to the east of Ypres an Allied division seemed in collapse. To the south only cavalry and a few Indian troops stood between them and the capital of Western Flanders.

A Belgian Soldier from the Kongo

At the outbreak of war, three strange vessels built by the English to the order of the Brazilian Government lay at Barrow. Broad in beam, shallow of draught, they had been intended as patrols ships for the river Amazon. In August, 1914, the British Admiralty purchased these craft, which appeared in the Navy List as the *Humber, Severn,* and *Mersey.* They were heavily armored and carried each two 6-inch guns forward in an armored barbettes, and two 4.7-

inch howitzers aft, while four 3-pounder guns were carried amidships. Their draught was only 4 feet 7 inches, so that they could move in shoal water where an ordinary warship would run aground. With the first news of the German advance along the coast, the Admiralty saw their value and purchased them. On October 17 the three left Dover for the Flemish coast. The German attack on the 18th had hardly started when they began to fire. Beseler, the German commander, brought heavy guns into action, but was completely outranged, and several of his batteries were destroyed, being unable to retaliate with any effect. German big guns could not reach the British, and their submarines could not maneuver in shallow water. The torpedoes which they fired, having been set for much greater depth than the monitors' draught, passed harmlessly beneath their hulls. British guns swept the country for about six miles inland, until the German right was pushed from the coast, and Nieuport saved. Continuance of the German attack on the Yser was possible only at points beyond the range of British guns from the sea. For days cannon-fire out at the sea boomed and battered over the sand-dunes and along the marshes of the Yser.

Standing at Nieuport-Bains, where the Yser flows into the sea, one would have been on the edge of the great battle. Nieuport-Bains, near the little town of Nieuport which lies on the river a mile or so from the sea, consists of a water front, with a single street of hotels and pensions and a sprinkling of lodging-houses. The street runs up into an angle formed by the estuary of the Yser and the coast is connected by ferry with a coast-road which goes on among the dunes on the farther side of the river to Ostend. As you stand by the mouth of the river you have two villages in sight on the farther side. Both lie off the coast-road among the marshes, with dunes between them and the sea. The first is Lombartzyde, a mass of red-roofed houses clustering around a church. A mile or so farther on is Westende. In October both villages had been occupied by Belgian infantry who, supported by the guns of the British squadron, were trying to push their way up the coast to drive the Germans inland. Fighting was going on between the two villages.

Just behind the railway station was a row of hotels, mostly five stories high. One was occupied by drivers attached to guns thundering close by. These drivers were willing that correspondents should enter the hotels and mount the stairs. Accordingly, a party of several men posted themselves at a skylight on a topmost floor where the whole battle area was spread out before them, "a terrible and wonderful sight."[2] To the left was the sea, with the dark hulls of warships spitting fire and smoke. Immediately to the right, in a little birch wood a hundred yards away, were the Belgian batteries firing across the river. Red flashes from the guns could be seen darting through the trees with reports crashing out, sufficient to shake houses to their foundations. In front ran the railway line into Nieuport, which was hidden save for the broad green ribbon of the river with slimy banks dwindling out of sight in the direction of Nieuport, near which was a bridge of boats. Across the river were marshes, bounded on the right by a scattered line of buildings which marked the road from Nieuport to Lombartzyde. Lombartzyde itself lay in the center of the picture little more than half a mile away. To the left and partially hidden by dunes and banks which curved from the coast, was Westende.

Westende became "a perfect hell of fire and smoke." After the Germans captured it cruisers and destroyers poured shell after shell into and beyond it. Through glasses one could see some of the nearer buildings roofless; and an angry fringe of red tongues flickered round the gables. In the background of drifting smoke the dark forms of a church tower and windmill stood up half veiled and ruined. Between Westende and Lombartzyde all the sky was flecked with bursting shells. Here the main fighting was going on. Little balls which burst in clusters were shrapnel from Belgian guns roaring among trees. Now and again great splashes of black smoke spurted up among houses. Each splash marked the bursting of a shell from one of the warships out at sea. Somewhere near that inferno, at Lombartzyde, was perched a watcher marking where shells from warships were falling. With him sat a telephonist, his instrument at his mouth. Each time a shell burst, or the enemy made a move visible to the watcher, he glanced at his map and then gave a message which the telephonist transmitted to headquarters, whence it was repeated again by telephone to the wireless station in the rear. The wireless operator noted it and flashed it out to the ships. Thus, a a few minutes after he had fired his shot, a gunner out at sea received news of where his shell had fallen, regulated his aim, and fired again at his invisible foe.

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[2] One of these, representing The London *Times,* wrote an admirable first-hand account.

Shrapnel was bursting over marsh and river in the direction of Nieuport. White puffs drifted like feathers on the wind. Ammunition-wagons were passing up the road from Nieuport to Lombartzyde and German gunners were trying to wreck them. But their shells burst too high; the wagons passed by unscathed, and entered the villages. Shells continued to fall harmlessly over the marshes for awhile, then ceased, and the guns were turned elsewhere. Beyond Lombartzyde one could hear the sound of rifle-fire growing louder and more incessant. Along with the irregular cracks of rifles came an insistent tap-tap-tap like the noise of a hammer on wood. This was the note of the mitrailleuses. At first it was hardly noticeable, but later it dominated more distant sounds. All of a sudden it was seen that the marsh on the other side was alive with moving figures. From shelter under the bank rose man after man, who making a long, dark line moved forward across the open toward Lombartzyde. Slowly they would move, then disappear from sight behind a bank and then reappear again to cover the advance. Again and again they fired and roar on roar followed. Now a cluster of white puffs would appear above the line moving across the marsh. The advance had been signaled to German guns which at once had opened fire. Another cluster appeared, but still the line moved forward unbroken. A third time shells burst and as smoke cleared away the line broke into a run and, swiftly covering the remaining yards of open ground, dipt behind a bank and was gone.

For ten minutes there was no sign as to how the fight was going. Cannonading went on, German shells were falling in and round Lombartzyde and the fire increased in intensity. Houses rocked to reports of naval guns. Warships which had approached to within a half mile of shore were steaming forward and back in line, firing four-inch bow-guns as fast as gunners could work them—monitors with hulls like flatirons and drawing less than six feet of water. Three Belgian batteries to the right at the same time were sending a continuous stream of shells into the village; these burst like rockets around the church tower and left a fresh trail of smoke behind. Finally the village being untenable an order to retire was given, and line after line of infantry came out into the open and started to cover the distance to shelter at Nieuport. Along the road motor-cars and cyclists hurried back to town. The Germans retired as slowly and regularly as they advanced. Now and then a figure dropt from the line and remained motionless in the march; again four or five would fall together and still the lines would move on without waving toward the bridges at Nieuport. Overhead shells whistled to cover their retreat.

From villages the rattle of musketry showed the rear-guard was still making good the German defense, attacked tho they now were, from the sea, with a rain of shrapnel driving them far into villages and farms out of which they were expelled by high-explosive shells. In fields hundreds of Germans fell victims to shrapnel bullets. Reluctant to forego what the night before had appeared a certain victory, the Germans came back to the charge again and again, marched in masses, singing "Die Wacht am Rhein," but lack of training and faults in leading told their tale. The British had reserved their fire for close range, and then with rifles and Maxims mowed them down. On one of these mornings there were seen, according to an estimate, 2,500 German bodies in the Yser Canal. Many had been drowned, others bayoneted. The very water was bloody. Dixmude's streets were strewn thick with dead.

These ghastly facts give some idea of the savageness of the fighting, the intensity of the German attack, the stubbornness of the Allied resistance. That night had been a hell. From dark till dawn, at almost every point on the line, man opposed man, sometimes at a few hundred yards, but more often in close grips, face to face. Men wrestled and died drowning each other in the canal. The Germans had had orders to get through that night, cost what it might, and they did their best, but perhaps 5,000 of them gave up their lives. They failed, not because they failed to obey orders, for they crossed the waterways as they were bid, but, once through, were mown down with rifle-shot, torn into human fragments by shells, bayoneted back over their own dead into the canal.

The main road from Bruges to Nieuport, forks just below St. Pierre Capelle and so crosses the Yser at two points. Down these two roads and over the land between, German forces poured against the Allied lines. At the same time, Dixmude was attacked from the Lake road. Into a kink in the river almost due east of Pervyse, machine-guns were rushed to play on defending forces. Artillery joined in, but it was not mainly an artillery battle, rather one of rifle, revolver, and cold steel. The Germans tried to rush the bridges, but must have lost hundreds of men from the cross-fire of mitrailleuses. They finally got across, the Allies unable to hold them back, and ran on to Belgian trenches, fighting with revolvers and steel, and even with rifle-butts. A huge Belgian who had emigrated to British Columbia and returned to fight, used his rifle like an ax near a bridge and felled man after man till a bullet through the thigh bone brought him down.

Some 5,000 Germans, it was believed, got over the Yser, but hardly a soul of them ever got back. Those who found themselves north and northeast of Dixmude—probably 2,000—were met by a rally of Belgian infantry. Some cavalry who had tethered their horses were driven by main force at the bayonet's point to the river-canal and so into it. About 3,000 infantry got into Dixmude and held it for a time, but the place was riddled through and through with shell-fire and rifle-fire. Germans dashed out of crumbling houses only to be wiped out in the streets by a sirocco of shrapnel and shot. Sunday morning broke with dead and wounded everywhere. Dixmude was a cemetery. The situation on the line between Nieuport and Dixmude had undergone a decided change. For several days the Belgian army, supported by a French force, had been holding in check two entire German army corps. Their success, therefore, in repulsing repeated attacks—and in venturing at least one gallant counter-attack on their own account—was one of the most valuable achievements rendered to the Allied cause. While the most critical stage of the battle had passed, this did not mean that the Germans were on the run, or even preparing for retreat. Much water was yet to flow from the Yser into the North Sea, before the Germans would definitely abandon their designs on Calais and the northern coast.

The casualties among the Belgian army were naturally heavy. It could not be expected that, in the face of odds of two to one, success could be achieved without payment of the price. Belgians were brought in from battlefields horribly mangled, but there was no moaning, no complaint. Belgian courage was courage in its best form. It was in large degree the Belgian army which frustrated the German designs on the strip of coast between Dunkirk and Calais. How that army had been able to take up its position on the Yser after successfully making its retreat from Antwerp, was afterward explained. It escaped by a feat of arms what might well have led to annihilation. A force of a few thousand held up the Germans at Mullem, a little village south of Ghent, for a sufficient time to cover the retreat of the main army, which hugged the Dutch frontier as it made its seaward march. The battle of Mullem was the salvation of the Belgian army and perhaps something more than that.

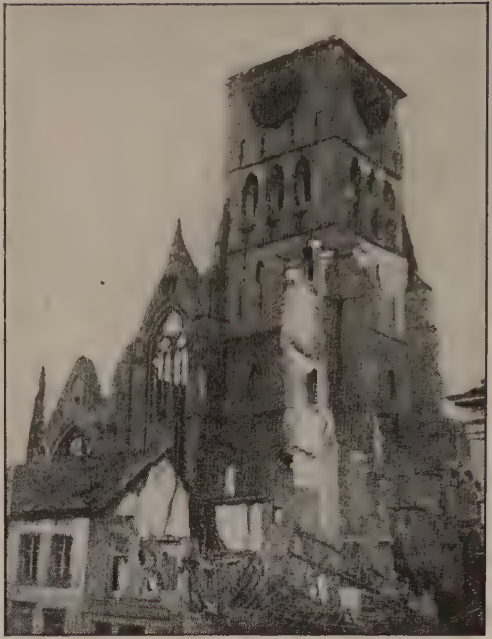
The Belgians still clung to their defenses along the Yser. When the fighting died away at nightfall on October 27, some lost positions had been won back, but on the whole the situation was not greatly different from what it was at the beginning of the day. Desperate attacks at Nieuport and Dixmude had been repulsed, the fortune of battle swaying backward and forward for a week. Germans crossed the canalized Yser east of Pervyse, but for days the Belgians never once entirely dislodged them. The Germans suffered losses, but kept a strip of ground they had won at the end of the river. Again and again they were almost swept away by shrapnel, but they continued to pour men into the death-trap which served them as a bridgehead. At Dixmude and Nieuport the struggle was equally severe. At Dixmude French marines had to stand an attack lasting practically forty hours, at the end of which time the town was in ruins, but the Germans had been driven beyond it at the point of the bayonet. Near Nieuport Lombartzyde was the point round which most fighting raged. It was taken and retaken. When at last the Belgians came out of it, German dead were lying thick in the streets.

The Germans, prevented by the guns of the Allied fleet from attacking Nieuport by the main road down the coast, succeeded in crossing the canal further to the south near St. Georges Chapelle, while the Belgians fell back into Nieuport under cover of French field-guns. At the same time, the Germans who were holding Tervaete spread along the western side of the canal in considerable force, and a frightful struggle occurred between river channels. The village of Stuyvekenskerke, that the Germans had occupied, was carried by the Belgians in a fierce bayonet charge. Their successes, however, were short, for the Germans concentrated their mitrailleuses on the canal bank close by, and the battalion which had relieved the place was raked to pieces and had to give way. When the Germans came on again, the French were at hand. Next day all the Germans, except a force holding the bridge at Tervaete, were back across the Yser.

So the tide of the German advance ebbed and flowed. Dixmude on October 26 had been the scene of a terrible fight. A force of German infantry got into the town, and for a moment paralyzed the advancing force. The defenders were finally able to turn on their captors. What exactly happened no one was able to tell, but in the course of the afternoon the town was again in the hands of the French and Belgians, after bayonet-fighting from house to house and up and down the streets. The greater part of the German battalion, unable to escape was taken prisoner. The struggle on the Yser showed once again that the Belgian infantry soldier could fight with as much courage as any in the world. The perseverance with which Belgian regiments held trenches under the continual fire of an artillery more power-

A RELIC OF THE FIGHT AT DIXMUDE

The turned-up wheels are those of a Belgian locomotive, abandoned during the battle, and afterward destroyed by lightning



RUINS OF DIXMUDE CHURCH

ful than their own, and against repeated infantry attacks, was fine. Following two months' hard fighting that ended in a long and discouraging retreat, the Belgian army had been called upon to hold the line of the Yser. Tired out and disorganized from earlier fighting, they well deserved a rest and yet they fulfilled their task for a longer time than they had expected and under trying conditions. Infantry were in the trenches almost without repose for ten days. They had nothing to drink but water from the canals they were guarding, and little opportunity to prepare a hot meal. The wounded came back from the firing-line plastered with mud from head to foot. Many were entrenched on one side of the Yser while Germans were on the opposite side, and had to endure a rain of shells from their heavy guns.

One resource was still at the disposal of the Allies. Inundations had not saved Antwerp, but here they might be effective. The idea of an inundation between Nieuport and Dixmude was familiar to Belgian commanders, and had not been overlooked by an engineer officer like Joffre. Accordingly an inundation was decided on. The meadows and fields to be flooded were on an average three meters or so above sea-level, but not at high-tide, when the sea at this point rises 4.50 to 6.0 meters. By a system of sluices at the mouth of the Yser, the waters of the canal and the innumerable dikes and ditches which drain into it, are ordinarily discharged into the sea. At high-tide, the sluices are closed and the land-water held back until the sea again falls.

The sluice-master who superintended operations at Nieuport received directions as it were to "reverse engines." From that day onward, no land-water was permitted to enter the sea, while at high-tide the sea was introduced into the canal to push back the land-water. The result, tho slow, was certain. From the eastern side of the hill of Cassel and the northern side of the ridge of the Mont-des-Cats streams increased by heavy rains, flowed down into a *cul-de-sac,* the bottom of which was covered by hundreds of ditches and dikes already filled almost to the brim by recent downfalls. To spread the inundation, the Belgians and French artillery during the 25th and succeeding days fired shells into the raised bank of the canal of the Yser, thus breaking this water-channel in several places, while, to prevent the floods from extending west of the low railway embankment from Dixmude to Nieuport, culverts were closed up. From the 25th onward the Germans, on the west side of the Yser, were in a trap. Their only chance of escaping was to carry Nieuport, and obtain control of the sluices. Unconscious of the snare which was being laid for them, the Germans on the 26th threw three pontoon-bridges across the Yser and attacked Nieuport.

THE FLOODED YSER

On the morning of the 30th, five French torpedo-boat destroyers were added to the British flotilla off shore. Rear-Admiral Hood hoisted his flag on the *Intrepid* and led the French ships into action off Lombartzyde, while French and British destroyers guarded larger vessels from submarines, whose presence was betrayed by their periscopes. From the dunes German howitzers hurled huge shells. The *Amazon* was badly hit. Lieutenant Wauton, commanding the *Falcon*, and eight seamen on it were killed and eighteen disabled. The monitor *Mersey* had had its 6-inch gun-turret disabled and received several shots on the water-line.

The Germans in front of Nieuport were barricaded in

Ramscappelle and along the railway to the north and south, but between the railway and the canal the inundation slowly and steadily advanced toward Pervyse. All day the battle raged for possession of Ramscappelle, the railway embankment, and Pervyse. The former village was taken and retaken by the French and Belgians and Pervyse remained in the hand of the Allies. At daybreak on the 31st Ramscappelle was bombarded. The Germans, finding the village untenable, advanced westward from it. The moment for which the Allies had been waiting in the small hours had now come. Bugles sounded the charge, and the French and Belgian infantry, under a hail of shot and shrapnel, and in face of batteries of machine-guns pouring lead as a hose pours water, rushed forward with an irresistible impetus.

The distance between the lines rapidly diminished until the assailants were soon 300 yards, 200 yards and then only 50 yards from the foe. For a second the issue was in the balance. Then, with a shout, the Allied troops hurled themselves on the Germans, and drove them backward to Ramscappelle and the railway. Seven mitrailleuses were captured and 300 prisoners taken. The ground was littered with dead and dying. In Ramscappelle the Germans rallied, and there was a terrible struggle at handy strokes. But the Allies still prest onward driving their foes before them. In vain did the German officers with threats, blows, and even pistol shots try to keep their men from throwing down their weapons and evacuating the village. Fear had overtaken this brave host, and by 9 A.M. Ramscappelle was lost to them.

An hour later the Allies were over the railway embankment. Then the French "seventy-fives" were brought up at a gallop and poured a hail of shell on the demoralized infantry wading through the water toward the canal. Rifles and machine-guns joined in the work of destruction, and the placid lake between the railways and the canal was soon dotted with drowning Germans fallen from the demoralized crowds struggling to reach a haven of safety over the bridges at St. Georges, Schoorbakke, and Tervaete. The crisis of the Battle of the Yser, the northern and the shorter phase of the Battle of Flanders, was over—the Germans had made their effort and failed.

After this battle had been in progress for sixteen days, while it could not be said to have reached a conclusion, the result seemed no longer in doubt. The German raid on the three coast-towns, Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, had not only been frustrated for the time being, but the invaders had suffered in a manner which could not fail to have some effect on the morale of the German army and the plan of campaign. Reports from the front spoke of a lull in the struggle. The Allies were said to be in impregnable positions, and fighting with great *élan*. The Germans were struggling bravely, but with the valor of desperation. Now and then, with a superb dash and with great bravery, they pushed forward here and there, but only to be driven back.

A BRIDGE BUILT BY GERMANS IN THE FLOODED YSER COUNTRY

Again and again they returned to the charge. The long line swayed and reformed itself; it twisted and straightened again, but it held everywhere.

Each day when the sun sank the two wearied armies welcomed the darkness. Here and there under its cover the Germans abandoned lines of trenches; but this did not mean retreat. Before the morning light illuminated the field of carnage, guns were at it again with redoubled vigor, shaking the windows of houses within a radius of twenty miles and waking sleepers. Then an artillery duel would open another terrible day. Hardly would daylight break before great masses of Germans would attack once more and reinforcements would arrive. Sometimes it was not merely a local attack, but one that extended along the whole Belgian frontier and, then spread itself away into France beyond Lille, to the south and southwest of which it would rage with particular violence. When the Germans were compelled to draw inland from the shell-fire of British ships which brought them into the district of dikes and canals, and up through this region, turned into a swamp by heavy rains, too low to permit of the construction of trenches, and destitute of all cover, they advanced, singing as they came, carrying not rifles but planks to form necessary bridges.

Behind plank-bearers came lines in solid array. Under the artillery fire of the defenders these columns melted away, but new regiments came on. Canals in time became choked with bodies until the living crossed on the dead. Again and again men returned to the charge, they passed the river in half a dozen places, but at the railway embankment they were definitely halted. The decisive turn had come after a week, when the Belgians opened the dikes and sluices and the flood poured in, drowning innumerable Germans, turning the country into a swamp, waist-deep in mud and water, through which neither artillery nor men could move. By October 28 the German attacks had ceased, the south bank of the Yser was evacuated, the terrible bombardment which had endured for many days was ended. The Battle of the Yser was over, and from Dixmude to the sea the Belgians held their ground. So far the Channel ports were safe.

Philip Gibbs[3] arrived in Flanders on October 21 and one day before noon, winding his way through the streets of Furnes, presently reached open country by the side of the Yser canal. All in that region then seemed peaceful and quiet. Even the guns were silent and the flat landscape, with its long, straight front of poplars between low-lying fields, "had a spirit of tranquillity in the morning sunlight." It seemed impossible to believe that only a few kilometers away "great armies were ranged against each other in a death-struggle." But the spirit of war was soon forced upon his imagination by what he saw on the roadside, and

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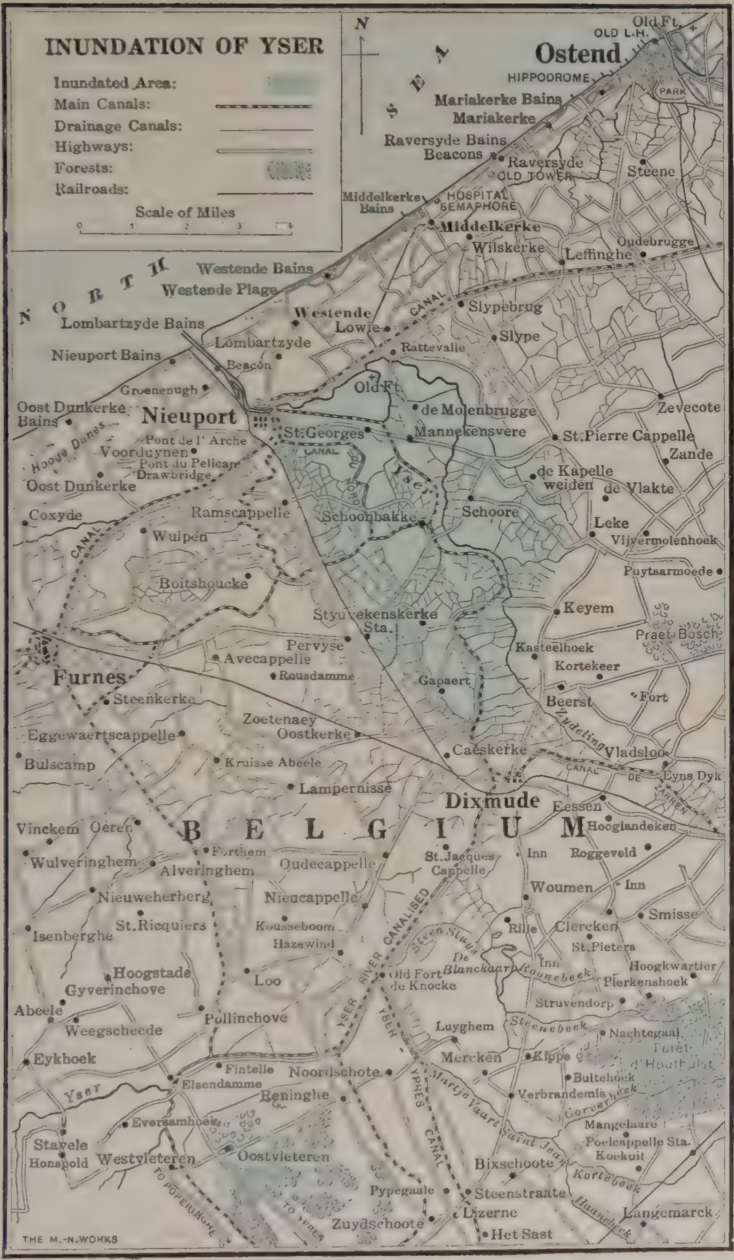
[3] Correspondent of The *Daily Chronicle* (London) and The New York *Times*.


INUNDATION OF YSER
Inundated Area:
Main Canals:
Drainage Canals:
Highways:
Forests:
Railroads:
Scale of Miles
0
1
2
3
4
N
NORTH SEA
Old Ft.
OLD L.H.
Ostend
HIPPODROME
PARK
Mariakerke Bains
Mariakerke
Raversyde Bains
Beacons
Raversyde
OLD TOWER
Steene
Middelkerke Bains
HOSPITAL
SEMAPHORE
Middelkerke
Wilskerke
Leffinghe
Oudebrugge
Westende Bains
Westende Plage
Westende
Lowie
CANAL
Slypebrug
Slype
Lombartzyde Bains
Lombartzyde
Rattevalle
Nieuport Bains
Beacon
Old Ft.
Groenenugh
de Molenbrugge
Zevecote
Oost Dunkerke Bains
Nieuport
Mannekensvere
St.Pierre Cappelle
Hooge Dunes
Pont de l' Arche
St.Georges
Zande
Voorduynen
CANAL
DU NORD
Yser
de Kapelle weiden
de Vlakte
Pont du Pelican
Drawbridge
Oost Dunkerke
Coxyde
Ramscappelle
Schoonbakke
Schoore
Leke
CANAL
Wulpen
Vijvermolenhoek
Puytsarmoede
Boitshoucke
Keyem
Styuvekenskerke Sta.
Praet Bosch
Pervyse
Kasteelhoek
Avecappelle
Kortekeer
Furnes
Rousdamme
Gapaert
Steenkerke
Beerst
Fort
Zoetenaey
Yzdeling
Eggewaertscappelle
Oostkerke
Caeskerke
Vladsloo
Bulscamp
Kruisse Abeele
CANAL DE ZARREN
Eyns Dyk
Lampernisse
Dixmude
Eessen
Vinckem
Oeren
BELGIUM
Hooglandeken
Forthem
Wulveringhem
Alveringhem
Oudecappelle
St.Jacques Cappelle
Inn
Roggeveld
Woumen
Inn
Nieuweherberg
Nieucappelle
Smisse
CANALISED
Isenberghe
St.Ricquiers
Koussebooom
Steen Stuis
Rille
Clercken
Hazewind
St.Pieters
De Blanckaart
Inn
Hoogkwartier
Hoogstade
Loo
Old Fort de Knocke
Roonebeek
Pierkenshoek
Gyverinchove
RIVER
Struvendorp
Abeele
YSER
YSER
Weegscheede
Pollinchove
Luyghem
Steenebeek
Nachtegaal
Foret d'Houthulst
Eykhoek
Mercken
Kippe
Fintelle
Noordschote
Bultehoek
Elsendamme
YPRES
Martje Vaart
Yser
Beninghe
Verbrandemis
Corverbeek
Eversamhoek
Mangelaare
Stavele
CANAL
Saint Jean
Poelcappelle Sta.
Honspold
Westvleteren
Oostvleteren
Koekuit
Bixschoote
TO POPERINGHE
Kortebeek
Pypegaale
Steenstraate
TO YPRES
Haanebeek
Lizerne
Langemarck
Zuydschoote
Het Sast
THE M.-N. WORKS

by a squadron of Belgian cavalry that rode by on tired horses, the men dirty and haggard after their long privations.

At a turn in the road the battle lay before him. He was now in the zone of fire. Across fields were a line of villages, with the town of Dixmude a little to the right two kilometers away. From each little town "smoke was rising in separate columns, which met at the top in a great pall of smoke, as a heavy, black cloud on the horizon line." At every moment "this blackness was brightened by puffs of electric blue, extraordinarily vivid, as shells burst in the air." Then the color gradually faded out, the smoke darkened and spread, and became part of the pall. Here at Dixmude were majestic scenes. Dixmude at one time was "a red furnace" and St. Jacques, farther south, was "a smaller furnace." All along the line shells which had been bursting in clouds of white and black smoke put on blood-red mantles. Close at hand everything was bathed in inky darkness, but farther off burning towns showed up clearer. As far as the eye could stretch the horizon became a purple red from the burning homes of thousands of harmless and peaceful dwellers who were already poverty-stricken refugees in England and France. In this district not a village or a hamlet escaped. Mr. Gibbs added:

> "Dixmude was a fair-sized town, with many beautiful buildings and fine old houses in the Flemish style. When I saw it for the first and last time, it was a place of death and horror. The streets through which we passed were utterly deserted and wrecked from end to end as tho by an earthquake. Incessant explosions of shell-fire had crashed down upon the walls. Great gashes opened in the walls, which toppled and fell. We saw a roof come tumbling down with an appalling clatter. Like a house of cards blown by a puff of wind a little shop suddenly collapsed into a mass of ruins. Here and there, farther in the town, we saw living figures. They ran swiftly for a moment and then disappeared into dark caverns under toppling porticoes. They were Belgian soldiers.
>
> "We were now in a side-street leading into the town-hall square. It seemed impossible to pass owing to the wreckage strewn across the road. We bumped over high *débris,* and then swept around into the square. It was a spacious place, with the town hall at one side of it, or what was left of the town hall. There was only the

splendid shell of it left, sufficient for us to see the skeleton of a noble building which had once been the pride of Flemish craftsmen. Even as we turned toward it, parts were falling upon the ruins already on the ground. I saw a great pillar lean forward and then topple down. A mass of masonry crashed down from the portico.

"Some stiff dark forms lay among the fallen stones. They were dead soldiers. I hardly glanced at them, for we were in search of the living now. Our motor-cars were brought to a halt outside a building and we all climbed down. I lighted a cigaret and noticed two of the other men within fumbled for matches for the same purpose. We wanted something to steady us. There was never a moment when shell-fire was not bursting in that square about us. Shrapnel bullets whipt the stones."

Those who had been in the fighting told stories of frightful slaughter. Fields and swelling seaside dunes were littered with dead. Death came in wholesale fashion and filled the trenches. The Yser, it was said without exaggeration, ran with blood. Canals in some places were bridged with dead bodies. The area which was flooded between Nieuport and Dixmude was an inferno which words failed to describe. Water became thick with corpses and muddy from the splash of shells. It was a terrible sight to see Germans caught in entrenchments when the flood came rushing in. Just at that time the fire from the fleet and batteries of the Allied forces had increased in intensity. On the edge of the flooded area infantry were at work with bullets and bayonets. Between fire and water, in a tornado of terror, which one who saw it could never possibly wipe out of his memory, trench after trench was taken, and a deep wedge was driven into the German positions.

The severest fights of the long battle were night encounters and charges. The artillery-fire both from sea and land exceeded in intensity that of any previous engagement of the war. Belgian and French officers gave vivid accounts of the night-attacks. Shells, shrapnel, and bullets roared and whistled through the night. Men fired into the darkness. Charging Germans rushed forward when they could not see a yard in front of them; then the searchlight flashed and flared, revealing the oncoming foe. A shower of lead and a rain of shrapnel burst upon them and in the lurid light they fell in heap after heap, then faded away, followed into trenches by the searchlight's glare. Men who went out found a strange silence brooding over deserted trenches. Lights would be shifted forward to guide cannon-fire as shots raked trenches and other shelters to which the Germans retired. Again there would be a charge, but it would die away as those before had done and the trenches would then be abandoned. Perhaps a line of trenches would be recovered after some tremendous effort, and British and French artillery would rain upon it death and destruction. So the battle would go on; every yard of ground won with tremendous effort, and lost at appalling cost.

No words could convey an adequate idea of the condition of western Belgium at that time. The entire section of country west of a line through Antwerp and Brussels was one vast field where men had fallen dead in numbers far beyond the capacity of the living to inter corpses, and where the wounded filled every available building and were lying by hundreds in the open without succor of shelter, awaiting death from exhaustion. Roads, tramways, and railways, were everywhere encumbered with wounded. Villages in the line of advance were devastated by shell-fire and civilians killed, while in most cases heavy war taxes and huge supplies were extorted before the ruin was completed. Many once prosperous homesteads and hamlets were literally torn to pieces, such walls as were still standing being pitted by shrapnel balls. In some villages churches became smoldering ruins. Dead horses, cows, and pigs, which had been

RUINS OF SUMMER HOTELS AT NIEUPORT

caught in the hail of shrapnel, littered village streets. Among carcasses and *débris* wandered wretched inhabitants who had returned to see what they could save from the wreckage. Here, blocking a narrow street, would be seen a dead horse, still harnessed to a trap, and beside it the corpse of a Jager. Close by, in an enclosure, where a shell had found them, lay cavalry horses, a little farther on a row of German dead for whom graves were being dug by peasants. The work of burial fell to a great extent on the inhabitants, who with soldiers took no little care in marking the last resting-places of their countrymen and their allies, either by little wooden crosses or else by flowers. Amid the graves, scattered all over the countryside, were rifle-pits, trenches, and gun emplacements, which those resting below the sod had helped to defend or to attack.

The entire battle-front from Nieuport to Dixmude was ravaged to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other area in the war up to that time. The cannon engaged on each side numbered at least 500. Included among them were British naval guns firing lyddite shells, German naval guns and 28-centimeter howitzers. For three full weeks these guns were engaged in battering at buildings and tearing at entrenchments. The final result recalled San Francisco after the earthquake and fire. Indeed, the destruction was generally more complete, the momentum of great powers of destruction unloosed more terrible. Along the line of the Yser for eight or ten miles men seemed to act with the intention of destroying all traces of civilization. Roads were torn up in every direction by great shells. The crater-like pits which high-explosive shells dug were like the craters which stud the sides of an active volcano and were seen everywhere in the fields. Cemeteries were forced to give up their dead. Bones dug up by shells, as if in derision of all piety, were flung along the surface of the soil. Here might be seen a skull; there, almost a complete skeleton, and again only a fragment of bone.

As for buildings, in some places they hardly existed longer. Nieuport, the most considerable town of the devastated district, was no longer a port, but deserted like its greater neighbor Bruges. Nieuport, however, did not suffer as much as Dixmude. It suffered more than Ramscapelle and about as much as Pervyse, and it represented about the average of the destruction done to West Flemish towns. In Nieuport, with thousands of houses, not one remained altogether undamaged. Quite half were absolutely destroyed. There was no street which did not have heaps of ruins in it. Some streets were nothing but ruins. Of the churches the chief, a fine Gothic building, almost as large as Westminster Abbey, had only some of its walls standing. Inside it was a mass of stones, bricks, glass, slate, human bones, and charred wood. The very vaults had been torn open by shells, and relics of the dead thrown out to the light. One pile of ruins within the church was twenty feet high. One crater of a shell was twelve feet deep. Three other churches suffered, tho not such complete ruin. Of the Hôtel de Ville a façade survived, but the roof was gone. One side wall and all the interior had been blown to pieces.

Convents, schools, and public buildings were more or less destroyed, and so were the great majority of private houses. Sometimes a house took the blow of the shell squarely, and so remained only a heap of brick and timber cumbering the street. Sometimes there was a glancing blow, and then one side only was destroyed. The continuous bombardment killed many of the civilian population who had not already fled. There was safety nowhere, neither in cellars nor behind walls. One citizen remained alone with his wife and three children throughout the whole bombardment which lasted in its full intensity ten days, not counting other days when the town came under shell-fire. This man was afterward seen standing guard over his ruined home to which, after the damage by shells, some addition had been made by soldiers. He was proud of his feat of endurance and eager to show a photograph of his wife and children.[4]

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[4] Principal Sources: The London *Times'* "History of the War," The *Daily Mail,* The *Morning Post,* The *Daily Chronicle,* London; The Evening *Telegram,* The *Times,* New York; G. H. Perris' "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium" (Henry Holt & Co.), "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, "Bulletin" of the National Geographic Society, Associated Press dispatches.

III

THE SOUTHERN PHASE—YPRES, LA BASSÉE, AND ARMENTIÈRES

October 20, 1914—December 10, 1914

WHILE a definite period to a modern battle can seldom be set, most authorities have agreed that the Battle of Yypres lasted from October 20 to November 17, or twenty-seven days, but there was minor fighting in the neighborhood until well into December. As it was the purpose of the Germans to break through at Ypres, and so clear the way to the Channel ports, the Allies used every man they could spare to stop a thrust from masses who greatly outnumbered them. The battle near, and south of Ypres really had two phases—the first from October 20 to the 31st, when the crisis and turning-point came, the second from October 31 to November 17, three days of paramount importance being October 29th, 30th, and 31st, during which the fate of the whole Allied cause trembled in the balance. Not only in men but in artillery did the Germans have overwhelming preponderance. They attacked with magnificent courage and methodical precision, but they were not a match for British and French troops. Man for man the western Allies were their superiors here as they were in all other western battles. All through that bitter sacrifice, despite terrific casualties and weariness to the point of exhaustion, Allied courage remained undaunted; Allied morale unshaken. The odds in favor of the Germans were at times nearly ten to one, but owing to the nature of the ground they could only attack in mass formation along roads and open spaces, or along woods where their formations could not keep in touch with one another, or move unbroken. Nothing but masses of men and reckless disregard of carnage could have inspired the German with any hope of subduing the terrible superiority of British fire. The German troops had been told in an Imperial Order that upon them depended the vital issue of the campaign, which in truth was the case.

Ypres at the end of October had become the crucial point on the whole front. Here the Germans, over and over again until winter set in, threw into the struggle the flower of their army, only to see it torn and shattered into pieces by that "contemptible little army" from Great Britain which blocked the way. The little city stood midway between the industrial beehive of the Lys and the well-tilled flats of the Yser. Once the center of the wool-trade of Flanders, its noble Cloth Hall dating from the twelfth century, testified to vanished mercantile pre-eminence. No Flemish town could boast a prouder history. It was the red-coated burghers of Ypres who, with the men of Bruges and Courtrai, in July, 1302, marched against Count Robert of Artois, and inveigled the chivalry of France into a tangle of dikes and marshes from which few escaped. Seven hundred pairs of gilded spurs were hung in the Abbey-church of Courtrai as spoils of this battle. The prowess of burgher infantry on that fatal field established the hitherto despised foot-soldier as the backbone of future armies. Ypres had a link with British military records; in one of its convents hung a British flag that was captured at the battle of Ramillies. The town stands on the Yperlee, a tributary of the canalized Yser. A single-line railway passed through it from Roulers to the main Lille-St. Omer line at Hazebrouck. The country about it is dead flat, so that the spires of Ypres made a landmark for many miles. On all sides radiated cobbled Flemish roads, the two main highways on the east being those to Roulers and Menin, with an important connecting road cutting the latter five miles from Ypres at the village of Gheluvelt.

The great battles of the world have not uncommonly been fought in places worthy of a fierce drama. "The mountains look on Marathon, Marathon looks on the sea," as Byron sang. So did mountains look on Chicamauga, Thermopylæ, Marengo, Solferino, and Plevna. Great plains gave dignity to Châlons and Borodino. The magic of the desert encompassed Arbela and Omdurman. There was snow at Austerlitz, a harvest moon at Chattanooga, against which was silhouetted Sheridan's charge. But Ypres was stark carnage and grim endurance, without glamor of earth or sky. Sullen heavens hung low over dank fields, dripping woods, mean houses, and a sour and unsightly land. It was such a struggle as Lee's in the Wilderness, where, amid tattered scrub and dismal swamps, ragged soldiers of the Confederacy fought almost their last battles.

Having reorganized their forces after the flood on the Yser, the Germans selected a route by which they could keep far enough inland to escape the fire of British and French warships. A quarter of a million men were understood to have been massed along the front from which they were to make this new attack, with the Duke of Württemberg in supreme command. To aid him 160,000 fresh troops were ordered forward, reinforcements which were said to give the Duke 350,000 men. While the fighting continued at intervals on the Nieuport-Dixmude lines, the main forces were massed on a Dixmude-Ypres front, and it was expected that a supreme effort would be made there. Had they been able to force a way at that point, the Germans would have secured a direct route to Boulogne. This line, which is further south and southwest than the other, leads from the Yser to Boulogne by way of Ypres, Hazebrouck, and St. Omer.

The British position extended from the canal just west of Ypres in a broad half circle about the town and some five miles outside of it, until it touched the Ypres-Armentières highway, south of the former town, a position lacking in natural advantage for defenders. To defend a front of at least thirty miles the British had four small army corps. On paper this meant about 150,000 men, but so great were the early losses that corps were combined early in the fight and it may be doubted if General French commanded many more than 100,000 in the hardest days of the conflict. This was a force insufficient to hold that extent of front, as the British commander recognized at the outset. Yet there was left no choice. The fate of the Channel ports of northern France now depended upon him. Once more it was asked of a British Army to display the qualities that had won Waterloo and which had made the great retreat of August, 1914, forever memorable.

On the night of October 26 British troops dug themselves in on the ground they had gained. All through the night—

A FRENCH OUTPOST ON THE FRANCO-BELGIAN FRONTIER a night of inky darkness and torrential rain—the Germans launched desperate counter-attacks. There was much close-quarter fighting of a confused and bloody nature, but everywhere the enemy was beaten back, and then followed two days of comparative calm. The Kaiser, infuriated by the failure of his masses to break through the few attenuated battalions that stood between him and Calais, arrived at Menin. Fresh divisions were hurried up; inspired exhortations were made to the great army to prove its invincibility, and on the 29th the Twenty-seventh Reserve Corps was hurled on the British position at Kruiseik. Two weary and depleted brigades (the First and the Twentieth) alone stood in the path of the fresh German troops sent forth to conquer or come back no more. Many went back no more.

They were driven to a supreme effort and fought with the courage of heroes; but in their path stood some of Britain's most famous regiments. Of all deeds in the long records of those regiments, none was more splendid than those done at Kruiseik that day. Kruiseik itself was lost, but from the slopes of the Gheluvelt ridge a thin khaki line still barred German progress. On the 30th the Fifteenth German Army Corps attacked Zandvoorde. The defending troops—half infantry, half cavalry—insufficient for the task they had to face, held back an army corps for half a day, and then fell back unbroken to a continuation of the lines held by battalions guarding Gheluvelt.

The task of the little Ypres defense-force was to hold back German columns till the French troops whom Foch had promised to Sir John French had time to come up. High commands knew this, and the Germans knew it, but British battalion-units did not. These only knew that their orders were to hold back the German advance at all costs. The French were hurrying up a new army to block a road that now lay temptingly open, except for a few insignificant detachments of men in khaki. Soon the great German Army might pass to its triumphant goal. The morning opened with the fiercest bombardment yet witnessed in the war. There were no concrete trenches or dugouts in those days—only rough-and-ready ditches hurriedly scooped out. The bombardment was followed by a simultaneous attack along the wide British line from Zonnebeke to Messines, in the expectation of finding at least one weak spot where weight of numbers would break through. It was known that the British had no reserves. Every man was on the fighting line; orderlies, servants, cooks, and cyclists had been put in to keep touch between this unit and that, each already extended beyond the recognized limits of effective resistance. All through that day the battle raged—this astonishing battle of the many against the few—and when night fell the few still faced the many, shattered, bleeding, and reduced to skeleton dimensions, still unbeaten, however, and still barring the way to Calais.

Fresh German army corps then took the place of those who had done the day's fighting, and, under the light of the moon, hurled themselves upon the battered line of khaki. Dismounted British cavalry, stretching from St. Eloi to Messines, now did deeds that will live forever in British annals. Time after time these horsemen afoot charged with the bayonet crack Bavarian infantry and hurled them headlong back upon their reserves. Continuous pressure was maintained all through the day and night of October 31, and through the day and night of November 1. Altho the primary aim of this method of warfare was the paralysis of physical and mental energy, its only practical effect at Ypres was a gain of half a mile at Gheluvelt, Wyschaete, and Messines. Between the great German army and its objective there still stood that indomitable line of khaki, thinned out of recognition, but undismayed. At last, on November 2, Foch's Sixteenth French Army trained up, and from end to end of the line the long, grim battle was won—the crisis past. Fierce fighting, it is true, raged for a fortnight longer round about Klein Zillebeke, sustained by the same devoted war-worn units, but the German advance had reached its limit. Prussian Guards were hurried up in a last despairing effort to turn the scale, but the only effect of their coming was to prove that others were more invincible than they. The Prussian Guards were beaten, as their predecessors had been beaten, and the promised land to them was still far off.[5]

How the position at Ypres was repeatedly assailed from north, south, and east; how the picked troops of Germany were hurled against it; how the Bavarians had their try, and then the Prussian Guard; how all attacks failed in spite of the German Emperor's orders that Ypres must be taken at any cost—the whole of this story was told by Field-marshal French in words which a British minister said "will live as long as the British Empire endures." The defeat of the Prussian Guard on November 11 was the final blow to the mass tactics of the Germans. Science and brains once more had triumphed over man power. If any troops in the world could have done what the German Emperor ordered to be done at Ypres, the Prussian Guard would surely have accomplished the task, but it was beyond their power; 15,000 Prussians were annihilated by 3,000 Englishmen, not because the Prussians were less brave than the English, but because their leading was faulty, and their methods were wrong.

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[5] Lord Ernest Hamilton's account in The *Morning Post* (London).

The German plan of attack was to concentrate as many guns as could be massed in the locality chosen for the attack, and prepare the way for infantry to advance after resistance had been weakened by overwhelming artillery-fire. Infantry were sent forward in battalions, regiments, and even brigades, massed together after the fashion of the Macedonian phalanx, which were often seven or eight deep, the men standing shoulder to shoulder, driven on by their officers who, with sword in one hand and revolver in the other, threatened them with death from behind if they flinched in front. These tactics failed, as it had been prophesied they would by every British officer who had attended Imperial German maneuvers since the Boer War. In thus trusting to mass-formations the Kaiser omitted to take account of the increased power conferred on the defense by the destructive effects of modern weapons, with which a few men entrenched could check a column ten times their strength in numbers. It was not a question of courage, for when fighting in mass the Germans had as much collective courage as any troops in the world, but of what was possible or not possible of achievement in the face of magazine-rifle and machine-gun fire. It was owing to the Kaiser's misapprehension that his hacking tactics resulted in failure, and only led to the sacrifice of the flower of his army without anything to show for the losses sustained.

Fighting raged also with great intensity on the Menin road south of Ypres, on the Ypres canal, the River Lys, and on the plateau that is crossed by a road from Ypres to Armentières. Here the offensive of the Allies was met by violent counter-attacks, delivered by a German army corps newly brought into Flanders, supported by the concentrated fire of a great number of massed batteries. A most important engagement was fought in the plain about Lens, which lies midway between Lille and Arras. The Germans assaulted the village of Cambriens, on the road from La Bassée to Béthune, and directed determined attacks against Aix-la-Noulette, a village at the foot of a wooded height dominating a vast plain and commanding the road from Arras to Béthune. A mile to the northeast stood what was left of a tree under which the great Condé was stationed in 1648 during another battle of Lens, where he defeated the Archduke Leopold.

At Ypres the Allies achieved a purpose. Their line was kept secure from the Oise to the sea. Turning movement and piercing movement had alike been foiled. The German initiative was over. They were now compelled to conform to the battle as the Allies had set it, with the edge taken from their ardor and gaps everywhere in their ranks. Had the Allies failed, the Germans would have won the Channel ports and destroyed the Allied left, and the war would have taken on an entirely new character. Ypres, like Le Câteau, was in a special sense a British achievement. At the same time, without the splendid French support from d'Urbal's corps, without Belgians on the Yser and other Frenchmen under Maud'huy at Arras, the case would have been hopeless. The Allies had never fought in more gallant accord. But the most critical task fell to the British. Not the least of the gain was the complete assurance it gave of their quality. They had opposed the blood and iron of the German onslaught with a stronger blood and a finer steel.

The bombardment of Ypres did not begin until the first of November, after the Germans had seized the Messines and Hollebeke hills which gave them necessary gun-positions.

For ten days guns had been roaring in woods around the city, and refugees had poured in from burning farmsteads, driven in terror down roads thronged with soldiers. Arches and cellars of the municipal offices beneath the Halles became filled with refugees, children being separated from families, mothers from daughters. The whole place became a fantastic medley of nightmarish sounds and signs of misery. Through the masses flitted white-cowled nuns, Sisters of the Irish Convent, Poor Clares and other Orders, who worked unceasingly to help, comfort, and alleviate distress. All the religious buildings in the town became full of refugees, wounded soldiers, billeted troops. Then came the first shells—large, long-range, howitzer projectiles that whined and wailed as they fell. Houses round the Port de Lille and outside the ramparts were the first to suffer; then the bombardment became general. Shells exploded in the Grande Place, into which every main street in the town led, and made it a shambles. People took refuge in cellars, but the shells swept through, bursting in basements and bringing buildings down in murderous cataracts of brick upon poor wretches beneath. Women wept, prayed, and crowded into the Cathedral and the Church of St. Nicolas.

To add to the terrors of this bombardment, fire broke out in streets of mean dwellings and spread unchecked, consuming an outlying portion of the town. Rumors flew from mouth to mouth as the fortunes of the day wavered, and the townspeople, who dared not leave, eagerly questioned the haggard wounded who poured in from the front. Day after day the battle continued, now dying down when the countryside was wrapt in wet fog, and now beginning again with redoubled fury when a languid breeze lifted the veil. With the collapse of the German effort to break through, the bombardment of the city was intensified. It seemed as if the Germans knew that they could never get through, but were determined to wreak their vengeance upon the town. Day and night guns roared ceaselessly, the sullen mutter audible down into Picardy. The woodwork of the Cloth Hall and the cathedral-roof blazed and was burned in spark-shot veils of smoke, and the great Church of St. Nicolas lay partly in ruins. Wrapt in its shroud of smoke the city endured its agony, its old-world beauty passing away beneath iron hail. Most of the inhabitants had already fled, none but military remaining. The dull clash of falling masonry, the shrill whine of shell-splinters ricocheting from roofs, echoed and re-echoed in the deserted cloisters of the church. Inside the cathedral all lay piled in disorder—crosses, marble statues from tombs, old oak choir-stalls, rags of burned canvases that once were priceless pictures—all smashed beneath masses of fallen masonry and plaster from the roof. Here was a carved angel's head, here a fretted pinnacle. Over all glittered with the sheen of many jewels broken lozenges of stained glass that once had made the cathedral-windows glow with sumptuous coloring.[5a]

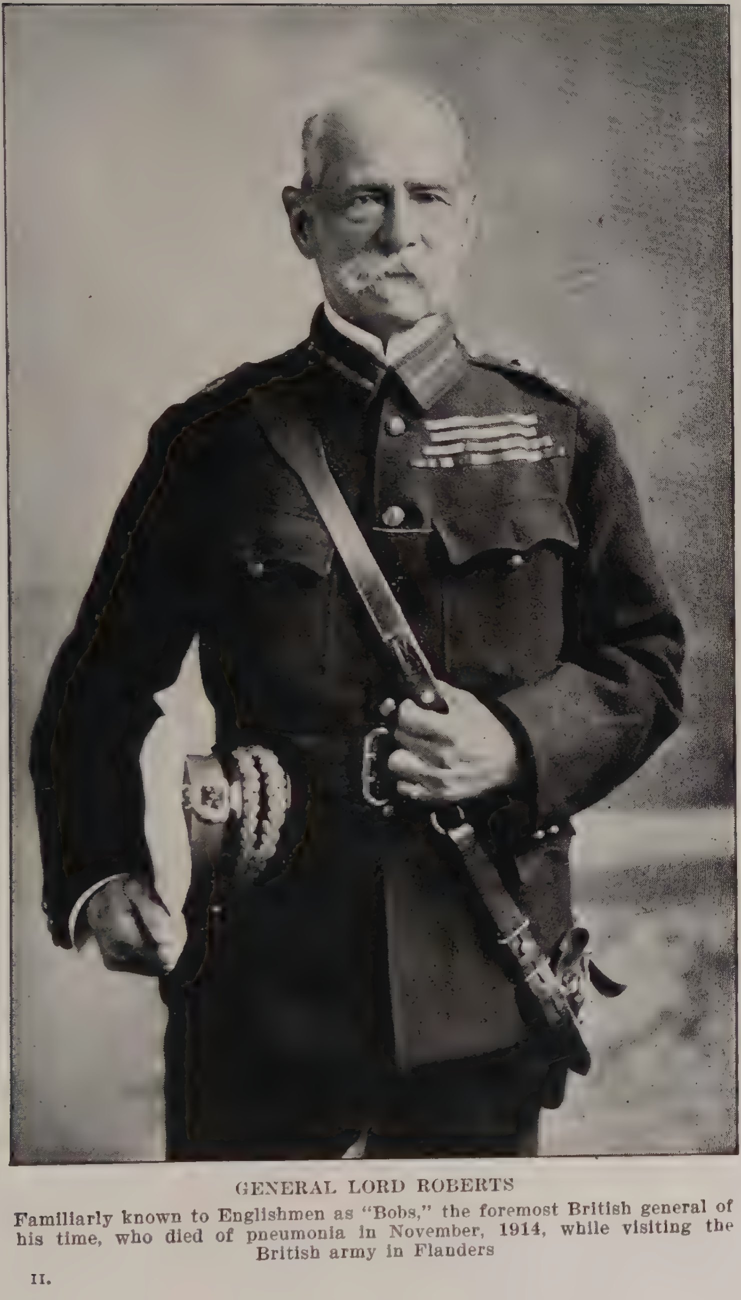
By November 5 the full tide of war had flowed back south from the sea coast into France. Heavy reinforcements of first-line German troops, hurried up from Ghent and Bruges, were thrown into the fighting zone. The attack was especially severe at two points on which the Allied line was long and thinly held, an enormous mass of infantry being hurled against Armentières which lies northwest of Lille. Against Arras were launched two army corps. Both at Armentières and at Arras the Germans were supported by guns. At Armentières they brought to bear a new type of mortar, which threw a projectile weighing several hundred pounds. The ground around Armentières being too soft and yielding to sustain without artificial support the weight of the mortar, the Germans under cover of night dug a deep pit, filled it with concrete and mounted the gun on a wooden platform. At dawn they raked the Allied trenches with high-angle shell-fire, the projectiles from the mortar falling plump into the trenches. The shells buried themselves deep in the parapet of the trenches, making huge holes where they struck and giving the British a mud-bath. At the impact these shells found no resistance from the soft clay, so that their destructive force was reduced to a minimum.

This attack was under imperial and royal auspices, the Kaiser and the King of Saxony being present at the local German headquarters, which at one time were at Tourcoing, only a few miles to the east. After another hour of shell-fire directed on the whole Allied line, mud-stained men who, molelike, had burrowed into the earth, crawled forth and, pulling themselves upright, again faced British bullets. Shrapnel and rifle-fire had no difficulty in finding them. Englishmen could not help admiring the bravery of men who marched calmly and slowly toward death. As that dull, gray-clad German line, urged forward by officers, came on, it left behind at each step a trail of dead and dying. German artillery ceased while the infantry crept closer and closer toward the Allied trenches; but the fire from the trenches was telling and under it the assaulting columns dwindled. No soldiers that ever faced an enemy could stand against such a bullet storm. Finally, the German infantry wavered—went down as one man and sought cover. The attacking force had been an easy target for British gunners and riflemen. As the minutes went by it became more clear that if the Germans stayed where they were, they would be annihilated. Officers ordered a fresh advance. The men who had passed through that hellish ordeal were not prepared to close with the enemy. The punishment sustained in the advance had practically demoralized them.

[5a] "The Story of Ypres," by Hugh B. G. Pollard (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

Then ceased the British artillery and rifle-fire. Mud-covered English soldiers appeared above ground, clambered into the open with fixt bayonets, and the khaki-clad swarm went forward. This stimulated the hesitating Germans into activity. They fired one volley, sprang to their feet, and then went to the right-about. One line sought to cover the retreat and with fixt bayonets faced the advancing British. A low murmur of satisfaction ran along the British front; then they broke into cheers, as they closed with the Germans, and bayonet met bayonet, with thrust and parry, a swaying mass of struggling men in khaki and gray at death-grips. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle took place. It separated into two lines and then broke clear. Men in gray were running those in khaki, cheering or attempting to cheer. Back went the Germans and in pursuit forward went the British.

Thousands of Germans perished at La Bassée in a hopeless attempt to break through the French lines, Arras suffer-



GENERAL LORD ROBERTS

Familiarly known to Englishmen as "Bobs," the foremost British general of his time, who died of pneumonia in November, 1914, while visiting the British army in Flanders

ing a third bombardment during the operation. The attack was made with great vigor in the hope of compelling the British to evacuate Ypres, Hazebrouck, and Béthune. Its line was twisted into a great horseshoe from the River Lys, through Menin, Tourcoing, Roubaix, and Lille, to La Bassée. Men in the Allied camp wondered how many more attempts the Germans could make after such wholesale slaughter. The battle at La Bassée became an artillery duel on the most gigantic scale, but there were no visible signs of fighting.

It was only with difficulty that soldiers engaged in the battle could be seen. To the rear, however, were immense masses of armed men, not fighting, but waiting with quiet confidence. They were lurking around farmyards, playing cards in stables, cooking meals in field-kitchens. They appeared to be men of peace whom the boom of guns ahead did not interest. The battlefield here was unlike that in the country of the Yser and Ypres, where maneuvers and counter-maneuvers, charges and hand-to-hand fights, could be seen through field-glasses. It was not the battlefield of popular imagination. Nowhere was a gun or gunner exposed, but both were present, concealed by wily devices. Indeed, the whereabouts of guns were a mystery, even to the opposing generals. If they could only be located then some of them might have been dislodged and a battle in the popular sense, with infantry and cavalry charges and the storming of positions, would have followed.

The battle at La Bassée was fought in a country that undulates like the Sussex Downs in England and where orchards and copses afforded cover for guns and men. Altho the Allied arms made no appreciable advance in La Bassée, they remained immovable. It was impossible to conquer an enemy that you could not see, and whose infantry refused to be tempted. The German infantry on several occasions simulated attacking movements. Approaching the French lines they fired countless rounds of ammunition. Only once did they see French infantry and then, having advanced far enough to meet their doom, were harassed by shrapnel. Big guns monopolized the fight. Their thunder was deafening and inspired awe, but it did not spread fear. Quite $500,000 was expended in a week in shells by the Germans at La

Bassée, but beyond destroying a number of beautiful churches and firing many farm-houses they contributed nothing to a victory. The casualties from the artillery-fire were trivial on both sides.

Armored trains inflicted damage on the Germans, but all on board remained unscathed. The only casualty on board was one man slightly wounded. Armored trains, or "land cruisers," as they were called in the ranks, in some cases annihilated whole companies. They fired their biggest guns broadside, which gave gunners a weird sensation, for, while the wheels of the train jumped the rails, they were so constructed as to be readily made to regain their positions.

It was estimated that the Germans who had concentrated between Ypres and Arras, about 400,000 men, for their final effort on the Channel ports, had brought with them enough artillery to blast away a mountain. When the guns on both sides were in full activity, the detonations, even from a point six miles away, became almost deafening. Ypres, like every other town in that district, was reduced to a heap of ruins. No army had had such a test in this district as the British. Some regiments were eleven days in the trenches without a rest. Never was there a really quiet day. Attacks and counter-attacks were frequent. Around the Belgian capital the Germans all this time were working at fortifications. On the field of Waterloo they were using steam entrenching-machines. Enormous quantities of cement had been brought into the country. Behind their fighting ferro-concrete lines they expected to recuperate if pushed back, believing the Allies would exhaust themselves in repeated attacks upon them.

By November 9 Ypres was again in flames and the great part of the fine old Flemish town in ruins. The Germans on that day poured 11-inch and 13-inch shells into the place. No one was killed as the town was completely deserted. An officer who was there in the afternoon said the only living things he saw were a dog and an old, crippled Flemish woman who was trying to quench flames with buckets of water. A northwest breeze fanned the flames and as most of the houses on the western side were timbered, the town became a mass of red-hot wreckage. Much of the structural work at Ypres was done in the thirteenth century. The tower of the former Cathedral of St. Martin, now partly in ruins, dates from 1221. Paintings by Rubens and his pupils had been removed to places of safety. The stiff defense made at Ypres was due to the desire of the Allies to hold it as the last important town in Belgium. It had contained some 18,000 inhabitants but was now empty. Even on the outskirts of the town houses had their window-panes shattered and their chimney-pots destroyed. In the town itself the devastation was complete. Façades sometimes remained, but the roofs were gone, smashed in by German shells, and the windows shattered by the force of the explosions.

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A BRITISH ARMORED TRAIN IN BELGIUM

The recapture of Dixmude from the Germans and the continuance by the invaders of terrific assaults in the vicinity of Ypres, were outstanding features in reports from the battle-front as late as the middle of November. The Germans, after taking Dixmude, were sprayed by the Allies with shrapnel and their ranks shattered by high-explosive shells. French mariners then made a successful bayonet-charge and the town was soon in possession of the Allies.

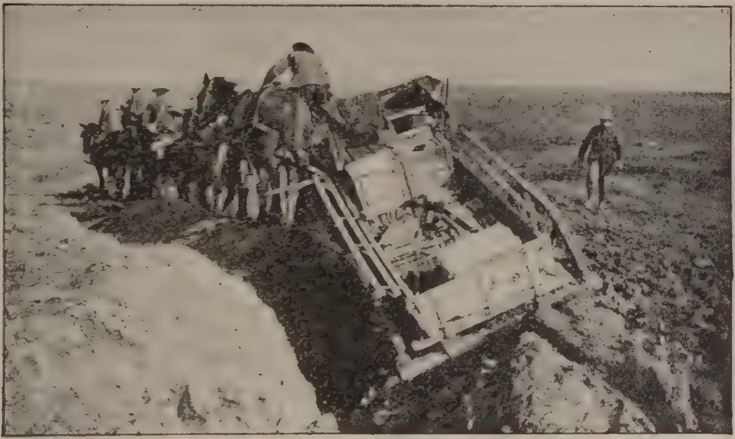
At Ypres the fighting continued day and night. The condition of the soldiers had become something almost beyond belief. Because of heavy rains they had been living an amphibious life in trenches. Many were fighting in bare feet, as their shoes had been reduced almost to pulp. Notwithstanding the bad conditions, the Germans continued to hurl themselves at the Allied line, seeking a gap. According to prisoners, the German attempt to take Ypres proved costly. One stated that there were only fifteen survivors out of his platoon which went into action fifty strong. Another reported that of 250 men who advanced with him only nineteen returned. It was estimated by an English correspondent that one Bavarian regiment, 3,000 strong, which left Bavaria for the front on October 19, had only 1,200 men left when an attack was made along the Menin-Ypres road on November 14, in which it again suffered severely.

But the Germans were not yet overcome. Later in November another effort was made to burst through to Calais. Half a million troops were to be engaged in it, in obedience to the Kaiser's new decree that Calais must be taken by December 10. Germans showed again and again that they knew how to die. Legions of them marched across Belgium to join in this battle. Two dominant impulses made the Germans fling themselves headlong upon death with such recklessness as to inspire sincere admiration from their enemies; one, genuine devotion to the Fatherland, for every German soldier realized, whatever his opinion about war in general and about this war in particular, now when it had engaged so many enemies against Germany, that success for German arms alone could avert disaster; the other, terror of their officers.

A conflict on the scale of the battles of the Marne, or of the Yser, set in. The mightiest guns in military annals were brought into action, carrying death and destruction from fifteen to eighteen miles from their emplacements. Under cover of these, infantry attacks were developed. Ypres was still a German objective, to capture which they had already sacrificed thousands of lives under the fire of the British. Their guns now battered the town once more.

Frost had hardened the roads and fields so that both armies lost no time in snatching new vantage points for their heaviest artillery.

On November 11 came a supreme effort. As Napoleon had used his Guards for the final attack at Waterloo, so the Kaiser used Guards for a culminating stroke at Ypres. Two brigades were brought up from the Arras district and launched against the Ypres salient. They had already suffered at Charleroi and Guise, in the marshes of St. Gond, and scarcely less heavily on the Aisne, but they were now to fight under the Emperor's eye. As if it was their first day of war, they came down the Menin road against Gheluvelt, and long before they reached the point of shock, British fire had taken toll of them. They took the first line British trenches, however, and then seemed unable to decide on a next step, and frontal fire checked them, flank fire enfiladed them, until they fell back to the trenches they had won. With this failure the Germans seemed to have exhausted their vitality. Wearied, and with terrible losses, they slackened their efforts and fell back to the routine of trench warfare.



TRANSPORTATION DIFFICULTIES ON THE NORTHERN FRONT

Before the struggle for the road to Calais was ended, it had acquired the hideous fame of being the bloodiest thus far in history. The slaughter on the Marne and the Aisne paled before that on the undulating countryside of Flanders. It was indeed doubtful if the number of those who perished would ever be exactly reckoned. From Dixmude round the Forest of Houthulst to the Lys, from the Lys to slag heaps near La Bassée, from La Bassée through battered Arras to the woods of Compiègne, from Compiègne to the Meuse, and from the Meuse to the Jura, hundreds of thousands of men were killing and maiming each other on the same days and under frightful conditions. In addition to all these horrors in the west, were others in those days on the Niemen; on the plains of Poland and Galicia; among the Carpathians, and on the Danube. Indeed, at the eastern extremity of Asia cannon as powerful as those employed in Europe were belching forth explosive at Japanese and German soldiers. Herbert Corey[6] described some of the frightful scenes of human misery which prevailed during the fighting of those many weeks on the Franco-Belgian frontier:

> "Imagine a perfectly level field, five miles long, a mile wide. Picture to yourself that the ends bend together like an unstrung bow, carpet that field with dead men. Try to comprehend that those men have been three weeks dead. Draw around that field deep trenches, from which savage riflemen face each other across the ghastly charnel-patch. That is war. My apology for printing this story from an eye-witness is that we, you and I, have not as yet visualized this horror that is going on almost within reach of our finger-tips. We do not realize the sickening iniquity of it all. It has been to us merely that game of giant-chess outlined in official dispatches. We have not quite comprehended that these generals of the battle-line are not moving blocks of insensate units here and there, they are dealing with flesh and blood and agony.
>
> "'For four days the battle raged with varying fortunes. 'Twice,' said the eye-witness, 'the Germans carried the French and English trenches. Twice the Allies regained them. Four times in all the two armies charged and recharged across that level plain. In the end the artillery of both sides came up in force. The plain remained debatable ground. On the northern line—roughly speaking—the Germans entrenched themselves. On the southern line the French and English dug new trenches. Neither side would retire and neither side could advance. There was not a minute

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[6] In a letter to The *Globe*, New York.

day or night that firing across that awful mile was not going on at some point. Shells aimed at the trenches were continually falling in them. Through the glasses the ground seemed carpeted with the dead. The Greenish-gray of the German uniform, the khaki of the English, and the brilliant red and blues of the French were mingled in a frightful fellowship. There were rods where the dead were piled and heaped upon each other. Again there would be a little space of bare ground.

"Neither Germans nor British could rescue their injured. During the day a movement might here and there be seen in that litter of misery. But no sound came. If they cried, the thunder of the guns, the staccato rattle of the mitrailleuses, drowned their voices. But at night the firing usually died down. The cooling air seemed to revive those dying creatures on that awful mile. There had been no attempt on either side to bury the bodies. Neither asked for an armistice. The sun and rain beat down upon those poor, unburied dead bodies. Let this sentence, told by the shuddering witness, give the story: 'The corpses have burst their clothes.'

"It was at a distance of five miles—five miles—that the witness first became aware of this bivouac of the unburied dead. He became faint and ill. No one knows the numbers of thousands of dead men there. All that is known is that over the segment of a circle, perhaps five miles long and a mile wide, they lie elbow to elbow and head to head. On either side their living mates glare lividly across that field toward the entrenched enemy. Quarter is neither asked nor given. That this is nauseating, abhorrent, incredible, I know full well. I repeat my excuse for printing the truth. The world should know what war of to-day is. 'Shells fall upon that field continually,' said the eye-witness. 'Then the sickening odor that arises becomes a physical torture.' At night a phosphorescent haze hovers over it. The places where shells have fallen during the day are marked by a more hellish radiance."

Between Lille and the sea the Germans probably had a million men. Six of their fourteen army corps were of the first line. In the actual salient of Ypres, the British had three divisions and some cavalry, during the worst part of the fighting. For the better part of two days one division held a front of eight miles against three army corps. Strange things happened. Units became hopelessly mixed, and officers had to fling into the breach whatever men they could collect. A subaltern often found himself in command of a battalion, and a brigadier in command of one or two companies, or of a division, as the fates ordered. At one moment a certain brigadier had no less than thirteen battalions under him. The German casualties were estimated by the Allies as high as 250,000 for the three weeks' battle The Allied forces from Albert to Nieuport lost well over 100,000 men. In the Ypres fight alone the British lost at least 40,000. The total loss to the combatants was estimated as an approach toward the losses of the South during the whole of the Civil War. Whole battalions of British virtually disappeared—the first Coldstream, the Second Royal Scots Fusiliers, the Second Wiltshires, and the First Camerons. One British general, two brigadiers, and nearly a dozen staff-officers fell. Eighteen regiments and battalions lost their colonels. Scarcely a house famous in Britain but mourned a son—Wyndham, Dawnay, Fitzclarence, Wellesley, Cadogan, Cavendish, Bruce, Gordon-Lennox, Fraser, Kin-

BRITISH-BUILT BRIDGE CROSSING A RUINED GERMAN TRENCH naird, Hay, Hamilton. It was like scanning the death-roll after Agincourt or Flodden.

In France and Great Britain little was known at the time of the great crisis which happily had passed. French official *communiqués* gave the barest information. The English press published reassuring articles and victorious headlines. Indeed, people were officially told that the British front had everywhere advanced on a day when it had actually fallen back. Soldiers, returning on leaves after their desperate experience, were amazed at the calmness of the British people, till they discovered that it was due to ignorance of the facts. A conspiracy of silence probably had served some purpose in keeping British nerves quiet. But in concealing from the British what was afterward called the greatest military performance in all their history, it had prevented that afterglow and exaltation of national spirit which makes armies and wins battles.

Sven Hedin,[7] at the end of October, observed something of trench life on the German line in Flanders. He saw daily masses of dead and wounded who numbered from sixty to eighty and neither dead nor wounded could be removed. Many dead bodies had to be allowed to remain in trenches and were got rid of by "digging graves in the floor of the trench." One soldier was so badly hit by a shell that he was "cut in two, one half remaining locked to a trench prcp," and as he could not be removed without risk to survivors, he was allowed to remain there. Presently the remains caused a horrible stench. Whatever they did, the men "could not get away from the mutilated, blackened features." Sometimes in trenches arms and legs were "torn away from a body and allowed to lie about at the bottom of the trench until somebody found time to dig them down." To these things one got hardened in time, because, "when it is for the sake of the country, one does not mind occasional horrors." In rainy weather trenches became almost unbearable. Mr. Hedin saw for himself in Belgium what they looked like. Rain-water collected in them and they looked "exactly like ditches by the side of a field, half-filled with gray and yellow water with a scum of mire and filth.'' General von Winkler told him that his men had stood in water up to the knees for twenty-four hours, ''without complaining and without any one collapsing from the effects.''

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[7] "With the German Army in the West."

Late in the autumn near this battle-front in northern France died Lord Roberts—on November 15. A telegram from Field-marshal French appraised Earl Kitchener of the death of England's greatest living soldier in the following words: ''I deeply regret to tell you that Lord Roberts died at 8 o'clock this evening.'' Lord Roberts, who was Colonel-in-Chief of the Indian troops, had gone to France to give them his greeting. Soon after his arrival he became seriously ill, suffered from a severe chill and pneumonia rapidly developed. His great age, eighty-two years, militated against his recovery. The crisis in the disease came quickly and news of his death was a great surprize to England, for his seeming good health, his devotion to the interest of the army, and his hard work in the war had been the subject of comment since the beginning of hostilities. He was the most popular military figure in Great Britain, a national hero without rival in the affections of the people.

From Mons to the Aisne ill-luck had dogged the British. Even here in Flanders they missed the complete success they had hoped for. But they had taken revenge on the Germans for their previous sufferings. The Belgians once more had supplied one of the decisive elements in fighting forces and other circumstances which first delayed and then stopt a great German offensive. Materially had they helped to save the Channel ports, just as in August they had contributed to holding back the German drive on Paris. All early reports of the Flanders fighting came from Allied sources, but even these paid tribute to the valor and endurance of the Germans. At the end as at the beginning their spirit was unshaken. But in its consequences the Battle of Flanders was reckoned a German defeat, and only less disastrous to the German purpose than their defeat on the Marne, where the hard work and the chief glory belonged to the French, as in Flanders they fell chiefly to the British and Belgians.

Such were the two battles of Flanders, the Battle of the Yser, won by Belgians and French; the Battle of Ypres, won by British and French. Never was a race more closely run. Never was victory nearer to the Germans than in the early days of November. On November 15, when the last effort of the Prussian Guard failed, the British Expeditionary Army had become almost a memory. But, however close the race, the decision was absolute. The whole German conception of a swift, terrible, decisive thrust at France had ended in bloody shambles.[8]

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[8] Principal Sources: "The Story of Ypres" by Hugh B. C. Pollard, "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, *The Fortnightly Review* (London). The *World*, The *Sun*, The *Globe*, The *Evening Post*, The *Times*, New York; The *Daily Chronicle*, Lord Ernest Hamilton in The *Morning Post*, The *Daily Mail*, The *Standard*, The *Times*, The *Daily Express*, London; G. H. Perris' "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium" (Henry Holt & Co.), Sven Hedin's "With the German Army in the West."

A TYPICAL TRENCH IN A WAR-SWEPT REGION

ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Part VI

THE FIRST WINTER AND THE NEW YEAR—AIRPLANES AND ZEPPELINS

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO

TRENCH DUG BY THE FRENCH IN A LAND OF MUD

I

WITH SNOW AND SLEET ALONG THE BORDER—KING GEORGE'S VISIT AND THE FIRST WAR CHRISTMAS

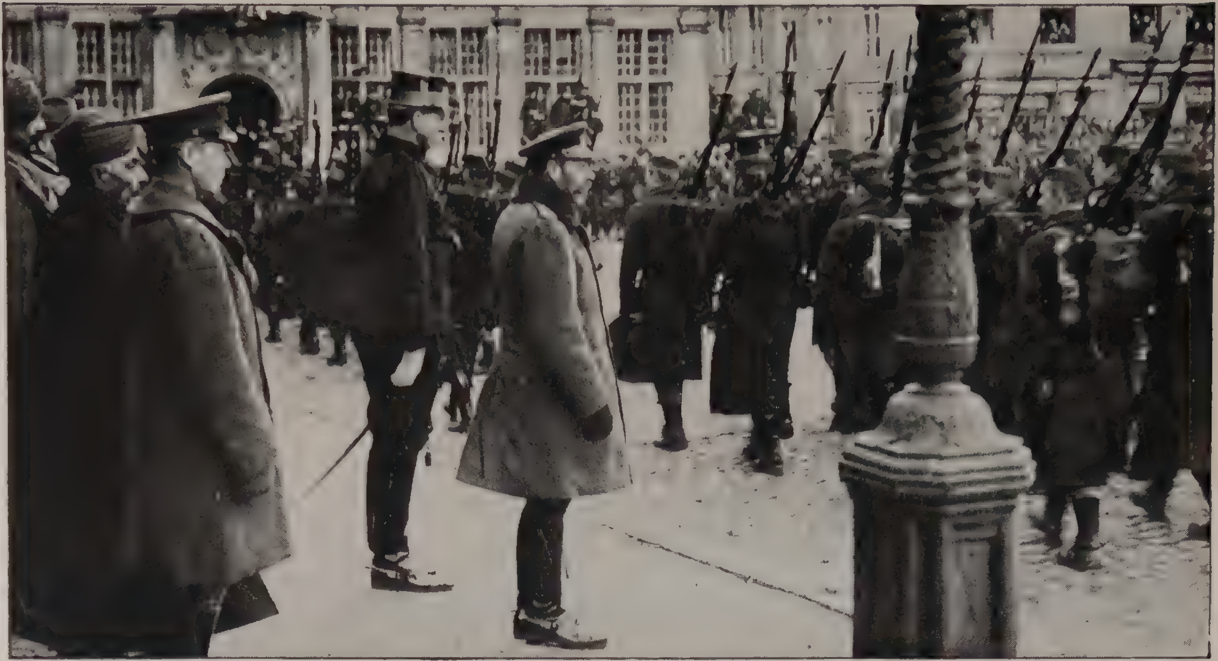
November 17, 1914—December 30, 1914

BY the third week in November signs of real winter had appeared in northern France. On the 19th snow was falling—little flurries mixed with icy rain that "stung like the pricks of a needle." Tired, war-worn men were lining the trenches, rain-sodden and stiff with cold. Field-hospitals were receiving men temporarily paralyzed by rheumatism, the inevitable result of long hours spent in trenches, some of which were knee-deep in water. Even bomb-proof shelters were not secure against penetrating rain mingled with bitter winds. In Flanders trenches were often on the edges of inundated fields. The men in them, altho sometimes plastered with mud and soaked to the skin, were somehow able to keep fairly well. But with the ground full of water, it was impossible to dig down further and every elevation above the lowlands drew German fire. Some of the trenches were alongside roads where the mud was six inches deep.

Only by a system of constant relief were men kept from dying of exposure. Nearly all the French and many Belgians wore sabots. A few Belgians had rain-proofs, but these got rain-soaked and so became useless. Before and around the trenches were miles of inundated lands, here and there deserted houses occupied by scouts and machine-guns. Fields, except for an occasional pig, were deserted. Only scattered houses were seen, many of which had been blown to pieces, or had become fantastic remnants standing alone against the wind. In one respect the weather was to the advantage of the Allies. The transportation of German heavy guns was so impeded by mud and water that their usefulness was greatly diminished. Air-scouts could be of little use. They could not ascend without grave risk, and observations made in perpetual rain were of little value. This affected both sides about equally.

When regiments of men found themselves cooped up with their dead for a fortnight and under constant fire in shallow mud-holes, the misery of their condition beggared all description. After the first violence of an attack had ebbed, giving soldiers leisure to better their quarters, many improvements were usually introduced in the trenches. Battalions could be more frequently relieved, and the whole system made more regular. Frequent reliefs and better provisions for billets and baths in the rear did much to ease the soldiers' lot. A battalion that came out of the trenches weary, lame, disheveled, spiritless, and indescribably dirty, could be restored in a couple of days to reasonable smartness and good humor.

The worst part of the business was the wet weather. A dripping winter and the presence of a million men churned West Flanders into a gigantic mud-hole. Some parts of the Allied line were better than others. The Arras district was fairly dry; so was the Klein Zillebeke ridge and the country around Messines and Wytschaete; while in the Ploegsteert Wood—a stretch about two miles long by one mile wide—a fairly dry and comfortable forest-colony was established where men could move about with a certain freedom; but all along the Lys and the Ypres Canal the trenches were liable to constant flooding, and the approaches were seas of mire. It was worse still between Dixmude and the sea, where life became merely amphibious. Tons of wood lumber in boards and logs that had been laid down for pathways disappeared in sloughs. A false step on a dark night meant a descent into a quagmire. The Lys overflowed its banks and inundated trenches. A brook at Festubert came down in flood, and several men in the neighboring trenches were drowned. But far worse than any risk to life was the misery of standing for hours up to the waist in icy water, of having every pore of the skin impregnated with mud, of finding the walls of a trench dissolving in slimy torrents, while rifles jammed, clothes rotted, and feet were frostbitten. It was a lesson of the extreme to which human endurance can go.



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REVIEWING TROOPS IN FLANDERS IN 1914

Standing in the center are King George V and King Albert of Belgium

Long nights at the front became a severe strain on nerves. No lights whatever were permitted after 6 P.M. Unless there was fighting, troops in trenches and in villages within range of German guns had to spend twelve hours at a stretch unoccupied. Conversation was permitted only in whispers. Cigaret-smoking was forbidden. Not every night was of this sort, for sometimes there was work of the most desperate kind. A sudden call to arms meant instant departure to fierce conflicts in the darkness. Soldiers said those long nights of sleepless expectation of a summons to make or repel an attack afforded the severest tests they underwent. "There was too much time for thinking," said one of them. "You could not help letting your mind dwell on the people at home. Your spirits dropt lower and lower. If only you could have shouted, or sung, or jumped about, you would have felt better, but you had to be quiet and just think and think. You could not sleep, and meanwhile your heart ached."

Leaden skies, low temperatures, especially at night, and the fatigue of persistent fighting under these conditions combined to depress the soldier. The long duration of the battle fought over the road to Calais had illustrated the entirely new conditions that had come into modern field-warfare. Heroic efforts had to be made to cope with multitudes of wounded who were sent down from the lines daily to various bases. Huge trains, an eighth of a mile long, would take a thousand men at a time to Dunkirk or Calais, which were the main clearing-houses of French and Belgian hospital administration. Late farm-work among non-combatants still went on where houses had not been destroyed and the people were not forced to migrate. In Picardy in November men could be seen ploughing within sound of great guns. Teams, silhouetted against the skyline, would toil until it was so dark one could only distinguish horses when they were white. The whole harvest of 1914 in Picardy had been gathered without calling on outside labor. Old men and women worked in the fields far into the night—three weeks late it is true, but they got the crop all in.

Picardy was fortunate. Elsewhere, and particularly in Flanders, all was waste and devastation. Ramscapelle, formerly a smiling little town, had become a confused heap of ruins. Its church was the first and last building to suffer. Such walls as stood were so perforated as to look like lacework, and it was a miracle that they stood at all. In Nieuport nothing was left whole. The entire place gradually crumbled under shells which, hour after hour, poured into it. There was a horrible sameness, a sickening monotony of devastation, all over the rich, sleek land. You might still call some burned-out and stamped-out village by its old name—Pervyse, Ramscapelle, Stetyvenskerke, Caeskerke, or Dixmude—but it was only now a name on the map. There was little difference between any of them. Dixmude, a smoke-grimed shell, was an example of all. And sleet and snow were falling.

In a time of such weather King George of England made his visit to the front in France and Flanders. An historic incident occurred on a roadside when he met King Albert of Belgium, who as host was first at the rendezvous, drest in a quiet uniform of dark blue. Alighting from his motor-car, he walked toward an old cottage where he awaited and exchanged kindly words with Belgian soldiers, who came out of a neighboring inn to touch their hats to him. Noon was struck from an old clock-tower near at hand, when a motor-cyclist, flying the Union Jack, was seen buzzing along the road. Behind were three black limousine cars, all flying Union Jacks, and behind them a second motor-cyclist. Cars and cyclists stopt, and from the first motor stept King George and the Prince of Wales. The King wore a khaki uniform, with a scarlet band around his hat, and "looked fit and well." The two Kings moved forward with outstretched hands to greet each other, there in a muddy road with none but a few officers, a few soldiers, and simple villagers looking on.

The coming of Christmas was marked on the Yser by a lull in the fighting. Christmas in the trenches was a phrase which did not have so much meaning for the French and Belgian soldiers as for Germans and English. The average French soldier when asked about it shrugged his shoulders. Presents there were, however, for everybody. French women had organized the "*Noël du soldat*" with loving care, and

Belgians had provided King Albert cigars and Queen Elizabeth mufflers, of which 60,000 were being distributed. The Christmas spirit was there, even if there was no time or means in the trenches for special celebrations. Christmas carols were sung in British trenches. "Tipperary" was for once in a way ignored. British and German soldiers in one place sang a hymn together—in tune and sentiment if not in actual words. No sooner had the carol ended than a shower of bullets came from German trenches.

BRITISH SOLDIERS BRINGING IN HOLLY FOR CHRISTMAS

There was apparently not a man in the British field who was forgotten by the people he had left at home. Relatives, friends, and charitable organizations combined to make the soldiers' Christmas as happy as it could have been under fire. Plum-puddings came in tens of thousands. Pipes, tobacco, cigars, and cigarets came in almost staggering quantities. War-clothing, gloves, mufflers and many other comforts were distributed with lavish hands. The gratitude of the men who received them was a deeper thing than their friends at home could have thought. Christmas puddings and other delicacies found their way into the foremost trenches. Christmas cards which King George and Queen Mary had sent to every man in the British army made a cheery opening for the day. The Royal message, "May God protect you and bring you home safe," reproduced in facsimile from the King's handwriting, in conjunction with a Christmas greeting, roused cheers that were repeated again and again in the long line of trenches.

An unofficial Christmas truce seemed to extend over a considerable part of the line, but it was not universal. On the night before Christmas the Germans made a fierce attack on French and Belgian positions recently won to the north of Nieuport, and the Allies made a successful counter-attack, which resulted in the winning of a little more ground in the dunes. To the south of Dixmude Christmas was marked by a bombardment. There was occasional shelling on the British front.

At Furnes in Belgium was witnessed a strange scene. Before dawn at the church of St. Nicholas, the great clock in the belfry of which towered above the historic square, 1,000 Belgian soldier-cyclists were to be seen bivouacked on the floor. Around the dimly lighted altar in the apse a family group was gathered about the coffin of a small child. While the clergy intoned the funeral mass, a special mass for soldiers was being celebrated in another part of the church, with rows of mud-covered men from the trenches kneeling before the altar. Down the center of the church bicycles were stacked in a long row, some of the owners busying themselves in repairing their battered machines. Most of the men in the church, however, slept, huddled up for warmth on a thin layer of straw that covered the stone flagging, apparently undisturbed by the notes of the great organ which now pealed through the church. A few soldiers had procured their morning rations, and there in the church ate their breakfast of black bread, oblivious of the unusual surroundings. The scene was overpoweringly impressive in its mixture of war and religion; and yet the existence of soldiers and mourners side by side did not seem incongruous. Great tapers at the altars provided the only light beyond great streaks of dawn which filtered through the oaken doors. One altar was decorated for Christmas with a reproduction of the Stable of Bethlehem. Here young Belgian soldiers gathered in reverent groups, while a priest chanted a Christmas mass of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

PREPARATIONS FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE FRONT

Boulogne celebrated the day quietly, as became a town of hospitals and armed men. The effect was strange and memorable. In the streets British, French, and Belgian uniforms mingled with the gray of nursing-sisters, the black of a priest's cassock, the drab of work-people and fisher-folk. Horsemen and noisy motor-cycles and great cars filled the narrow streets, disputing space with service-wagons and the hundred and one vehicles of transport. Churches poured their streams of worshipers into the throng, congregations of women clad in deep mourning for the most part, but containing also a sprinkling of men in uniform. Hospitals had their holly and mistletoe. The Christmas cards of King George were handed to wounded soldiers, and Princess Mary's gifts of cigars and tobacco were distributed. One soldier said, "I think it is jolly decent of the King," a tribute which exprest the sense of personal friendship felt by every man in the army.

The Germans were well looked after by relatives and friends in the Fatherland, special trains being sent from Berlin with Christmas presents. At German Headquarters the celebration was as simple as it was impressive. The Kaiser wished to observe the occasion among soldiers belonging to Headquarters. Very large rooms were necessary as many gift-tables had to be erected. There were 960 persons present. Spacious halls were lavishly decorated with branches of green fir, ceilings and walls being completely covered. Room was found for all, from the Kaiser to the humblest Landwehr man. There were long rows of tables bearing Christmas-trees shimmering with lights. Every officer and man received spiced cakes, apples, and nuts as at home. Men also received tobacco pouches and cigars. At the far side of the room was an altar draped with heavy hangings and with tall Christmas-trees at its sides. An old Christmas song, "Oh du selige; oh! du fröhliche Weihnachstszeit," was introduced. As soon as the Kaiser greeted the company with the salutation, "Good evening, comrades," a short address was delivered by the pastor, and the anthem, "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," was sung. General von Plessen thanked the Kaiser for the festival. The Kaiser said:

"Comrades! Standing here in arms of defense, we are assembled to celebrate this Holy Festival which we are accustomed to celebrate in peace at home. Our thoughts go back to ours at home, whom we thank for the gifts which we see to-day so richly spread on those tables. God permitted the enemy to compel us to celebrate this festival here. We are attacked. We defend ourselves. God grant that out of the hard struggle a rich victory may arise for us and for our country. We stand on hostile soil, the points of our swords turned to the enemy, our hearts turned to God. We say as once the Great Prince said: 'To the dust with all the enemies of Germany.' Amen."

As the winter phase of the war opened, German armies in the west were on the offensive, and in the east were advancing on Warsaw. Success or failure for the German offensive in the west hung in the balance for at least a month. The extreme limit of Allied effort consisted in rushing new formations into the storm-beaten gap between Armentières and Nieuport where, under the eyes of the Kaiser, German military power had been writing an imperishable page in the history of devotion and courage. For months German energy was concentrated on the heavy effort of meeting fresh Allied troops with numbers, not equal but adequate to parry dangerous thrusts all the way from Alsace to Flanders. Everywhere on this broad front ground was being lost. It was not ground of decisive value, but the German line was recoiling slightly.

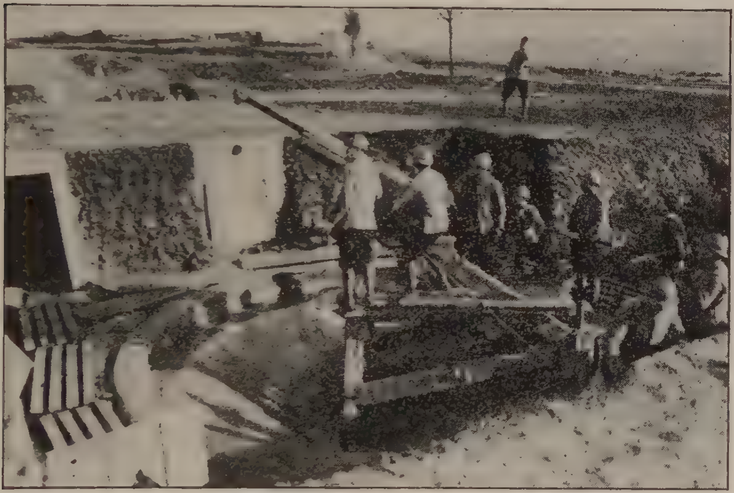
In the German official statements from October until April the transformation was evident. In October each statement reported new advances, towns taken, districts occupied, the arrival of the army at the sea, the approach to Warsaw. Until April 20 there appeared a monotonous record of Allied advances checked and of French assaults that broke down under artillery fire. Prisoners who were once taken by thousands were now occasionally reported by hundreds. English and French claims of trenches taken were denied with acerbity. A complete change had come almost imperceptibly and by such fine gradations as to awaken no real comment when it had become absolute. Germany in the west, from February to the latter half of April, was on the defensive. More and more her energies were exerted, not to make attacks but to repel them.

At the same time there was noted a change in the tone of the Allied reports. In October the British had concealed the figures of their miniature force in France. In April they announced that 750,000 British troops were in France, or six times the number that had met the Kaiser's autumn drive at Calais. Heavy artillery had been manufactured so rapidly that at Neuve Chapelle and Hill No. 60 British superiority became manifest. Three-quarters of Kitchener's million were in the field, despite a casualty list which by May 1 was believed to be not less than 160,000; that is, twice as large as the expeditionary army first sent into the field late in August. The French reorganization had now been completed. Generals innumerable had gone to the rear, old men had given way to young, political officers had succumbed to the grim decision of Joffre. The traditions of the Revolutionary army of 1789 had been revived. Many who had started in the ranks now wore shoulder-straps, so that in April the French army, in that sense and others, reached the point where the German army was when the war began.

During months in which new British armies were in training, the strain endured by the French was tremendous. Week after week, by day and night, they were subject to continued assaults against which they had to deliver repeated counter-attacks, frequently involving hand-to-hand struggles with the bayonet and bombs, to which an almost unending cannonade was the terrible accompaniment. The victories on the Marne and in Flanders had saved France, but they had not broken up the gigantic machine first constructed by Moltke and Roon, and remodeled and enlarged under the supervision of the Kaiser by pupils of those formidable theorists and practitioners in the art of war. Joffre by every means in his power had to conceal his plans from the most vigilant staff in the world. As for the strength of the French Army, it was at this time, including all ranks, over 2,500,000—in round numbers the population of Paris. Imagine the capital of France entirely peopled by soldiers and one has some idea of the huge force which, with the British and the Belgians, on February 1, 1915, barred the road to the Kaiser. No less than 1,250,000 men were at depots ready to replace losses.

The French artillery was in process of reorganization when the war broke out. Artillery had been one of the weak spots in the French Army. By February 1 this branch had been transformed beyond recognition. The 155-cm. was an accurate gun, firing a shell comparable in many ways with the British 60-pounder; the 105-cm. was a new and powerful heavy field-gun. In addition to these weapons still larger guns and huge howitzers had taken the field and the number of machine-guns had been largely increased. With regard to the minor devices for life-taking which trench-warfare at short distance had brought into use, the position was favorable.

The prodigious expenditure of ammunition during the first three months of the war had depleted French arsenals, and for the greater part of the period thus far, Joffre, in his own word, could only "nibble" at the German line. Luckily for the Allies, the need the Kaiser was under to restore the prestige of Germany and Austria-Hungary as shaken by the victories of the Grand Duke Nicholas in the Eastern theater, prevented the Germans from taking advantage of an unfavorable situation. Otherwise it is conceivable that something similar to what happened the next year in Galicia, when Mackensen drove back Dmitrieff and Ivanoff, might have occurred in France. It was in northern Champagne—in the section between Reims and Verdun—that perhaps most activity was shown during the months of



A FRENCH GUN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

November and December. This was one of the weakest spots in the five-hundred-mile-long line. Until the Germans were driven north of the Aisne (east of Berry-au-Bac) and driven from the Argonne, they might resume the offensive, and by an advance to the Marne try to cut off the French right wing from its center.

Innumerable heroic and hideous scenes were enacted—the daring exploits of airmen, their duels thousands of feet above the surface of the ground, their expeditions to reconnoiter and observe the effects of the fire of artillery, to bomb aeroplane-sheds and railway-stations; thousands of guns of all calibers daily vomiting projectiles, some of which crusht in cupolas and casemates constructed by the most scientific engineers of recent years, others of which destroyed acres of barbed-wire entanglements and buried or slew officers and men hiding in deep dugouts. By day and night the 450 miles of trenches which ran from the water-logged plain of the Lys over the chalky plateau of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette to Arras, from Arras across the hills, over the Somme and its plain to the Forêt de l'Aigle and the wooded heights to the north of the Aisne, thence to the outskirts of the battered city of Reims, from Reims over the bare downs of Champagne, through the glades and hillocks of the Argonne round Verdun to the tree-clad heights of the Meuse, by St. Mihiel to the Moselle, and from the Moselle and the Meurthe to the summits of the Vosges, were alive with vigilant foot-soldiers sniping at, bombing or bayoneting one another. In sunlight, fog, mist, haze and under torrential rain, or amid snowstorms, the struggle between the French and German nations-in-arms went on.

While everything from Reims to Arras tended to remain in a state of equilibrium, it was different north of Arras. Just as in Champagne, so in the Argonne, or on the heights of the Meuse, and the southern face of the St. Mihiel salient, and in parts of French Lorraine and in Alsace, the fighting between Arras and La Bassée was fierce and sanguinary. The prize at stake was Lens, and, if Lens fell, so might La Bassée, probably Lille, and perhaps the whole plain between the Scarpe-Scheldt and the Lys. To achieve these objects, to recover the whole of Artois, to cut the communications of the enemy in Flanders and to menace those of the enemy south of the Scheldt and Sambre, two initial steps had to be taken—the seizure of the Notre-Dame-de-Lorette-Carency-Neville St. Vaast-Vimy plateau, and the piercing of the German line beteween the heights of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette and those at La Bassée.

What now had Germany accomplished, for the many thousands who had given up their lives on the Yser and about Ypres? What had she to show? Just this: she had held her lines; she retained her footing in France and her occupation of Belgium, but she had definitely accepted the defensive. In October her press had talked about the capture of Calais, of a second advance to Paris, of the siege and fall of Verdun. But spring saw the contest was a draw; men who said the German defense could not be broken, pointed to the lines themselves and to German resistance, as being as splendid as the German attack had been.

Certain new circumstances were now forcing themselves on the neutral mind. The war had become one of endurance and the numbers of the Allies were bound to increase. It had become a question of men and money, and in men and money, France, Great Britain, and Russia were certain to gain rather than lose in advantage. A neutral world supplied Germany's enemies with food and ammunition while a hostile fleet shut Germany off from the outside world. British industry continued, French industry went on in part, but more and more the exits for German industrial production were being closed. Writers who had forecasted famine for Germany had plainly shot wide the mark. German food held out and was likely to continue to do so, altho Germany had experienced the discomfort of a bread shortage. Lack of petroleum and copper had affected, if it had not crippled, her supply departments, but so far she had been no more than inconvenienced. This inconvenience, however, seemed bound to increase. Every week saw new American establishments adapted to making arms and ammunition for the Allies.

With the dislocation of her war-plans in the west, Germany had before her an economic task such as no other country in the world was compelled to perform. Her whole economic system, instead of a part of it, had to be mobilized again for war-work. The war for her had become distinctly a new war of industries and machinery, and she had to readjust herself accordingly; she had to manufacture arms and ammunition on an unheard-of scale until all the accessories of war were being turned out in quantities that no imagination had yet pictured. When writers said that Germany had for fifty years prepared for this war—that she had everything in readiness before the Kaiser gave the order for his legions to march—they overlooked the fact that this readiness had to be measured, not by what German militarists had thought would be necessary, but by the new standard fixt after the war had become a world-war. Germany had made ample preparations for the kind of war that she expected, which was a short war, but after the battle of the Marne she saw herself confronted with a problem the size of which made a mockery of all her earlier preparations. The fact was that her dogs of war had flushed bigger game than the specifications called for and she was wofully unprepared for it. The Germans had shot away all their ready stock of shells and other ammunition before the war was a half-year old, and they had to acquire new ammunition, and to manufacture it after the war had begun. Factories of many kinds had at once to be put to work upon such war-requisites as automobiles, chemicals, locomotives, tent-cloth, and a thousand and one other things. Within two or three months after failure in Flanders the transformation of German factories from peace-work to the production of arms, munitions, and war-requisites of all sorts was undertaken on an enormous scale.

Thus matters went on all through the year 1915 and even into 1916, when a new chapter in the transformation was opened with the appointment of Hindenburg as chief of the General Staff in succession to Falkenhayn after his failure at Verdun. Hindenburg then became the supreme war-lord *de facto,* the Kaiser remaining only the nominal possessor of the title, and one of the first things he did was to announce a so-called "Hindenburg program," which meant doubling the output of arms and ammunition, with a corresponding increase in all the accessories of war on both fronts. This policy led to a tremendous speeding up and extension of the industrial machinery of war, until it became evident that practically all German industries were to be dealt with as military units in the service of the military power. The transformation made giant strides. Linen factories were put to work on purely military goods. Breweries, piano factories, and concerns formerly turning out other musical instruments, were converted to war uses in the same way. Even department stores became big army contractors. In short, the tentacles of the great war-octopus were now extended in every direction until they sucked the internal energy out of Germany's industrial establishments of the most multifarious character.[1]

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[1] Principal Sources: The New York *Times,* William C. Dreher in The New York *Tribune;* The New York *World;* The *Times,* The *Daily Mail,* London; The London *Times'* "History of the War;" "Nelson's History of the War," by John Buchan; Associated Press dispatches.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTO.

A RUINED CHÂTEAU IN CHAMPAGNE

II

AT SOISSONS AGAIN, AND THEN BÉTHUNE, NEUVE CHAPELLE, AND ST. ELOI

January 12, 1915—March 12, 1915

ALONG the western line from Switzerland to the North Sea, from December 1 to March 1, there were only two important actions—a German success at Soissons, a French success at Steinbach. England had had no idea that to win this war she would have to put a million, and perhaps two million, men into the field. Neither France nor Germany nor Austria had believed that in eight months she would have to call to the colors men over forty. The Germans had based their hope of success on perfect preparation, numbers, organization, discipline of masses, contempt for the republican Government of France, but had suffered from overconfidence. Germany not only had not counted on a long war, but was unable to see a long war through. The French likewise, in their eagerness to recover the loss of 1870, had spent early strength in an invasion of Alsace-Lorraine. Had they been content merely to hold firm that eastern frontier, or rather had they anticipated German perfidy in Belgium, and gone north to meet the Germans in Belgium, it is a question whether they might not have stopt the German advance before it reached the Marne. What Germany really wanted more than Paris was Dunkirk and Calais. If her armies had not been so confident of taking Paris and smashing the French, they might have succeeded by September in the other undertaking. But they chose to march past the Channel ports and go to Paris instead.

Anglo-French armies made efforts in January to break the German hold and secured small gains in Alsace, the Argonne, Champagne, and from Roye to Lille. But all were less considerable than the single German offensive which drove the French south of the Aisne, between Soissons and

Craonne. In Champagne all effort had failed to shake the German hold on hills east of Reims. Just north of the Châlons-Verdun railroad a desperate French offensive took several towns, but these advances were slight and were gradually beaten down, while to the east the Germans held their ground before Verdun and St. Mihiel. About Arras and in the small corner of Belgium still unoccupied by the Germans, French and British tried to win La Bassée, the key to much of the surrounding territory, to advance on Lille, and along sand-dunes to Ostend. Everywhere some ground was won, and some gains made after fighting of a siege character.

Then began a series of more heavy engagements in the Soissons district. Across the river north of Soissons, between villages, is a plateau with steep slopes, and among them an eminence called Hill 132. Here the French on January 8 made a brilliant attack, following a heavy bombardment on the previous day. A strong position was secured commanding the road and railway from Soissons northeastward to Laon, but possession of the entire hill was not at first secured. German entrenchments at this point were stronger than at any other part of their alinement on the Aisne. Altho the French position was difficult to reach, the Germans thought it worth an attempt, and so an attempt was made, with the result that a French counterattack sent the Germans beyond trenches from which they had started, and placed the French in possession of the hill.

The Germans followed this by a violent bombardment of Soissons, which damaged civil and ecclesiastical buildings, seventy-five shells striking the cathedral. The shelling was soon followed by another form of fighting. Kluck hurried up two army corps of reinforcements by rail from his base at Laon, and on January 12 made an attack by large forces on Hill 132, as well as on the Pierrière spur across the valley, which had been for some time in possession of the French. After fighting that lasted throughout the day, the French were still at the top of slopes west of the spur, but toward the east had gained ground. The Germans claimed the capture of 1,130 prisoners, besides artillery pieces and machine-guns and gained advantage in position. That night the French were driven from the Perrière plateau, and reinforcements sent to them from the village of Crouy were foiled in efforts to give assistance. The battle waged fiercely through the next day, notwithstanding torrential rain and soddening of clay ground, which must have seriously embarrassed operations on both sides. The French maintained their positions around Crouy, and at the foot of the eastern slope, but gave way on the height before Vregny, and lost their hold on the hardly won Hill 132, across the valley. Emperor William was present at this engagement. The Germans cheered themselves for what they described officially as "a brilliant feat of arms for our troops under the very eye of the Supreme War Lord." Besides Kluck, Generals von Lüchow and Wichura were decorated, with an effusion of gratitude, on the battlefield. The Emperor hoped the victory would open the way to Reims.

The French now took up a position on the south bank of the Aisne to the east of Soissons, still maintaining on the north bank a force to hold the outskirts of the town. With bridge-heads still in their possession, they were able to claim that, altho their line had been strained, it had not broken. They had suffered a reverse, but from the military point of view not a serious one. As Soissons is only sixty miles from Paris, a real break in the French line at this point would have been ominous. What happened served only as a check to the French offensive. That the French were able to cross the river at all was a matter of congratulation, for the enemy tried hard to cut them off. Thus the French north of the Aisne, east of Soissons, after a brief period, were halted, turned back, and driven across the flooded stream. The French contended that river-floods having carried away bridges, prevented them from reinforcing their troops and thus made a retreat inevitable. The success of the Germans was a local incident rather than a new offensive, and they failed to pursue their success. Having taken possession of abandoned villages on the slopes of the Aisne, an immense body surged down into the plain on the north side of the flooded river and made efforts to cross; but French artillery on the opposite side shelled them continually and caused such losses that they had to retire in the direction of Moncel.

Madame Marcherez, the heroic woman Mayor of Soissons, with four other women, remained in the bombarded town, aiding army-doctors in their work under shell-fire. She conducted the last party of wounded as far out as Vierzy and then returned to the post she had refused to leave. Madame Marcherez became one of the heroines of the war. She had been prominent all her life for good works. Altho sixty-three years of age, she had not hesitated to face the German invaders on September 1 when she saved Soissons from sack and burning by a bold assumption of the office of Mayor and during twelve days governed the town. She organized a system of requisitions for the German army and compelled them to accept a reasonable tribute and to respect the needs of the civil population. In spite of German demands, she obtained milk for starving infants and supervised Red Cross work. When the Allies later in September drove the Germans out of Soissons, Madame Marcherez continued to act as mayor despite the bombardment, which began immediately and continued long afterward. Three times her house was hit by German shells. One shell [illegible] during the luncheon

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTO.

FRENCH STAFF OFFICERS WORKING OUT MILITARY DETAILS ON A MAP hour, and demolished a small wing of the house, but Madame Marcherez merely laid down her napkin and went out to see what had happened. "There is not much damage done," was all she said, and then calmly went back and finished her luncheon.

The battle of Soissons was fought on a front of at least five miles and in the open. Fortified hill-tops, woods, and entire villages changed hands. War on the Aisne resumed something of its old-time dramatic aspects. Soissons was a meeting-point of highways of which the principal was the road on the north bank of the Aisne paralleling that stream. Various circumstances combined to give this battle a dramatic significance that had been absent from the campaign in the west since the fall of Antwerp, more than three months before. The struggle began at the point in the battle-line nearest to Paris. To the French Government only but recently returned from Bordeaux, a setback only fifty miles from the outer defenses of Paris came as a warning of how formidable was the task which still confronted the French nation. The Germans attached moral values to their success and comparisons were made with battles in 1870. The presence of the Kaiser on the field emphasized the sentimental aspects of the combat and its importance in the German mind. These operations, unlike the trench fighting in northern France and Belgium, were like the conflicts of the opening weeks of the war in magnitude of line, the comparatively open nature of the fighting, and in less measure like them in the results achieved. The Emperor was believed to have desired to get to Reims, for the purpose of celebrating some service in the cathedral, in order to prove that despite its destruction the historic pile was still usable. English writers believed that, if he had been able to place foot within that ancient shrine, which had witnessed the coronation of many French kings, he might have proclaimed the annexation of all that part of France which his armies then held and been enthroned as its king.

From Roye to Vic-sur-Aisne there was now left nothing but ruined villages, towns and countryside trampled over and pillaged. The battle-line which ran quarry by quarry from Beuvraignes to Morsain had made an indelible mark on the face of the country for future generations to look at. Noyon, a town of some 10,000 inhabitants, and quite an important local center, as towns of even such a population of strictly urban residents are in France, had been cut off from the rest of the country for months, except for a brief breathing-space when the French temporarily occupied it. Altho the major part of the town was reduced to ruins, it still had a hospital containing wounded from both sides. Late in February a new storm of destruction was directed on Reims, which had been subjected to intermittent bombardments ever since the battle of the Marne in September. Never before had the city suffered more terribly. The firing from heavy guns lasted without a break for six hours. Then there was a pause, but the cannonade was presently resumed and lasted for five hours more, being conducted with the utmost fury. All told, more than 1,500 shells fell upon various quarters of the town. The carcass, so to say, of the great cathedral still stood after many shells had spoiled much of its exterior beauty, but now its valued roof crashed in, and its walls were pierced by great gaping holes.

Germans turned their attention next to the La Bassée region. There was good military reason for doing so, because the British not only had a strong position there, straddling as they did the La Bassée canal between Givenchy on the north and Cuinchy on the south, but had made movements pointing to the capture of La Bassée, where the German position was a salient of strategical importance covering communications to the Oise and Aisne. Successful operations by the British at Festubert and Richebourg l'Avoué, north of Givenchy, and at Vermelles, south of Cuinchy, must have suggested to the Germans the desirability of a counter effort. At any rate they wanted to test the strength of the British position, and they collected large forces for the purpose. The principal attack, under the inspection of the Kaiser, was made on January 25, on the morning of which day, in addition to a demonstration along the whole line from Festubert to Vermelles, and as far north as Pervyse and Ypres, the Germans began to shell Béthune, which is some nine miles west of La Bassée. The effect of the bombardment was the almost immediate blowing in of the trenches in the salient, and as a result the enemy's attack penetrated the unsupported British line. The Germans were assisted by an armored train which they had brought by rail from La Bassée, running it almost into Béthune, or near enough to fire some twenty shells into the town. The German infantry advanced in compact masses with great bravery, throwing hand-grenades. They were met with the bayonet, but they came on in such numbers that in many cases there was no time to withdraw the bayonet after a thrust. Moreover, at some points of the line the distance between the trenches was so short that it was impossible to stop the rush from one to the other. So the Germans swept on, and broke through the line. In some places British troops fell back, to avoid being enfiladed. The Germans did not have matters all their own way. A heavy column which had debouched from Auchy, southeast of Cuinchy, was allowed to advance until it was in an exposed position in the fields, when it was caught by French and English guns and almost annihilated. After a bombardment very few escaped. The rest were taken prisoners.

Meanwhile, the French left, on the other side of the La Bassée-Béthune road, which here divided the Allies, had been attacked, and driven back somewhat, but not as far as the British, so that the French left was in advance of the British right, and exposed to a flank attack from the north. But the Germans did not avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered. During the night the British position was strengthened, and the first guard brigade, which had suffered severely, was withdrawn into reserve and replaced by the first infantry brigade. Had the Germans been successful in this attempt to break through near Béthune, their prospects would at once have assumed a roseate complexion. They would have opened for themselves another road to Calais, a road along which they might easily have walked in the previous autumn when only a handful of British soldiers held Béthune.

This fighting around the Ypres-Comines canal was without tangible results, but during this same period the French in Champagne, on a front extending between Louvain and Beauséjour, had minor successes. In an action to the north of Beauséjour, and to the northeast and northwest of Perthes, on February 16 they took nearly two miles of German trenches, occupied crests and took 400 prisoners. These trenches were of the first line. Next day the French gained possession at different points on the German second line and captured hundreds of additional prisoners. These gains were increased in the closing days of February, notwithstanding constant counter-attacks by the Germans. On the 28th, to the north and northwest of Beauséjour, some 2,000 meters of trenches were taken. During this fighting the French captured about 1,000 prisoners. Steady and determined progress continued into March, almost every day recording some pushing back of the German line. In fact, this was the one part of the western front where, during the winter, the Allies made appreciable progress. But no great gains had come to them. They had merely held their own. There was now to be a lull until the British attack on Neuve Chapelle on March 10.

The Germans further north had attempted to break the western deadlock. Assaults, preceded by terrific bombardment, resulted in temporary advantages, but the Allies regained lost trenches and, in some cases at the point of the bayonet, advanced their own lines. This activity indicated another purpose to cross the Yser and reach Dunkirk and Calais, and out of it came what is known as the second battle of Ypres, preceded, however, by the notable British offensive at Neuve Chapelle. After March 12, Neuve Chapelle was indicated on war-maps, but there was no such place left. Neuve Chapelle had been a quiet hamlet, in a flat country of rich farming lands, with a church, school-house, post-office and a few small stores, but after the battle in March it did not

BRITISH WATER-TANKS GOING TO THE FRONT

exist any more. At Neuve Chapelle the British, after a long winter in the trenches, took the offensive. After having received terrible blows at Mons and Ypres, after waiting and preparing through months of hard work, they almost achieved a victory at Neuve Chapelle. Here they first found themselves, and found the Germans vulnerable.

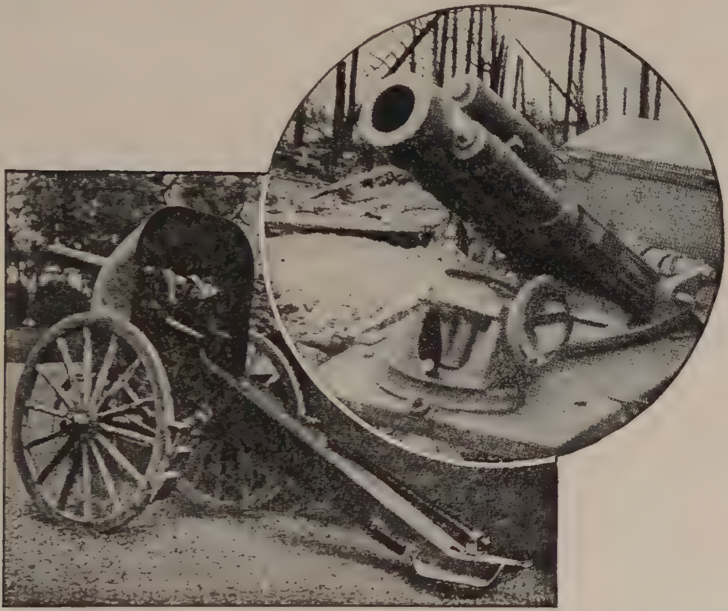
Impregnable was the word used in the German press to describe the position of the Kaiser's armies at that time. German soil was free from the enemy, practically the whole country of Belgium had been conquered and the richest portion of France occupied. The next thing to do was to break the deadlock. A writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* told how the plan was to "form easily movable masses, concentrate them, scatter them and bring them together again for the final attack, as Hindenburg and Ludendorff had done in the East with unprecedented successes." This policy was believed to be certain of victory. Meanwhile, at the village of Neuve Chapelle, west of Lille on the border of France, what the British press for a time accepted as a sign of the beginning of the end, had occurred. They regarded this battle as a test of tactics, and as proving that the Allies were in a position to break the German line whenever they pleased—if not then, at least when they were fully ready. The procedure was to concentrate enormous masses of artillery and pour upon a chosen position a stream of projectiles so heavy and rapid that every living thing would be swept away and a path some miles wide plowed through the German line. Through this opening the Allies were to rush and capture new positions. In that event the Germans would have to retreat many miles before it would be possible for them to entrench again. That this method when rightly employed was sure of success was held to have been proved by the battle of Neuve Chapelle, failure tho it was in immediate gains.

Neuve Chapelle lies in a flat, dike-chequered country. Close behind it to the east the ground begins to rise gently toward a ridge. Beyond a junction of spurs, the ridge runs away northeast, from Fournes to a point two miles southwest of Lille. Along this ridge is the road to Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing, three of the chief French manufacturing towns. Possession of the ridge was so important a step toward possession of Lille that its occupation could be regarded as almost implying the capture of that town. The capture at that time of Lille would have been of high importance. It would have placed the Allies in a fair position to move against the Germans between Lille and the sea.

Neuve Chapelle was a necessary first step. Arrangements for taking it had been carefully matured during the weeks preceding March 10. The battle began with a bombardment by guns and howitzers. Men in the trenches described this fire as the most tremendous, in point of noise and in actual effect, that they had yet seen or heard. The shrieking of shells, the explosions, and the continuous thunder of batteries were all merged into one great volume of sound. Discharges of guns were so rapid that they "sounded like the fire of a gigantic machine-gun." After the signal for attack had been given, almost the whole elaborate series of German trenches in and about Neuve Chapelle were in British hands in less than half an hour. Except at one point there was hardly any resistance. The trenches, which in places were literally blotted out, were filled with dead and dying partially buried in earth and débris.

Dawn that day had broken gray and sullen, with clouds low in the sky, and mist in the distance. The first light seemed to show the Germans that something was astir on the British lines. Trenches were full of men, so ran the reports of outposts, but the corps commander for a time took no steps. Then suddenly the boom of great guns fell on the ears of British troops. It was artillery firing "ranging" shots. After that all was silent from Armentières to Givenchy. Battalion commanders then looked at their watches and at 7.30, punctually to a second, the silence was broken by a pandemonium of sound which split the ears and rent the heavens, so that British troops, crouching under cover, were dazed and maddened. The earth vibrated "as if struck by a great hammer." The first shells that hit the German position raised clouds of smoke and dust. For the next thirty-five minutes the British could see nothing but a pall of green lyddite fumes and great mushrooms of red earth. Barbed-wire entanglements were sliced through, parapets, the work of months, were crumbled like sand-castles, and horrible fragments of mortality blown back with the lyddite wreaths. Four shells to the yard was the British fire. In this action more use was made of artillery than in a year and a half of the South African War. The "preparation" lasted thirty-five minutes. At the end of it there were no German trenches, only a welter of earth, dust and mangled bodies. At five minutes past eight the gunners lengthened their range, and houses in the village began to leap into the air. Great dust clouds went up. Trees were razed like grass before a scythe. The cloud grew denser with the débris of brick and mortar. Then whistles blew, for the time had come for infantry to advance. What had once been a village was now a rubbish heap. The church was a broken shard, and the churchyard, horribly ploughed up, showed long-buried dead in their graves. The ground was yellow with lyddite. Fruit-trees and oaks had been torn up by the roots.

The British success was mainly due to a concentration of an overwhelming artillery force on a particular section of the German front, selected for attack at a time when the German strength had been weakened by detachments sent to meet the French advance in Champagne. Airmen kept German pilots and observers in Taubes far away, while heavy guns and trains of ammunition were assembled. The British strength was forty-eight battalions, or nearly 45,000 men. To this should be added artillery. Twice as many British troops fought here as at Waterloo, where only 23,991 were engaged. It is doubtful if in the whole war thus far had greater slaughter been inflicted in a shorter time and in so confined a space as in some of these advances, where dense bodies of infantry were caught in the converging fire of machine-guns and rifles. For the first time in the war the Germans abandoned a position once they had lost it. At the end the British, tho their accomplishment fell far short of their hopes, had made a permanent advance of a thousand yards along a front of three thousand, and obtained a valuable position for operations in future. The losses of the Germans were estimated, and possibly over-estimated, at 18,000 men. The British losses were very heavy, at the close of the battle 526 officers and 12,239 men. It was a fierce and murderous encounter in which every weapon of modern warfare—the giant howitzer, the bomb, and the machine-gun—was used to the full, and where the reward of the victory was a slice of ground no larger than a moderate farm. And yet as the moral prevails over the material, the fact that a Prussian line, built up with four months of labor, could be rushed in a couple of hours, and that by no exertion could a German set foot upon it again, was a hopeful first lesson in the spring campaign.



GERMAN GUNS
A Mitrailleuse on the left. A Trench Gun on the right

The capture of Neuve Chapelle was hailed in England as adding another page to the chronicle of notable deeds by British arms in the field. Some apprehension had existed lest troops, after long months of sitting in trenches engaged in siege operations, might or might not prove themselves, in military slang, "sticky" when it came to an offensive movement, but they showed at Neuve Chapelle that a winter in the trenches had deprived them of none of their dash. When the moment came for the attack, tho the German fire, principally from machine-guns, was murderous, they "clambered out of the trenches and, despite heavy packs, a hail of bullets from machine-guns and shrapnel, dashed forward at a run, yelling like a football crowd." By 8.30 they had taken by assault German trenches defending Neuve Chapelle and captured the first batch of prisoners.

But in spite of an early victory, "somebody blundered." Such was the conclusion from the report made by General French. There were heavy British losses that might have been avoided. A general officer, commanding the Fourth Corps, had failed to follow the "clearly exprest order" of the general officer commanding the first army. His name was withheld from the report, but he was responsible for difficulties that enabled the Germans to bring up reinforcements, to cut telephone communications with shrapnel-fire and to bring machine-guns to bear on the charging British. At one point, lacking means of communicating with their batteries, the British found themselves under terrible shell-fire from their own side. Over 11,000 British were killed and wounded chiefly after the British had once driven the Germans from Neuve Chapelle. The first part of the battle had showed that artillery, in an attack under modern conditions, was the dominating factor in success. The second part, when the Germans, because of the British pause in their advance, were able to rearrange their defenses and provide them with large superiority in machine-guns, proved the enormous value of rapid fire from these weapons, one of which can pour forth a fire equivalent to that of fifty ordinary infantrymen.

The British losses during three days' fighting, and they would have been heavier but for the devoted work of the doctors and stretcher-bearers, who ignored alike danger and fatigue, exceeded 12,000, out of forty battalions engaged, among them 190 officers and 2,357 others killed. The wounded were 359 officers and 8,174 men, while 23 officers and 1,723 men of other ranks were missing. It will be noted that these figures gave a high percentage of casualties among officers. In proportion to numbers, the officers hit were twice as numerous as the men in the ranks.

No battle on the Western Front—not even the first British engagement at Mons, which for weeks afterward was shrouded in much secrecy, and not even Antwerp—gave birth to so many rumors and varying stories among the Allies as the battle of Neuve Chapelle. It was a glorious victory, or it was a bloody fiasco. It made reputations, and it unmade them. The fact was that Neuve Chapelle was a victory which halted half way—that it was something to the good, but it had been meant to be something more. That was perhaps the reason why the action produced so many divers opinions and so much gossip. The British massed secretly large forces and an overpowering weight of artillery, fell upon a small force of unsuspecting Germans, and burst a way for themselves through the first line of defense. In this phase of the battle the business-like British organization was much commented on. British infantry could not help winning those battered trenches. There was an admirable

HEAVY GUNS BEING HAULED BY TRACTORS

display of valor on the left, where a brigade was hung up by wire entanglements.

The second phase, which was the converse of the first, showed the British organization at fault, and thus brought about fatal delay, with the sad accompaniment of British gallantry displaying itself to the full, but in vain, as men dashed themselves time after time against the storm of machine-gun bullets. During the final day of the battle this exhibition of valor was shared with the Germans, whose counter-attacks, however recklessly unwise in inception, were carried out bravely. The Germans were entitled to congratulate themselves on the ready skill and tenacity with which they took advantage of the British blunder on the first day, and the success which attended their efforts. On the whole, the battle gave an appreciable advantage to the British side, as it stopt for a time the attacks of the Germans; but it exercised no really substantial influence over the subsequent course of the campaign. Yet this victory might, it was thought, prove the most significant of the war; it might mark the beginning of a successful Allied offensive on the Western Front. It proved that strong positions could be taken with a minimum loss of life, if the attack was supported by concentrated artillery fire. The British now called for an "almost unlimited supply of ammunition." Chancellor Lloyd George and the Secretary of War, Earl Kitchener, conducted a campaign calling on the whole nation to work in supplying the necessary arms, which were ammunition and equipment—and especially artillery. The government took over the ammunition works; in France war industries were similarly organized. With what solicitude Germany regarded this action was brought home to America by renewed protests against American exports of munitions to the Allies.

The appearance of the village of Neuve Chapelle afterward suggested havoc such as might be wrought by an earthquake. The place was one huge rubbish heap. To see the place by daylight, Colonel Palmer said, "was to see the most fearful example of the power of modern artillery fire yet witnessed." No village was left, "only hashed bricks and mortar, with the exception of half a dozen houses which, however, had been hit several times.'' After knocking the buildings to pieces British shells ''kneaded and pulverized the remains.'' Yet two objects stood practically unharmed along that low sky-line of ruins—both effigies of Christ on the cross, of the type familiar to all travelers in France. Eight-inch shells had excavated holes on either side of the base of one, the other being untouched. Trees had been cut in two, splintered and gashed, but four small evergreen shrubs around one of the effigies still stood undisturbed.

During the three days' fighting, Lille suffered from something not unlike a panic. Its large hospital was removed to Tournai, and many officers billeted in Lille went to Tournai to sleep. While Neuve Chapelle was in its essence a success, the British reach had exceeded the British grasp and there were blunders. The artillery preparation had not everywhere been adequate. The staff-work of the Fourth Corps was imperfect, and there was unexplained delay in bringing up the brigades of the Seventh Division after the advance of the Eighth. The observation work of the artillery also was faulty. A plan which might have given the British Lille only gave them Neuve Chapelle.

In going over the ground one could readily visualize how this battle, which so stiffened English confidence, had been fought. One could see how, in the crash of explosions and the rending of earth, there could be only insane confusion in a German trench when British infantry rushed over to it; how that terrific blast of gunnery was carried on to the next defense, when the infantry charged again in order to get possession of another few hundred yards of ground; and how, in the streets of the village, parties of Germans were surrounded and others, made desperate in the pandemonium, tried to return and fire back. The tactical lesson was the vital importance of strengthening one's artillery in the field. Guns and howitzers were more wanted than men. The war had become an affair of artillery rather than of infantry. Artillery, which formerly took a secondary place in war, now took first place, the rifle no longer being the deciding weapon, the machine-gun and high explosive howitzers having supplanted it.

St. Éloi was not in the Neuve Chapelle area, but a village lying three or four miles south of Ypres, at the junction of two main roads, the Ypres-Armentières road, north and south, and the Ypres-Warneton road, which branches off in a southeasterly direction. In March, 1915, the British line ran close outside this village on the east; it went round it on the south, and then bent away westward. The Germans were facing this line on both sides of the village. At the southeast corner, inside the British line, was a large tumulus or mound. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, the Germans, who had taken advantage of the mist to concentrate a large force of artillery, and probably anticipated that the British line here had been weakened by the reinforcements sent to Neuve Chapelle, opened a heavy cannonade against the British in front of the village, as well as against the village itself and the approaches to it. When this was at its height, a mine was exploded under the mound, and immediate advantage taken by the Germans of the confusion to launch an infantry attack. The whole attack was a surprize to the British, who with both artillery and infantry opened a return fire, and on the eastern side of the village inflicted losses on the Germans. Next day a small force of Germans returned to the attack, but were nearly wiped out. On the 17th the Germans made another and more vigorous attack, but again their efforts failed, and they were repulsed.

In many respects St. Éloi resembled Neuve Chapelle—in the unexpectedness of the attack, in being an initial success due to suddenness, in the ferocity of the preliminary bombardment, in the terrific village fighting, and in the fact that it was an isolated action aiming to pierce lines locally, and not part of a general advance. But in one respect it differed. The Germans at St. Éloi surrendered most of the ground they had captured; at Neuve Chapelle the British held to theirs and repelled all attempts to deprive them of the fruits of their victory. St. Éloi was looked on as the final phase of the Neuve Chapelle operations.

March, the eighth month of the war, had contained three events that were regarded at that time as disadvantageous to the Teutonic cause—the attack on the Dardanelles, the British stroke at Neuve Chapelle, the Russian triumph at

Przemysl. Before these events German effort in the west by November 15 had come to a complete halt. November 15 had seen the close of the Battle of Flanders, and before the end of the year there had come a similar German pause in the east. An over-ambitious Russian thrust into East Prussia had been beaten down by Hindenburg at the Masurian Lakes, but the German pursuit had lost its driving power in swamps and forests west of the Niemen and north of the Narew. Elsewhere the cause of the German Empire was in peril. The South African rebellion had spluttered out, and loyal troops under Botha were moving across German Southwest Africa. French and Belgian colonial troops had broken the hold of the Germans on Kamerun, and in the Far East Australians and Japanese had reduced the last outpost of Germany on the Pacific. On the seven seas the Germans' dream seemed to be dissolving. It was impossible not to marvel still at the grandeur of that German dream of world-conquest because of which there had been fighting from the

REMAINS OF BUILDINGS IN ST. ELOI AFTER THE BATTLE valley of the Meuse to the Euphrates; South America had heard the guns of warships; and revolutions had been undertaken in Egypt and South Africa. Still it was true that for success Paris had to fall, and Germany had to dominate the Continent. After eight months the Germans were no nearer success in the west than they were in November, no nearer Paris than they were on September 12. Meantime, British armies were beginning to take their places in France and Belgium and from America supplies in arms and ammunition were coming in increasing quantities.[2] East and West Germany was outnumbered. Measured by any evidence at hand, the German cause seemed badly endangered.

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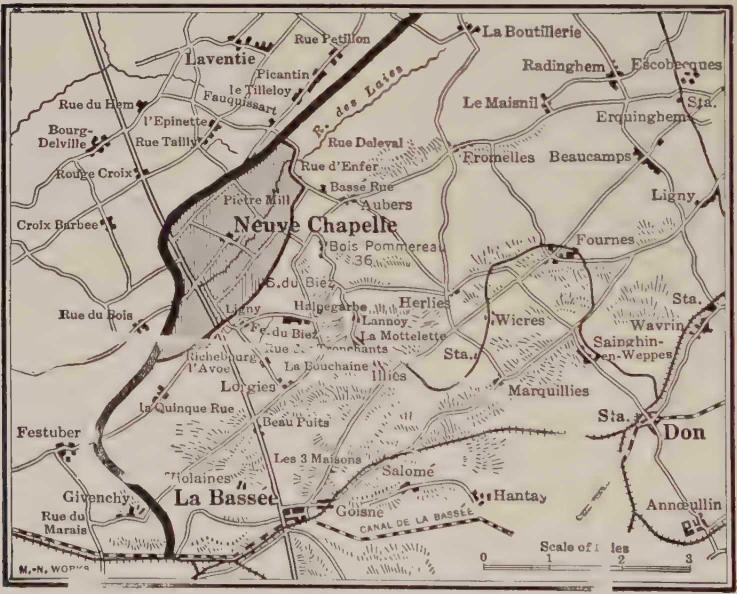
[2] Principal Sources: The *Evening Sun*, New York; The *Daily Mail*, London; The New York *Times*, The *Literary Digest*, The *Times*, London; The London *Times'* "History of the War," The *New Republic*, Nelson's "History of the War," by John Buchan; The *Daily Chronicle*, London; The *Evening Post*, New York; Associated Press Dispatches, Sir Conan Doyle's "The British Campaign in France and Flanders" (George H. Doran Co.).


La Boutillerie
Rue Petillon
Laventie
Picantin
le Tilleloy
Fauquissart
R. des Laies
Radinghem
Escobecques
Le Maisnil
Sta.
Erquinghem
Rue du Hem
Bourg-Delville
l'Epinette
Rue Tailly
Rue Deleval
Fromelles
Beaucamps
Rouge Croix
Rue d'Enfer
Basse Rue
Pietre Mill
Aubers
Ligny
Croix Barbee
Neuve Chapelle
Bois Pommereau
36
Fournes
S. du Biez
Herlies
Sta.
Rue du Bois
Ligny
Halpegarbe
Lannoy
Wicres
Wavrin
Fe. du Biez
La Mottelette
Sainghin-en-Weppes
Rue des Tronchants
Sta.
Richebourg l'Avoue
La Bouchaine
Illies
Lorgies
Marquillies
la Quinque Rue
Sta.
Festuber
Beau Puits
Don
Les 3 Maisons
Violaines
Salome
Givenchy
La Bassée
Hantay
Annœullin
Rue du Marais
Goisne
CANAL DE LA BASSÉE
Scale of Miles
0
1
2
3
M.-N. WORKS

THE BATTLE OF NEUVE CHAPELLE

III

AROUND BELFORT, VERDUN AND ST. MIHIEL

December 1, 1914—April 15, 1915

NOT only north of Champagne and in the Argonne, but east of Verdun, between the Meuse and Moselle, in the valley of the Moselle toward Metz, and along the whole eastern frontier southward to the Vosges, the force of the German invasion seemed, with the coming of winter, to have temporarily spent itself. Everywhere besieged, the efforts of Germans to advance had become more like the sorties of a beleaguered garrison than the impetuous onrushes of an army of attack. Even in the Wöevre and at the St. Mihiel wedge, in spite of apparently threatening positions, the German lines, much more than the fortress of Verdun, were in a state of siege. Verdun, indeed, in spite of numerous statements to the contrary, had not as yet been besieged at all. Sarrail's defense remained unshaken. Week by week, trench-lines had been pushed farther out, till on the east the railway from Metz to Etain was threatened and the Germans had to build a new supply line from Spincourt. Heavy rains at the end of November imposed a truce on both combatants, but when frost set in in December many assaults and counter-assaults occurred. At some places the opposing lines were only twenty yards apart. Germans still clung to the bridgehead at St. Mihiel on the west bank of the Meuse; but it proved a *cul-de-sac,* from which an advance was impossible.

The army of Lorraine was strongly intrenched on the east bank of the Moselle, and during December pushed forward its left wing into Le Prêtre Woods, beyond Pont-à-Mousson. Southward its line ran well in front of Nancy and Lunéville to the crest of the Vosges at Mont Donon. Thence it ran on the west side till it crossed the Vosges at the Schlucht Pass, and continued on the eastern side at Steinbach, Aspach, and Upper Burnhaupt to a point a mile or two west of Altkirch. In the struggle for the crests, the Chasseurs Alpins, of the French Fifteenth Corps, did notable service. As the Vosges were deep in snow, parties of Chasseurs were mounted on skis, as were some of the Bavarian Jaegers. Here was no sullen trench contest, but the old free movement of war which the French loved. When the Chasseurs won a German signal station north of the Col-du-Bonhomme, they advanced with bugles sounding, singing the "Marseillaise," and carrying a tricolor they had obtained from a neighboring village. From the Vosges came gallant tales of sudden descents by craggy roads upon the Germans, of great feats by mountain batteries, and desperate combats in the hills. The Chasseurs were in their element. This was the kind of war their forefathers had waged from time immemorial among the aiguilles and glaciers of Savoy.

The French who served outside the trenches had given to Verdun, Toul, Epinal and Belfort elbow room. Artillery had made this possible. As the result of combined operations, the Germans had been prevented all the winter from advancing. Between Verdun and the Vosges the pressure was severe at certain points that had particular strategic value. North of Nancy there was a prolonged succession of infantry and artillery engagements, near Pont-à-Mousson in the Bois-le-Prêtre. Trench by trench, and not without costly rebuffs, the French fought their way through the wood, and along the valley of the Moselle toward Metz. Measured in miles, or even yards, the advantage gained at great expense was trifling. In Alsace the French still had a footing, tho their positions were not as far advanced as in the first months of the war, when at one time they penetrated within ten miles of the Rhine. For their retirement at that time there were two reasons. In the August part of the campaign it was due to mistakes of generalship that followed a brilliant opening. After their first occupation of Mulhausen the French had retreated because obliged to do so. When they fell back from Mulhausen the second time it was because of reverses suffered further north and at Maubeuge, as a result of which Joffre reduced the army in Alsace, in order to concentrate stronger forces at points westward where the need was greater. In subsequent operations during the course of

IN ALSACE

The village of Reinkoff in the mountainous Vosges region the winter, when the French withdrew nearer their own frontier, they did so in order to avoid useless loss of life in holding positions not so strong, or so strategically important, as others were further back.

From a military point of view, the winter campaign in Alsace up to the end of January was not of importance. There was plenty of hard fighting in the Vosges and on the long narrow plateau of twenty miles between the mountains and the Rhine, but neither side made use of such large bodies of troops as were employed elsewhere. The moral effect, however, of the continued French occupation of parts of the annexed provinces was considerable. The French were elated that even that much had been undone of the visible results of the war of 1870. After January both sides made attacks in various parts of Alsace without gaining material advantages. Cernay, Mulhausen, and the Rhine-Rhone canal were the chief objectives of the French. The most vigorous fighting was around Altkirch, between Apach and Heidweiller to the north of the town, and in the forest of Hirzbach, just south of it. The affair of Apach was particularly violent. The French, as the result of a bayonet charge, succeeded in establishing themselves well in front of their original position. Generally speaking, the fighting in Alsace up to the end of February consisted of a series of artillery duels, tho even these were conducted with difficulty owing to the flooded state of the country.

From the beginning of the war, Belfort, the great fortress, had not fired a shot from any of its ring of forts, except at aeroplanes. The conquered plain of Alsace, on the contrary, almost daily had been the scene of more or less severe artillery- and rifle-fire. There was little doubt that a dash on the gap of Belfort had been contemplated by the Germans about the middle of October. Stout resistance by the Allies in northern France led to an alteration in the German plans. A German army, variously estimated at from 400,000 to 600,000 men, had been mobilized in Baden, from second line troops, many of whom wore long-discarded German uniforms, but were well provided with heavy artillery. When the Germans found their dash on Calais held in check, five or six army corps were withdrawn from Baden and pushed forward through Belgium to the northern front. At the same time large forces were detached to reinforce the Germans in the neighborhood of Toul and Verdun, while two army corps remained near Strassburg available for operations in Alsace and eventually before Belfort.

One needed only to stand on one of the hills near that fortress to realize not only Belfort's defensive possibilities, but the difficulties of a successful resistance in the open. From the north the place was unapproachable. Here the French remained in full possession of a line which ran along the crest of the Vosges from which the Ballon d'Alsace rises to a height of nearly 4,000 feet, behind Belfort. The Col de Ste Marie, recaptured from the Germans in November, gave command of the valleys of the Schlucht, the Urbes, the Wesserling, and Massevaux, which descend to the open plain of Alsace. The French at certain points had made substantial progress in mountain passes which led to these valleys. They were holding Thann, which is at the foot of the mountain, almost due west of Mulhausen. Thann was

THE BELFORT MONUMENT
The monument commemorates the Garrison's defense in 1870
Captured German guns are seen

frequently subjected to heavy bombardment by six-inch guns pushed forward from Cernay. All factories and storehouses that might have been used as barracks were reduced to a heap of ruins, but the French still remained there. Amid all this, scenes of peace were not unknown. Ernest Smith[3] wrote from a hill near Belfort early in November:

> "In the middle distance a passing bell was tolling from the village church for the burial of a victim of the war, a strange contrast to the thud of the shells as they plunged into the ground throwing up columns of earth and smoke house high. In a meadow behind me village football teams were playing and every kick of the ball sounded like the echo of those dull, distant explosions. At my feet a couple of sturdy sons of the soil, aged about ten or eleven, were rounding up a herd of cows with their tinkling bells making joyous music, while a little farther off an Alsatian girl held the head of a horse which was dragging a harrow over a newly ploughed field. As darkness fell all those signs of life disappeared. The footballers, the cowboys, and the Alsatian girl farmhands came to reinforce the group on the hill and watch the spurts of flame that marked the bursting places of the projectiles."

The lessons of Liége, Namur, and Antwerp, by October had been thoroughly studied by those responsible for the defense of Belfort. The flag that the city flew during the war of 1870, torn as it was by shot and fragments of shell, was still treasured in Belfort as evidence of the gallant defense made against the Germans until the town was finally surrendered, on receipt of orders to do so from the French Government. Thrice was Belfort besieged, but on none of those occasions was it captured. There still remained in some portions of the old fortifications, built by Vauban, part of the moat, and a massive stone gateway through which passed the road that led to Thann. The whole appearance of the town inspires interest and confidence as a fortress, with a monument in the center commemorating the three successful sieges, the old watch-tower broken by cannon in 1870 and since rebuilt, and the famous lion of Belfort, on a pedestal cut out of the living rock, with the proud title, "*Sois sans crainte Belfort, Ton lion est la qui veille.*"[4] This statue was dedicated by the sculptor Mercier with the words, "*Quand Même*—"[4a] a reference to the gallant resistance of 1870. In the Cimitière des Mobiles rest more than a thousand French soldiers who fell in the siege.

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[3] Correspondent of an English newspaper.

[4] "Be without fear, Belfort. Thy lion is there on watch."

The net result of fighting on the eastern frontier to January, 1915, had left the French virtually masters of southern and central Argonne up to a line drawn through St. Hubert. On the western outskirts they held the village of Malancourt, and on the western flank positions up to Vanquois where they were faced by German forces. The little village remained long in German hands and suffered terribly. Two-thirds of it were reduced to ruins. Not a roof was to be seen, and only here and there a ragged cable projected out of a mass of battered brick-work. It was the same with most other little towns in that region. Before the Germans were driven out of Clermont, they set fire to the place, but were restrained by a woman whose conduct was comparable to that of Mme. Marcherez at Soissons. Varennes escaped lightly, owing to its occupation by Germans, but the house in which the fugitives Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were lodged after capture in their flight from Paris in 1791, was said to have been destroyed.

At the close of the year Verdun, the great central doorway of the Lorraine frontier, remained still barred and bolted against the invader. It had not even been besieged; its communications were untaken; it was still the center of a district in which there was as yet no menace. Behind it on the north, west, and east were at least twenty miles of territory before one reached the zone of German fire. On the south the Germans touched the Meuse at St. Mihiel. To reach Verdun from Metz there was only a single road and that was difficult. Along that line the position of the Germans was precarious. Around the semi-circle north of Verdun French armies had made slow but steady progress. Verdun stood like a great bastion among the hills. Flung round it in a great semi-circle sixty-five miles long were a quarter of a million Germans, six army corps at one time, commanded by the Crown Prince. The vast scale of this war was brought home vividly when one stood on the heights round Verdun and looked far out across the wide plain of the Wöevre, to where each village and hillock, in a line from one horizon to the other, was defended by trenches, wire-entanglements, riflemen, and batteries. All these elaborate depositions were only details of the same great battle-front that stretched uninterruptedly for 200 miles through the dense forest of Argonne, across the plain of Châlons, along the chalk hills of the Aisne, past the black industrial country of the north, and then over the mud flats of Flanders, till it ended on the sands of the North Sea, or went even beyond, to the decks of British warships, whose guns in the Battle of Flanders had covered the left flank as Verdun protected the right.

[4a] "Even if—."

The walls and crenellated gateways in which Verdun put her trust in 1792 were now picturesque monuments within a larger town. Even the outer ring of fortifications that served some purpose in 1870, with bastions, parapets and moats, had since been adorned with trees to serve as summer promenades. To give more room to growing Verdun the fortifications had been extended many miles beyond the former zone. The place really summarized several stages in the art of siege operations. It was a walled, battlemented city, with moat, drawbridge, and portcullis, protected by an outer ring of forts, which had been modern down to a few months before the war. Every height and valley in the country for twenty miles around, had already acquired scars from this great war, fields plowed deep by trenches, hillsides closely dotted with short poles supporting barbed wire that recalled the vineyards of Champagne after the vines were cut in autumn.

Regiments were often put to work making new roads and remaking old ones worn by constant streams of food and ammunition trucks, by convoys of artillery, by rushing motor-cars, and by ponderously-moving heavy guns. In the woods regiments were put to felling trees or clearing the fire-zone of some hidden battery, while others weaved twigs into baskets, which, filled with earth, could be used to strengthen scattered defenses. In the hills men were cutting the trunks of young trees into stakes for barbed wire-entanglements, preparing planks for the roofing of trenches, manufacturing hospital beds, or constructing marvelous dwellings which the soldiers of France built successfully in those exposed regions.

Gazing from an observation station the eye often caught here and there clusters of busy men. White, ribbon-like roads were speckled with slowly-moving motor-cars, gay-hearted French artillery men, going or returning from positions in battery emplacements that had been constructed with marvelous skill by French engineers in exposed hillsides. By giving free rein to the initiative and constructive abilities of the private soldier the whole front had become dotted with "garden cities," made without supervision from officers. A huge scoop would be taken out of a wooded, sandy hillside, and then a village made to nestle there right in the heart of the hill. Above would be a fir-crowned crest, over which guns were fired at, say, point "46" on "X" hill some miles away; below a valley flanked with the blue smoke of soldier-woodmen's fires; over the distant range of hills a captive balloon, with here and there a glint of sun on the wings of a speeding aeroplane.

A battery contributed nothing to the general view, its four guns, each in a little stall of turf, covered with branches of trees and lost in the general countryside. When one approached an improvised village, men tumbled out of porches and lined up for inspection. They seemed at first glance to be the only signs of war in the whole valley. It was almost preposterous to think that, at any moment, a distant thud with a strange whistling sound, might send everybody scuttling to splinter-proof shelters or to the removal of spruce branches in front of a battery and the dispatch of several tons of steel and explosives toward the distant, unseen, and mysterious point "46," far away on the other side of the hill.

Early in January French troops in upper Alsace fought their way through the half of Steinbach that was still held by the Germans. They drove them in confusion from the village and swept on until they recaptured defensive positions just west of Cernay. Every foot of ground was so bitterly contested that the losses were extraordinarily heavy. A separate battle raged around almost every house and for several hours the advantage rested first with one side and then with the other. The capture of a church finally gave victory to the French. Not more than a mile to the east of Steinbach lies the important town of Cernay, where Germans had constructed strong defensive works. The French had managed to capture this fortified ground and in part to cut off the Germans in Steinbach, but they could not hold their position and in a short time the enemy was again in their trenches. It was not until an overwhelming rush gave Steinbach to the French and rolled on toward Cernay that the fortifications came again into the hands of the attacking force.

Details reached Paris of the way in which the French succeeded in surrounding Steinbach. When the French had driven the Germans from Thann, which lies a few miles south of Steinbach, German infantry became demoralized, tho their artillery was intact. On the night of December 29, French engineers attempted to throw a bridge over the Thur, west of Cernay, but German gunners found the range almost immediately and forced the French to retreat. A French reconnoitering party was sent out, and at midnight two prisoners gave information that the heights round Steinbach were not held in force, but were defended by six 77-millimeter guns, while Steinbach itself contained important Landsturm troops. After this news was confirmed by scouts, a second attempt was made to cross the river three miles higher up on the side opposite to Thann. All the troops and equipment were brought to the rendezvous, and a crossing effected before daybreak. At six the French were in position west of Steinbach on the last wooded escarpments of Gerbéviller, with batteries to support the infantry. At eight, when the fog lifted, French batteries opened fire. No reply came from the Germans, but an hour later the German batteries cut to pieces the French troops guarding the bridge and destroyed the pontoons, thus separating the French troops from the right bank of the river. The French guns replied, but too late, as the German guns had disappeared in the pine-forests and were preparing to climb the hill opposite to and dominating the French position.

There being grave danger that the French force might be cut to pieces, there was a race for the heights, mule batteries scaling the wooded hills at a trot. At ten there was a fusillade in the woods from the enemy's guard, but the French bugles sounded the charge, and Chasseurs went at them with the bayonet. Two glacis had to be scaled, and a barricade formed of tree-trunks. A rough-and-tumble fight with bayonets and rifle-butts followed. The critical crest was three miles off and uphill, French troops having to fight as they charged. The whole time taken was half an hour.

IN THE THANN VALLEY OF ALSACE

The French now held in check the German batteries, while their files, in advancing, saw the French in position and tried to turn, but were too late. The French guns opened on their flanks at 1,000 yards. Horses and drivers were killed, ammunition wagons exploded. One gun with its equipment was rolled from top to bottom of the hill, and smashed to atoms. By eleven firing had ceased, and Steinbach could be seen through glasses surrounded by French troops. This battle was one of the desperate conflicts in this field. Altho the column operating from Thann was intrusted with the recapture of the position, two other columns, advancing respectively on Burnhaupt and Altkirch, materially assisted the enterprize if only by keeping the Germans employed over a wide area. It was on Christmas Eve that the real offensive began, with a terrific artillery duel which lasted the whole of the next day. Most of the civilian inhabitants had a sorry Christmas. Ordered to leave their homes, they were shepherded in thousands by Germans in the direction of Mulhausen. The French also cleared as many non-combatants as possible out of the threatened regions.

Meanwhile, St. Mihiel in the line of battle some ninety miles to the northwest, was attracting attention. For weeks there had been no advance in this district either way. Roughly speaking, the Germans held the right bank of the Meuse, and the French the left. The Germans were fixt there in a gully of hills, each flank protected by mountains, but could not make progress. It was also difficult to attack them, because of the configuration of the country. Sharp ravines had to be carried one by one which rendered operations difficult, since it was impossible to see or know what was going on with other troops even a short distance away. The fighting in this district was none the less fierce, the more so as it was mostly at close quarters. Official bulletins spoke briefly of trenches won and of such and such a wood occupied, but in that rough country round St. Mihiel in every movement, no matter how small, the apparent advantage was the outcome of strenuous effort and very considerable additions to the casualty list.

In February the French had broken out with a great offensive in the Champagne district between Reims and the Argonne. Over 500,000 men had battled for weeks on a narrow front. The French attack, after having carried German trenches along a low crest to the north of Souain, had been halted, but to check the French the Germans had denuded of reserves their entire front in France. Taking advantage of this, in early March, the British struck out north of La Bassée and won the battle of Neuve Chapelle. Early in April the French on the eastern frontier broke out with still another offensive. This time they struck at the German position between the Meuse and the Moselle, the famous St. Mihiel "wedge." As in the Champagne, the fighting was desperate, and the German and French reports conflicting. The French claimed to have driven the Germans down the heights of the Meuse, and to have taken the heights of Les Éparges and Coimbre; while the Germans long maintained that all French attacks had been repulsed. In the same fashion, the French recorded and the Germans denied that gains had been made to the south of Flirey and Pont-à-Mousson.

In various efforts made by the French to dislodge the Germans from the St. Mihiel salient, they attacked on both sides and also near the apex. The advance to the crest of the Éparges hill, which dominates the plain of the Woëvre, had been proceeding since February and culminated on April 9. German engineers had protected the summit by tiers of trenches one above the other, at points no less than five in number. Guns of all calibers and mitrailleuses were concealed on the flanks of the hill and its summit. On April 5 the French began their final move to reduce the fortress. Rain was pouring in torrents, the ground almost impassable, the troops in places up to their knees in mud. Wet to the skin, covered in sweat, they prest forward, and, after numerous *mêlées*, established themselves in a part of the German trenches, but to the east their progress was stopt by flights of aerial torpedoes, each of which, when it burst, destroyed whole ranks.

Both sides rested on the morning of the 9th, and another French regiment arrived soon after midday, having taken fourteen hours to climb up the muddy, slippery paths. The French once more attacked, in a hurricane of wind and rain. The ground in front of them was honeycombed with deep holes, but, covered by the fire of their artillery, they approached the last refúges of the Germans, when suddenly the summit of the hill was shrouded in fog. French guns ceased firing, the Germans counter-attacked, and the French fell back. When their officers called on them to make a new effort, they again advanced and at 10 P.M. held the ridge and summit of Les Éparges. During the 10th there was no fighting, but on the night of April 11-12 the Germans made a final counter-attack, which failed. While not a source of immediate danger, the German position at St. Mihiel constituted a continuing menace to the French. Fort Camp des Romains, on a hill high above the Meuse, commanded the crossing of the river and the Toul-Verdun railroad. The Germans had furnished it with heavy artillery and so made it like a spear-head thrust into the eastern-barrier forts. They held a narrow corridor, straight through the French bulwark, an avenue for attack if they should again be able to take the offensive. After more or less desultory efforts to break this German wedge, the French turned their attention to Flanders and then to Champagne. Thenceforth St. Mihiel was neglected by the French. Not until September, 1918, was it recovered, and then by the Americans under Pershing, in what became their first independent military operation in France.

FRENCH ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH AN ALSATIAN VILLAGE

North and west of Verdun in the Argonne and to the west the French pushed the Germans back, until they occupied solidly the whole circle about Verdun and so made a German investment and bombardment of this fortress at that time impossible. But before they could take the offensive in other fields, it was almost imperative that they should close the gap in their line of barrier fortresses. This they undertook to do, in spite of attacks upon two sides of the Verdun-St. Mihiel-Pont-à-Mousson triangle. One of the French movements was east from Verdun, toward and about Étain, Verdun, and Metz. Half a dozen miles along this line would have brought them to the battlefields about Mars-la-Tour, where the defeat of Bazaine in 1870 decided the Franco-Prussian War. The Germans, enfolded between two lines moving north and south, desperately endeavored to hold their narrow corridor from Metz to St. Mihiel. St. Mihiel itself, dominated by Fort Camp des Romains, had been made by the German fortifications practically unassailable. But if the French thrusts north and south could be successful, the Germans at St. Mihiel would be cut off from Metz and would ultimately have to surrender.

EVENING BEHIND THE FRENCH LINE IN ALSACE

Such a success, however, would not have opened the way to an invasion of German territory. It would not have deprived the Germans of control of any important line of railroad. Metz and Thionville would have brought the French to a halt, once they crossed the Orne and reached the frontier. On the other hand, as a defensive move, an attempt to close a dangerous breach in their own lines, the French attack was of importance. Once the St. Mihiel position could be taken and the trenches carried south from Étain to Pont-à-Mousson, French troops could be sent to other points, where the real offensive might be expected.

The weakness of the German position lay in the fact that it was a salient open to attack from two sides and so narrow that it was subject to cross-fire. Its strength lay in the roughness of the country, which made it impossible to fortify it strongly, and in the nearness of Metz, which enabled the Germans to bring up heavy artillery and reinforcements to permanent forts which protected the base. The capture of St. Mihiel with Fort Camp de Romains would have closed to the Germans one more road to Paris. It would have meant that, between Switzerland and the old Luxemburg frontier, the French defense had proved itself indestructible. It would have corroborated all that the Germans said of the military necessity of invading France through Belgium, since it would have proved that the eastern barrier fortresses could not be broken. But it would not have led to any more serious consequences than the bombardment of the outlying defenses of Metz. Unquestionably the Germans had prepared to defend that great fortress in trenches, as the French defended Verdun and prevented 42-centimeter guns from coming within range of the inner forts.

French defeat here would have had no more serious consequences than to demonstrate that it was still beyond their power to shake the German hold on French territory. As such it would have had a real moral effect and marked a considerable and undeniable reverse. Perhaps the most important aspect of the St. Mihiel operation lay in the test it gave to the new French offensive, which had made so little real progress in Champagne a few weeks before.[5]

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[5] Principal Sources: The London *Times*' "History of the War," The *Daily News,* The *Daily Mail,* The *Times*, London; The New York *Times,* The New York *Tribune,* "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, "Bulletins" of the National Geographic Society, Associated Press dispatches, The *Fortnightly Review.*

IV

YPRES ONCE MORE—POISONOUS GAS AND CANADIAN VALOR

April 17, 1915—May 22, 1915

AFTER a few weeks ending about April 1, the fighting in Champagne and northern France dropt to the level of incidental bombardments, local attacks, and counter-attacks, in which Allied activity broke out at new points. More and more did Germany seem to be on the defensive; more and more did her enemies demonstrate their possession of superior resources. Neuve Chapelle, Champagne, the fight for St. Mihiel, the renewal of the advance in Alsace, all were encounters to be accepted as proof that the opening of the spring campaign would be marked not by a general offensive from the Jura to the North Sea, but by separate attacks at various points. Despite local successes, and some real advances on both sides of the St. Mihiel salient, the French, however, failed to compel a German retreat, their strategy effectively blocked by German resistance.

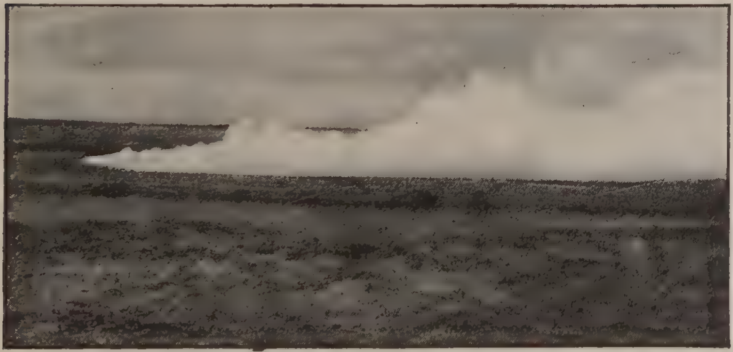
Ypres owed its importance in the war to its central position in the western corner of Flanders between the Lys and the North Sea, blocking as it did for the Germans the highway to Calais. Had the Germans succeeded in capturing it, the position of the Allies, on the Yser, would have been turned and the roads to Dunkirk and Calais uncovered. French fully realized this and instructed his corps commanders to defend the town by means of a semi-circle of infantry trenches, and artillery gun-pits, which were made to form a fortified enclave pushed out to the east. Its defenses were rendered so strong by skilful adaptation of trenches to the ground, one trench enfilading the other, that the Ypres position had become practically impregnable, even when attacked by a much superior force. Here in April, a month after Neuve Chapelle, was fought a notable second battle—so notable, in fact, as to be comparable with the great battle of the previous November on the same field.

In the earlier struggle which was part of the Battle of Flanders some 120,000 British troops, hastily detrained and sent into the gap between the extreme left of the French and the sea, were suddenly assailed by something approaching half a million Germans. No opportunity came at that time to the British to erect permanent, or semi-permanent, defenses; they had to fight in hastily constructed field-trenches and much of the fighting was bayonet-work. Nothing in the whole progress of the war in the western field could thus far have been compared for casualties in the sense of percentages with the first Battle of Ypres. The British lines at first merely endured the storm and then yielded a little, but later, reinforced by French army corps, hung on. Foch was in command of the French and during the crisis his troops rendered great service. Moreover, Foch's keen military intellect gave the British needed counsel and encouragement. He had now won his way to high command and laid the foundation for that future *cameraderie* with British generals which counted so heavily afterward in winning the war.

The second fight opened under new horizons. The British strength in France had risen from 120,000 to perhaps 700,000. Not all, probably not more than half, were on the firing-line, but this was treble the number who had held Ypres in November. In artillery the improvement in Allied fighting power had since been enormous. About Nieuport where 50,000 Belgians, the remnant of the defenders of Antwerp, had repulsed the Germans, there were now 120,000 men, supported by new artillery. Besides these advantages, there were others in fortifications on which for months work had gone forward. Trench by trench, one line upon another, British, Belgians, and French had been digging themselves into positions which they formerly had held against terrible pressure when hardly fortified at all.

Before the second battle of Ypres actually began, there had ensued on April 17 a contest which was destined to rage at intervals for several weeks, the fight for Hill 60—a low ridge about fifty feet high and two hundred and fifty yards from end to end, which faced the Allied trenches in the Zillebeke region southeast of Ypres. After a fierce struggle the Germans were ejected, and the crest was held by the British. The losses had been heavy, various craters formed by mines and heavy shells being desperately fought for. It was a fierce combat, in which men drove their bayonets through each other, and hurled bombs at ranges of a few yards.

A new phenomenon in war methods was here observed. Officers seated in a dugout behind the fighting line experienced a strong feeling of suffocation, and were driven from their shelter, the candles in which were extinguished by noxious air. Shells bursting on the hill set troops coughing and gasping. It was the first German experiment in the use of poison gas—an expedient, the most cowardly in the history of warfare. In vain the Germans tried to win back a foothold. Field-guns were brought up and fired at short range at parapets hastily thrown up. Heavy as were the strokes of the German hammer, they sometimes bent but never shattered the British line. Already the death-roll had been doubled, and 100 officers with 3,000 men lay stretched out on that little space, littered with bodies and red with blood. Five days followed with hardly a break. British guns were run up and drove the Germans to cover, bombers who still lurked in craters being routed out with the bayonet. In the afternoon of the 21st the fire



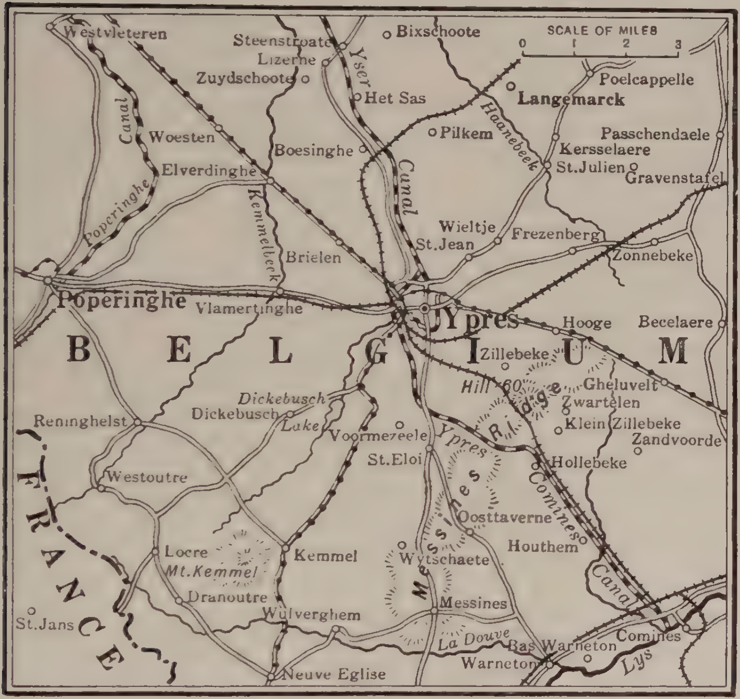
POISON GAS

Used for the first time by the Germans at the Second Battle of Ypres died gradually away and the assaults came to an end with Hill 60 in British hands.

On April 20 a new bombardment of Ypres started, suddenly and without warning. With a dull drone a giant shell was coming into the city. The noise increased till it sounded like the roar of the passing of an express train. As the shell fell its detonation seemed to shake the earth. The Grande Place, filled with people, became a shambles. Bodies lay in all directions, some mercifully dead, others mere heaps of agony. The headless body of a mounted policeman lay thirty yards away from a grotesque object that had been his horse. A child lay motionless, pinned down by a giant pile of wreckage. Every twenty minutes afterward the sky would be filled with roaring sounds, a shell would fall, and soldiers in trenches would observe vast columns of smoke rising, a phenomenon entirely different from all previous effects of shelling. With the bursting these columns shot up two hundred feet, a solid column black and yellow in which the eye could distinguish bricks, stones, and possibly men. Solid bodies would hang poised for an instant, seemingly motionless, and then fall back into the fog of destruction whence they had ascended. Smoke clouds hung for a while immobile in the air, then grew larger, and resembled vast funeral plumes.

The second Battle of Ypres was confined to the northern segment of the salient, between Ypres and the Menin road. It lasted almost as long as the first—from April 22 to May 13, when it slackened, owing to a British thrust from Festubert. Like the first, it was fought by the British and French against odds. There was now a crushing artillery preponderance and a use of poison gas, which was a more deadly asset than weight of numbers. For days the fate of the Allies hung in the balance where dispositions of troops grew chaotic in the fog of war. It became a soldiers' battle, where rules and text-books were forgotten. It was less critical than the first battle, for it was not fought to gain or defeat any great strategical intention. It was rather an episode in a war of attrition, in which the Germans, by use of heavy artillery and gas, caused severe Allied losses without gaining any special advantage of position.

The Allies still held Ypres, now a diminishing salient, but lost so heavily that, so far as attrition went, the balance of success was with the German side. The Germans still had a wonderful machine, made up of great cannon firing unlimited quantities of high-explosive shells, an immense number of machine-guns, and poisoned gas. The Allies had no such mechanism to oppose the Germans—nor did they use poisoned gas. This was the first event which really brought home to the British people the inferiority of their machine and the extent to which their man-power was handicapped. It led indirectly to a reconstruction of the British Government. No battle in the war, however, had so convinced the British of their superiority in manhood, or inspired their troops with a stronger optimism and determination. They


Westvleteren
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SCALE OF MILES
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Passchendaele
Kersselaere
St.Julien
Gravenstafel
Canal
Woesten
Boesinghe
Elverdinghe
Canal
Kemmelbeek
Poperinghe
Wieltje
Frezenberg
St.Jean
Zonnebeke
Brielen
Poperinghe
Vlamertinghe
Ypres
Hooge
Becelaere
BELGIUM
Zillebeke
Hill 60
Ridge
Gheluvelt
Zwartelen
Klein Zillebeke
Zandvoorde
Dickebusch Lake
Dickebusch
Reninghelst
Voormezeele
Ypres Comines Canal
St.Eloi
Hollebeke
Westoutre
FRANCE
Messines
Oosttaverne
Houthem
Locre
Kemmel
Mt.Kemmel
Wytschaete
Dranoutre
Messines
St.Jans
Wulverghem
La Douve
Bas Warneton
Comines
Warneton
Lys
Neuve Eglise

THE ENVIRONS OF YPRES IN THE SECOND BATTLE—APRIL, 1915 learned here that they did not lack a homogeneous army. It would have been hard to say that one part now was better than another. Territorials, infantry, and cavalry, whether they had been out since November or had left home a few days before, held their ground in a nerve-racking conflict with the valor and discipline of veterans.

All told, the British, Belgian, and French forces on that narrow front must have numbered close to a million. A German concentration of equal numbers was unlikely, but the Germans won a local triumph that was comparable to that of the British at Neuve Chapelle, and in much the same way. First, there was a concentration of artillery, supplemented by gas-filled projectiles. Then came a great rush, as at Neuve Chapelle, after which the Germans consolidated the ground they had taken and the Allies resorted to counter-attacks, which were more or less successful. The point selected by the Germans for attack was a natural target. Could they actually have broken through the line, and had there been no line of defenses in the rear, they could have penetrated between the Belgians and British, throwing the Belgians back on Dunkirk and rolling the English on the French at La Bassée. The Germans had again set out to "hack their way through" Flanders, but their last attempt, with some advantages in their favor, was on the whole costly and profitless. The operations at Hill No. 60 were not strictly a part of the Ypres battle, but a link in the chain. Hill 60 was no more than an earth-heap, due to the cutting of the Ypres-Lille railway. Its advantage was that it gave a position from which the whole German front in the neighborhood of Hollebeke Château could be commanded. It was merely the prelude to the real battle, but tons of metal and high explosives at Ypres had been poured on this tiny table-top of land.

The Canadians had been mostly recruited from a class of men forced by their occupations to develop individual daring and resourcefulness. With the eyes of all Canada and many in the United States fixt on them, they determined at Ypres to show that they were the equal of any troops in the world. Belonging to a race of sportsmen, they were roused to fury by the kind of attack made. An aviator reported that yellow smoke was seen at the German position between Bixschoote and Langemarch. From trenches Turcos saw white smoke rising some three feet from the ground. In front of it appeared a greenish yellowish cloud, higher than a man, which drifted toward them. At every fifty feet or so along the German front was seen a battery of twenty retorts from which the Germans had turned on chlorine gas. In a few seconds the Turcos experienced intolerable irritation and smarting in the throat, nose and eyes; they began to cough and to vomit blood, felt pain in the chest and seemed to be suffocating. Dimly they saw the enemy advancing through the wall of vapor.

Some of the advancing Germans had their heads enveloped in huge masks, which made them look like divers, but the majority wore india-rubber respirators pierced with holes and shaped like snouts. A wearer breathed through a plug saturated with bicarbonate of soda, or some other solution neutralizing the evil effects of the gas. The surprize was complete. Hundreds of Turcos were thrown down in a comatose or dying condition, others were shot or bayoneted. The survivors retired from the gas area, leaving fifty guns in German hands. Those not killed outright were dazed and reeled in the green smoke. French troops billeted behind the front line were taken by surprize.

Ypres seemed within German grasp. Storms of high-explosive shell, shrapnel, and bombs filled with asphyxiating gases were bursting over, or on, all tactical points north of the city, which was itself once more heavily bombarded. Onward came the Germans, leaving the wall of gas, which was now beginning to break up into patches, behind them. At a distance they looked like a huge mob bearing down on the town. Never had the position in Flanders been more critical. But the Canadian Militia was about to prove, on a European theater of war, that it possest a courage and tenacity equal to regular troops. Soldiers in reserve, startled by the cannonade and the sight of retiring Turcos, gathered in groups. Here and there a Turco who could speak English was gesticulating and trying to explain what had happened. Englishmen who could speak French were calmly asking questions. Out of houses were rushing thousands of civilians—men, women, and children—who had still remained in the city and were frantically endeavoring to make their way to the fields. Suddenly a staff officer galloped up and shouted: "Stand to arms," and Canadian soldiers, some of whom had been bathing, quietly pushed their way through the panic-stricken civilians to their alarm-posts. Officers, without waiting for orders, led them forward, and then the German host, attacked with the bayonet, was brought to a standstill. The fate of this battle turned on the work of the Third Canadian Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Turner. At them also the Germans had discharged chlorine gas, but the direction of the wind saved the Canadians from its worst effects. Tho many were placed *hors de combat,* two assaults made by the Germans were beaten off.

Ⓒ PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE.

PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT
From her the famous Canadian regiment, recruited soon after Belgium was invaded, "The Princess Pat's," was named. In March, 1919, the Princess gave up her royal title and precedence to marry Commander Alexander Ramsay, a British naval officer, brother of the Earl of Dalhousie

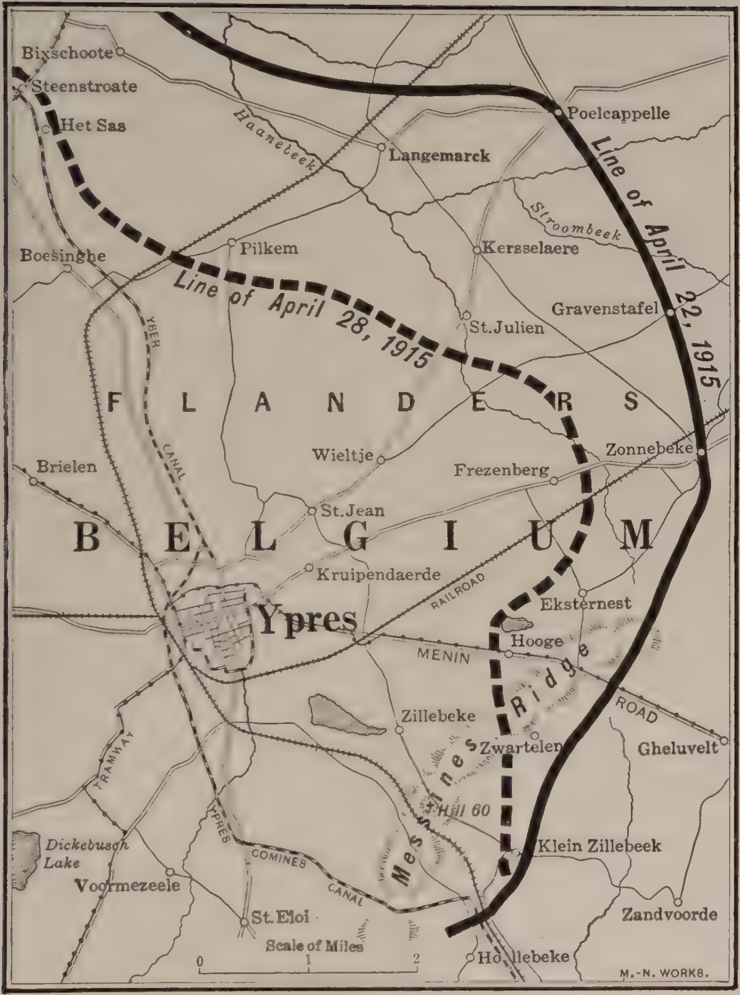
Here was one of those moments which test the quality of leaders, but General Turner and his staff rose equal to the occasion. It was their duty at all costs to hold the new line, while the Turcos were being rallied and reinforcements were rushed through Ypres to fill the gaps between the environs of that city and St. Julien. All the available reserves of the Canadian and other divisions east and south were brought up. But this difficult operation, ordered and carried out in an atmosphere loaded with poisonous fumes, under bursting shells, amid jets of lead from machine-guns and in the teeth of a sleet of bullets from the German infantry entrenched between woods, had been successful when night fell. By the light of blazing farmhouses and cottages, their work from time to time illuminated by the moon, the Canadians dug themselves in. Their immediate objective had been the recovery of the wood west of St. Julien, and of the heavy guns lost there. The charge of the Canadian Highlanders was graphically described by one who took part in it:

> "Instantly the word was given to charge, and on we rushed cheering, yelling, shouting, and swearing, straight for the foe. At first the Germans fired a little too high, and our losses until we came within fifty yards of them were comparatively small. Then some of our chaps began to drop, then the whole front line seemed to melt away, only to be instantly closed up again. Cheering and yelling all the time, we jumped over the bodies of the wounded and tore on. Of the Germans with the machine-guns not one escaped, but those inside the wood stood up to us in most dogged style. We were so quickly at work that those at the edge of the wood could not have got away in any case. Many threw up their hands, and we did not give quarter.
>
> "Pressing on into the wood itself, the struggle became a dreadful hand-to-hand conflict; we fought in clumps and batches, and the living struggled over the bodies of the dead and dying. At the height of the conflict, while we were steadily driving the Germans before us, the moon burst out. The clashing bayonets flashed like quicksilver, and faces were lit up as by limelight. Sweeping on, we came upon lines of trenches which had been hastily thrown up and could not be stubbornly defended. Here all who resisted were bayoneted: those who yielded were sent to the rear. The trench-fighting presented a spectacle which it is not pleasant to recall."

The Forty-eighth Canadian Highlanders lost in the second Battle of Ypres 691 officers and men out of a total of 896. The great-grandfather of their adjutant had been with Wolfe when he stormed the Heights of Abraham. On the wings the Allies had held their own, but in the center the fate of the battle was still so doubtful that Monday the Second Canadian Brigade, now less than 1,000 strong, was again called up. By nightfall the whole Canadian contingent was brought back. It undoubtedly saved Ypres, but it left behind it three commanders of battalions, great numbers of junior officers, and thousands of men who had answered the supreme call. The Germans again resorted to gas. Big nozzles, like the nozzles of fire-hose, appeared on the outer edge of the parapets of their trenches emitting clouds of white smoke which rapidly changed to dense, greenish-yellow clouds. A wall of poisonous vapor six feet deep obscured the German position, and descended on the advancing Allies. The faces of asphyxiated men, as an eye-witness related, "turned a sort of saffron-yellow, which after a time changed to a purplish blue." The victims spluttered, coughed and vomited, and, when they recovered consciousness, struggled and fought with their friends.

Among these Canadian troops those that became best known to the general public were probably a battalion of light infantry called the "Princess Pat's," recruited largely from South African veterans, in August, 1914, their name having been derived from the Duke of Connaught's daughter, Victoria Patricia, who before they sailed for France, presented them at Ottawa with a flag made by herself. The "Princess Pat's" suffered terribly in the war, as did most Canadian regiments. At one time they were reduced to 150 rifles. As men were lost, new recruits came in. Near the end of the war, fewer than thirty of the original battalion were alive, and of these only seven still had both arms and both legs. Among the notable battles in which Canadian troops took part were the second battle at Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, St. Eloi, the Somme, Vimy Ridge (April 6, 1917), Lens, Passchendaele, the second Somme, Arras (August, 1918), the Switch Line, and Mons.

The Germans besides using gas appeared to have fired ordinary explosive-shells loaded with some chemical which had a paralyzing effect on all men in the region of the explosion. Chemicals used in the composition of these tear-shells, as they were called later, produced violent watering of the eyes, so that men overcome by them were practically blinded for hours. The effect of the noxious gas was slow in wearing away. Men came out of violent nausea attacks in a state of collapse. Some of the rescued died from the after-effects. Twice the Germans tried trench vapor on the Canadians who made on the right of the French position the stand already described as one of the heroic episodes of the war. In both cases the wind was not favorable, and the


Bixschoote
Steenstroate
Het Sas
Haanebeek
Langemarck
Poelcappelle
Line of April 22, 1915
Stroombeek
Kersselaere
Pilkem
Boesinghe
Line of April 28, 1915
St. Julien
Gravenstafel
YSER
F L A N D E R S
CANAL
Brielen
Wieltje
Frezenberg
Zonnebeke
St. Jean
B E L G I U M
Kruipendaerde
RAILROAD
Eksternest
Ypres
Hooge
MENIN
ROAD
Ridge
Zillebeke
Zwartelen
Messines
Gheluvelt
TRAMWAY
Hill 60
Dickebusch Lake
Klein Zillebeek
YPRES
COMINES
CANAL
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M.-N. WORKS.

HOW THE BRITISH LINE WAS CHANGED IN THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

Canadians managed to stick through it. Explosive bombs were, however, used continually against the Canadian forces and caused some losses.

Henry Lapière, an American citizen, fought in that part of the battle where the Germans first used gases. His battalion was the first under fire. The men were holding the advance trenches when commanded to charge the German lines, after a very heavy rifle-fire, and when a haze of gray smoke hung over the field. Almost reaching the German trenches, they noticed clouds of sulfur-colored smoke drifting in their direction. Men began to "totter and crumple up by scores." On all sides "soldiers dropt with hardly a sound and with no sign of injury." Officers who kept their heads ordered men to hug the ground until the poisonous vapors had passed over them. Many laid themselves down flat on the turf until the wind shifted and blew back clouds of gas toward the German machine-section, and then crawled on hands and knees more than 150 yards to a place of safety. Many who crawled back to trenches afterward died under horrible suffering.

To a hospital near Ypres the first of the poisoned men were taken—to a building that was once a school. Here and there, on ugly, discolored walls still hung garish religious pictures. Some of the more seriously injured, when brought into the bare old school, were black in the face and gasping. Doctors and nurses spoke shudderingly afterward of the hideous noises that emerged from the wards, or were audible from the courtyard in which scores of brave and hardy men wrestled with death under slow suffocation. Everything possible was tried for their relief. Ammonia fumes brought help to some; an emetic of salt and water proved effective for others. Some were brought in dead, some died within a few hours, others lingered for two days, struggling all the while, fully conscious, able to take a little nourishment and to speak a little, but only until exhaustion of the heart had brought on a deep unconsciousness in which they passed away. The older men died first. Stronger hearts of the younger men resisted the process of suffocation longer. Patients seemed a little better in the open air, and many were stretched out in the courtyard, where, for official purposes, they had to be photographed. Nothing more pitiable could be imagined than the expression of suffering on the faces of these men, unwounded, yet condemned to a cruel death.

A Scottish surgeon who made asphyxiating gas his especial study, showed in the courtyard a man's lungs that he had removed at a post-mortem examination. When first removed they were enormously inflated, weighed four times the normal amount, and were filled with a watery fluid. They resembled in some respects the lungs of an old man and were filled with a secretion caused by the action of the gas. Victims practically died by drowning. Helmets and respirators were afterward manufactured in large quantities in English workshops and when in use among the troops were found satisfactory. As it was possible to smell the fumes of the gas before a rolling cloud of greenish-yellow vapor was sighted, the interval enabled men to don their helmets and respirators.

On April 22 the Canadian division had held a line of roughly 5,000 yards, extending from the Ypres-Roulers Railway to the Ypres-Poelcapelle road, and connecting at its terminus with French troops. The division consisted of three infantry brigades in addition to artillery brigades. In the night of the 22d and under the heaviest machine-gun fire, a section of a wood was assaulted by Canadians. An officer who took part in the attack described how men about him fell under German fire from machine-guns, which, he said, played upon them "like a watering-pot." An official account said the line never wavered. When one man fell another took his place. "With a final shout the survivors of the two battalions flung themselves into the woods," whereupon the German garrison was "completely demoralized." The impetuous advance of the Canadians did not cease until they had reached the far side of the wood and entrenched themselves in positions they had dearly gained. They had, however, the disappointment of finding the guns had been ruined by the Germans. Later in the same night a formidable concentration of artillery fire "sweeping the wood as a tropical storm sweeps the leaves from a forest," made it impossible for them to hold the position for which they had sacrificed so much. But fighting continued without intermission all through the night.

It did not seem that any human being could live "in the shower of shot and shell which played on the advancing troops." For a short time "every other man seemed to fall, but the attack was prest closer and closer." The Fourth Canadian Battalion "came under a particularly withering fire." For a moment it wavered, but its commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Birchall, "carrying, after an old fashion, a light cane, coolly and cheerfully rallied his men." At the moment when his example had infected the men he fell dead at the head of his battalion. With a cry of anger the men sprang forward, as if to avenge his death. The astonishing attack which followed, "pushed home in the face of direct frontal fire, made in broad daylight by battalions whose names should live forever in the memories of soldiers, was carried to the first line of German trenches." After a hand-to-hand struggle "the last German who resisted was bayoneted, and the trench was won." This trench represented, in the German advance, the apex in the breach which they had made in the original line of the Allies, and was two and a half miles south of that line. It was this charge that saved the Canadian left and "secured and maintained the integrity of the Allied line." Had the Canadian division broken, the whole western side of the Ypres salient must have gone and Ypres would have been lost. But for two days the Canadians, gradually reinforced, contested their ground, retreated a little, counter-attacked and again withdrew. Meantime the French were reinforced, and were aided by the Belgians. The German advance was stopt just south of the canal when the French, taking the offensive, regained all but two bridge-heads on their side of the canal.

By April 25 German official statements were claiming that their troops were holding conquered ground. They had gained some three miles on a front of five, had thrust a wedge into the Allied lines, had carried out with greater skill and success a maneuver analagous to that of Sir John French at Neuve Chapelle. German tactical skill shone brilliantly, but the Germans had been checked and thrown back from the extreme point of their advance; they were again on the defensive, and once more were probably outnumbered. The second Battle of Ypres was a great exploit timed to weaken, if not to destroy, the belief of the world that Germany was everywhere restricted to the defensive, that she had "shot her bolt." For the world at large it will perhaps be most memorable for having revealed Canadian courage, devotion, and sacrifice. On the Canadians the storm broke with full force.

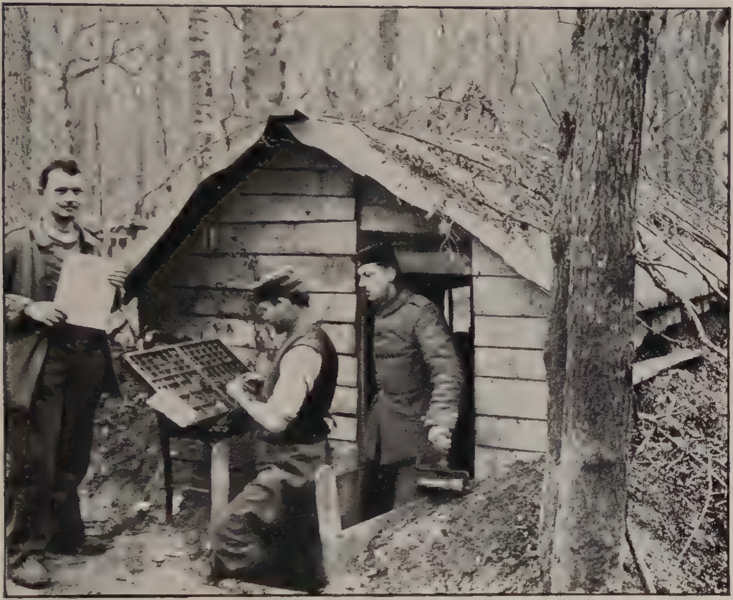
The advantage rested with the Germans, but it was absurd to talk of the honors of war in such a conflict. The result was to infuse an extraordinary bitterness into British soldiers, who had seen their comrades borne past them in the agonies of asphyxiation. The fighting became sterner and more relentless, while the same feeling was reflected in Great Britain, hardening the resolution with which the people faced problems of recruiting, food supply, and munitions. The bombardment of Ypres had never ceased. For three days the flight of fugitives continued, until there was not a living civilian left in the burning city. Day and night shells burst. Century-old houses flamed red for a second in the moment of their dissolution. By day a dark pall of smoke and dust overhung the pyre; by night a crimson glow in the sky marked the holocaust. Outside the city the battle

BERLIN CELEBRATING AT THE BISMARCK MONUMENT
The celebration took place in April, 1915

raged, and division after division poured up to hold the blood-drenched debatable ground of the salient. Of all sectors of the British line the salient of Ypres had the bloodiest record. There was never even comparative quiet there. The smoldering embers of trench-warfare broke out continually into fierce bursts of flaming assaults. After the second battle was over it was hardly possible to find one's way about the ruins. Streets and houses alike had been smashed into one tangle of fallen masonry. Over all hung the scent of burning and decay, of powdered plaster and the sickly scent of dead bodies. Here and there a path had been cleared through piles of wreckage, and attempts had been made to keep the main roads open. Over all reigned the silence and stillness of death, and not a living creature moved to wake the sleeping echoes.

There was a second phase of this battle which lasted from May 4 to May 13. It consisted of a violent German attack, pushed chiefly by poison and artillery. Its aim was the capture of Ypres but it failed. From first to last it did not occupy any village or post that gave it any return for its exertions. It inflicted upon the British a loss of from 12,000 to 15,000 men, but the Germans lost an equal number without compensating advantages. Throughout these operations the British infantry were provided with respirators soaked in alkalis, while many wore specially constructed helmets to save them from poison-gas.

On May 8 German artillery concentrated its fire north and south of Frezenberg. Trenches were obliterated and huge losses sustained. That morning every one was startled by the sound of cannon beyond the Lys. From south of Armentières, through Neuve Chapelle and Givenchy to the Arras region, the Allies were advancing. As the day wore on German troops at this point and in the neighborhood were routed, but in the afternoon the Germans, elated by their repulse of Haig's attacks south of Armentières, made wild rushes for Ypres. North of the town a body of five hundred dashed from the woods but were killed almost to a man. The center of this battle was south of the Ypres-Menin road. The Germans north of it attempted to storm the grounds of the Château de Hooge, but under the con-



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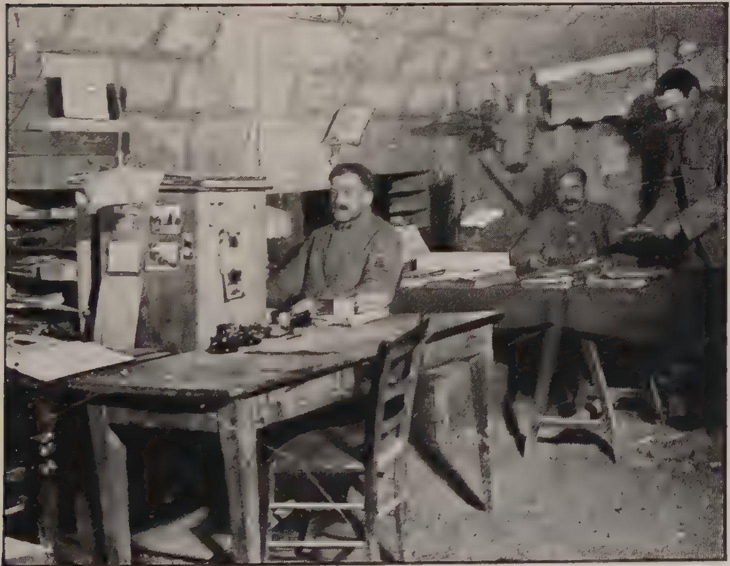
GERMAN PRINTING OFFICE ON THE WESTERN FRONT WHERE A PAPER CALLED THE *HURRAH* WAS PUBLISHED



FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTO.

A CELLAR AT VERDUN DURING A BOMBARDMENT
The office of the Paris newspaper, the *Echo*, is shown

centrated fire of guns, maxims, and rifles their masses melted away.

The Germans on May 11 threw hundreds of incendiary shells into the ruins of Ypres, over the blazing buildings of which a dense pall of smoke had settled. All around the salient their artillery deluged British trenches with high-explosive shells. Their fire was particularly devastating on that portion of the line astride the Ypres-St. Julien road. South of the Menin road three separate attacks were delivered and repulsed. On Thursday, May 13, a bombardment described by General Plumer as "the heaviest bombardment yet experienced," opened. In the face of heavy shrapnel- and rifle-fire dismounted cavalry crept forward.

Suddenly a party of Germans bolted to the rear. As the cry of "They're off!" was raised, the whole British force darted forward. The Germans, including those in the support and reserve trenches, broke and ran. During the night the Germans counter-attacked, bombarding Het Sast with asphyxiating shells. Zouaves donned their masks and met them with rifle-fire and hand-grenades. Both at Steenstraate and Het Sast the assaults were repulsed with carnage. By May 17 not a German who was not killed, wounded, or a prisoner, remained on the left bank of the Yperlee Canal. Three villages, four fortified lines, and three redoubts had been captured, and at least three regiments had been destroyed by the French. A fierce attack was made on Hill 60, the Germans massing heavy artillery on the front. "Ypres at all cost" seemed to be the order.

The bombardment was heaviest between the Ypres-Poelcapelle road and the Ypres-Menin road—that is, due east of Ypres. It was the German purpose to keep the French busy while they threw their weight against the British. An attack was also made on the Belgian troops between Nieuport and the sea—that is, along the narrow strip of sand which divided the inundated area from the sea, and which was crossed by the river Yser. That attack was repulsed. The French prest on with counter-movements from the Yser Canal. In these infantry attacks, of a most furious character, the greatest determination and persistence were shown by the Germans. But the German assault failed of its immediate purpose. While it reduced still farther the Ypres salient, this battle was regarded by the Allies as a defeat of the Germans because they failed to break the Allied line, and because Ypres was not taken. The door to the Channel coast was still barred. Edith Wharton,[6] who visited Ypres after its second bombardment, told how she walked toward the center of the Cloth Market with not a human being in the streets, endless lines of houses looking down from vacant windows. Footsteps "echoed like the tramp of a crowd." Towns in Lorraine had been "blown up, burnt down, deliberately erased from the earth." But at Ypres the outer walls of houses were still standing. "Nearly every building was unroofed, some house-fronts sliced off. So that from exposed interiors poor little house-hold gods shivered and blinked like owls surprized in a hollow tree." The walls of the Cathedral, and the Cloth Market, however, still stood, raised above the market-place "with a majesty that seemed to silence compassion."

THE TELEGRAPH AT THE FRONT

In the Ypres salient there were now left not less than a hundred thousand graves of Allied soldiers — British and French sometimes marked by plain wooden crosses, sometimes obliterated by the débris of ruined trenches, sometimes hidden in corners of fields and beneath clumps of chestnuts. In a triangle of meadow-land, with a ruined city for its base, was an enclave of Belgian soil consecrated to the dead of two great peoples. Englishmen before had thought of Ypres because of the British flag which Clare's Regiment, fighting for France, captured at the battle of Ramillies, and which ever since had been preserved there. The name of this little Flemish town had before recalled only the centuries-old conflicts between France and Britain; but what would have been the story of the war if the second Battle of Ypres had been lost by the British Army as it very nearly was? The line was only restored by a miracle, by the desperate valor of British and Canadian troops, and because Kitchener, whatever be the truth as to shell supplies, had not shrunk from the bold experiment of organizing and employing great forces simultaneously. It was a terrible risk, but he took it, for the old army had perished where it stood in engagement after engagement, from Mons to the Marne, and from the Aisne to the Yser, and in the first dreary winter of 1914-15. Three years afterward it was the success of that experiment which assured the Americans that it was possible for them, too, to prepare in time the millions of men who, with the armies of the Allies, would win the final victory for liberty. The conception of raising an army on a Continental scale was due almost wholly to Kitchener. Before he acted the British public had known nothing of the Continental scale of war.[7]

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[6] "Fighting France." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

[7] Principal Sources: *The Fortnightly Review*, The *Tribune* (New York), The London *Times'* "History of the War," The *Sun* (New York), The *Morning Post* (London), The *Evening Post* (New York), *The Times* (London), The *Times* (New York), The *Standard* (London), Karl M. von Wiegand in The *World* (New York), "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, "The British Campaign in France and Flanders" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (George H. Doran Co.), "The Story of Ypres" by Hugh B. C. Pollard (Robert H. McBride & Co.).

V

FESTUBERT, THE "LABYRINTH," THE CHÂTEAU HOOGE, ARRAS AGAIN, AND VERMELLES

May 9, 1915—July 1, 1915

ON May 9, in clear weather, the French began an artillery bombardment that was described as the most wonderful yet seen in Western Europe. It was compared with the attack which Mackensen's "phalanx" made at the same time on the Dunajec. Parapets and entanglements were blown to pieces, and all that remained was plowed land, fragments of humanity, and wire. For hours great guns spoke with the rapidity of maxims. More than 300,000 shells were fired that day. At ten in the morning infantry were let loose and on the right took what remained of La Targette, and with it vital cross-roads. East of it, in a hollow below the Vimy heights, lay the village of Neuville-St. Vaast, with a big church. By noon the French had taken ground west of it, and by three o'clock were attacking the church. The whole place bristled with machine-guns; the battle waged from house to house and from cellar to cellar. Farther north, the center moved from trenches in the Bois de Berthinval, swept like a flood over what had once been known as the White Works, poured on beyond the Arras-Béthune road, and in an hour and a half won more than two and a half miles—the most conspicuous advance made in the west since war in trenches began. Had the whole line been able to conform to the pace of the center, Lens might have fallen.

Next day the battle began farther north. After a hard fight the French carried all the German entrenchments across the Loos-Bethune road. Farther south they attacked the fortified chapel at Notre-Dame de Lorette, and captured trenches south of it, which connected with Ablain and Souchez. On the right they took the cemetery of Neuville

St. Vaast, and repulsed the German reserves which came up in motor-cars from Lens and Douai. All this was preparatory to a great assault made on the following day which saw the beginning of the end of Carency. The ruins of the town, into which 20,000 shells had fallen, were surrounded on the west, south, and east, but slow, desperate work by the Germans had turned every available place into a fort, and each had to be separately carried. On the 12th the German remnants in Carency surrendered, raising the total of prisoners in French hands to over 5,000. That same day the summit of Notre-Dame de Lorette fell, with its fort and chapel, and late in the afternoon Alblain followed, but one or two strongholds still held out. The whole of the high ground west of Souchez was now in French hands, with the exception of a few German forts on its eastern ridges.

The first stage of what was called the battle of Artois had been a real, altho not a decisive, success for the French. What the losses of the Germans were up to that date could only be guessed, but in the month's fighting they may have lost near 60,000 men. The French, too, suffered severely in the later hand-to-hand fighting, but one division killed 2,600 men and took 3,000 prisoners, while their own loss was placed at 250 killed and 1,250 wounded. The German salient had gone, the line was straightened. All but the last defenses of Lens had apparently fallen. But the Allies began to realize how formidable a weapon Germany had created in her vast accumulation of shells. That resource, till it was mastered by a like creation, would nullify the valor and discipline of the finest soldiers.

A British advance in May in the Festubert region was intended mainly as an auxiliary to the French effort in Artois. It was designed, in the first place, to detain the German Seventh Corps in position, and to prevent reinforcements in men and guns from being sent south to Lens. The battle of Festubert, looking at the casualties and the numbers engaged, would in other wars have been a major action, but in this campaign it ranked only as an episode. The difficulty of the Allies was that, while the French were fighting in Artois, the German line under attack did not bend, but broke into isolated forts. It merely lost its cohesion.

Meanwhile, German forts bristling with machine-guns made any general advance impossible till they were taken; and to capture them was no easy matter. A new kind of stalemate, therefore, appeared on the Western Front—the stalemate not of the trench-line but of the field-fortress. It was siege warfare in its strictest sense. As if under a magician's wand, the country-side became studded with strongholds.

From Ypres south to Béthune on La Bassée Canal, the thirty-mile front occupied by the British changed little from May 15 until the middle of June. There was, however, almost continuous local fighting that resulted in slight gains to the British south of the Lys, and slight losses north of it, but nothing to alter materially a situation which remained much as it was eight months before when the British army was transferred from the Aisne to Flanders. In other words, the stalemate continued. Certain tactical operations, however, took place. The chief of these was the British offensive on the line near Festubert, which, beginning on May 16, continued with some success during the 17th, when it gradually worked itself out, owing to lack of ammunition. Many lives were lost in this operation, and a vast number of shells were fired but with no more gain than 1,200 yards along a front of two miles. An attack from Richebourg was not wholly successful, as the Germans were prepared for it. The one at Festubert did a little better, British troops carrying three lines of German trenches along a front of 1,200 yards, and then penetrating for nearly three-quarters of a mile back of the German position. The result was to drive two wedges into the German lines, one in front of Richebourg, and the other before Festubert, the intervening space of some 1,000 yards being left in German possession. The two positions were attacked next day, but without success.

From the battle of Festubert in the fourth week of May to the beginning of the battle of Loos on September 25, the British Army in northern France was comparatively inactive. The number of trained officers and privates who had performed prodigies of valor in the fighting from Mons, and later in Flanders, had sadly dwindled. Time was needed to complete the training of Territorials and to convert brave civilians into soldiers. The British heavy artillery was still inferior in quantity, if not in quality, to that of the Germans. The enormous mass of shells and grenades required in trench-warfare had not yet been provided. British experience at Neuve Chapelle, the Aubers Ridge, and Festubert, and the experience of the French in Artois, had driven home the lesson that the art of war had been revolutionized by high explosives, aircraft, machine-guns, barbed wire, and motor-traction.

Throughout June, and indeed up to the great Allied offensive on September 25, some fighting in the region of Artois went on. The French from May 25 to 28 made a little progress eastward in the direction of Angres. In June and succeeding months they "nibbled" at German trenches south of the plateau of Notre-Dame de Lorette, and penetrated from the Sugar Refinery into the outskirts of Souchez. The fortified spur of Notre-Dame de Lorette dominated the surrounding country, and from its summit French troops could look down on Lens, five miles to the east of their advance lines. The Lorette position was the key to the tactical situation in this part of the front, and had been strongly

NEUVILLE-ST. VAAST

The barrier of stone was erected by the Germans against the French. Neuville St. Vaast was a small village between Arras and Lens fortified by the Germans. It was defended with great obstinacy, but after one infantry assault had been delivered 3,000 dead Germans were said to have been found in the trenches, and 1,000 or more prisoners fell into French hands.

The French followed up this success by beginning an attack on what was known as the "labyrinth," a fortified position southeast of Neuville-St. Vaast, which had been converted into a veritable field-fortress. A footing was gained on the first day of the attack, and step by step the French drove the Germans out of a place which was the last formidable obstacle between their line and the Lens-Arras railway. On June 7 the Germans were driven from Neuville-St. Vaast, to which they had clung with persistent tenacity. On June first the Sugar Refinery, west of Souchez on the Carnecy road, had been taken, and on the 12th the Souchez railway-station was seized, the village being threatened from west, south, and east. It was in the section of Neuville-St. Vaast that the hardest fighting occurred.

In the battle at Artois, if Joffre, Foch, and d'Urbal did not succeed in breaking the German line, or indirectly in reducing the pressure on the Russians, they did force the Germans to desist from their offensive around Ypres. They proved that, ingenious as German engineers had shown themselves to be, it was possible, if there was an adequate gun-and-mine preparation, to storm at comparatively small cost, German entrenchments and burrow-fortresses. The Germans still had their eyes fixt on the salient which had been the scene of so many bloody encounters. On May 24, taking advantage of the wind, they had launched an asphyxiating gas-attack from shells and cylinders, brought up in great numbers and placed in position between Wieltje and Hooge, northeast and east of Ypres. This attack was the most formidable of its kind that had yet been attempted. The amount of gas used was greater than on any previous occasion. Over a front of five miles, gas was emitted from cylinders for four and a half hours, and at the same time the British line was bombarded with asphyxiating shells. The gas-cloud rose in places forty feet above the ground. The troops, provided with respirators, usually maintained their positions, but in certain sections had to evacuate the trenches to avoid suffocation. After allowing time for the gas to take effect, the Germans launched their infantry attack and made gains near Wieltje, but most of the ground lost was recovered by counter-attacks, and the German advance halted. Except for this attack, no fighting on a big scale had then taken place in the Ypres region since the three weeks' battle from April to May. There were continuous desultory encounters—notably the one at the Château of Hooge between May 29 and June 3—but no organized attack with a definite strategical purpose was made on either side.

About twelve miles southwest of Arras on June 7 the French made a surprize-attack on the German trenches between Hebuterne and Serre. The attack was preceded by a two-hours' bombardment, which prepared the way for the infantry, who carried two lines of the enemy's trenches, capturing 400 prisoners. Next day the Germans brought up reinforcements in motor-cars, but the French had possession of the captured trenches, and the German attack was repulsed with a loss of 2,000 men. On June 6 the French achieved another success north of the Aisne, about eight miles southeast of Noyon, where they attacked the German trenches at Guennevières, two miles east of Tracy-le-Mont, capturing two lines of trenches, and taking 200 prisoners. These successes, which gave no great gain in ground, were none the less encouraging to the Allies, as they showed that the French had been able to beat the Germans on their own ground, and turn them out of entrenchments which they had spent months in fortifying.

Until June 15 perhaps the most striking detail in the west was the absence of any serious effort on the part of the Allies at a time when Russia was staggering against heavy German blows. There was one considerable operation, but this was of local importance only. North of Arras and west of Lens the French pushed on for some rods. Ablain and Neuville-St. Vaast, a portion of Souchez, a line of trenches about Écurie in the environs of Arras, all were taken, with more prisoners and a larger capture of guns than had been reported by the French hitherto, so that the main highway between Arras and Béthune was cleared. But the whole operation was only a "nibble." It bore no resemblance to any promised "spring drive." It was a brilliant adventure, but it seemed to have no larger value; and it meant little for the liberation of Northern France.

In Champagne, about Reims, in the angle between the Oise and the Aisne, about Tracy-le-Mont, there were skirmishes, and the forest of Le Prètre, north of Pont-à-Mousson, in the St. Mihiel salient, was the scene of a successful French attack. For the apathy of the French there was no apparent explanation, save the possibility that there was preparing a new grandiose attack from La Bassée to Switzerland, but of this there was no sign. Even more puzzling was the British admission of a casualty list showing 120,000 in two months—2,000 a day—bringing the total British losses for eight months to 258,000, and indicating how desperate the fighting was. The lost ground about Ypres was not retaken. No new attack upon La Bassée was reported. The Belgians reported artillery engagements on their outposts south of the Yser, showing that the Germans still held both banks of the river west of Dixmude.

This up to June 15 was the sum of the operations on the Western Front. There was no reason to deny the German claim that they were still fighting a successful war on all fronts. Where they stood in France they had stood for nine months. They had entered France on August 23 from Belgium; they took their stand on the Aisne on September 12; they took Antwerp on October 8, and reached the Yser and the Lys a few days later. Compelled three times to rescue Austria, and to find ammunition and officers for Turkey, they had made good their hold in northern France and Belgium, and they still hung on.

After nearly eleven months the British army occupied little more than thirty miles of the 500 on the Western Front. This narrow front they had held with extreme difficulty, both in November and in April. They had contributed much to defense, but little to the freeing of French territory. British gold and British ships had done much more for the Allies, but in June the Western situation seemed waiting on British armies to do their share. Fortunate tho they were in their diplomacy, since Italy had now entered the war, these weeks in the field were the most disappointing to the Allies of any since the battle of the Marne. There was solid reason for the Germans, in reviewing the progress of the war, to recall the triumphs of Frederic II in the Seven Years' War, when he stood off Europe and held Silesia, as Germany now stood off Europe and held Belgium. In this memory there was much of reasonable hope for the descendants of Prussians who had fought at Mollwitz, Rossbach, and Zorndorf.

A FRENCH ARMY KITCHEN NEAR NEUVILLE-ST. VAAST

But now in perfect mid-June weather the Allies took the offensive again in the Festubert region where, in May, they had made some progress. The Germans offered desperate resistance. With the aid of machine-guns, of which they possest large numbers, and of bombarding parties, they recaptured part of the trenches that had been won by the Allies. There had been heavy fighting at different points. When the new fight began, the day was hot but misty, until, as is usual in these parts, the air cleared. In the morning mist the church of La Bassée was seen as a sort of smudgy finger on the sky-line and Festubert a gray, irregular silhouette on the plain. In the bombardment by guns of various calibers the noise was continuous, a long drawn-out, never-ending thunder-clap, while smoke from high-explosive shells, black, white, and greenish-yellow, mounting in the still, warm air, formed a great screen of vapor which almost hid the plain from view. In the far distance a sausage-shaped German balloon hovered aloft, tugging at its rope, while three of the Allied aeroplanes surveyed the scene from a great height.

In the northern portion of the Allied line the Château of Hooge, about whose shattered walls some of the best blood of England had already been spilt, became again a scene of fighting. It was on the road near this château that on October 31 Sir John French, with Sir Douglas Haig, heard the tidings of an Allied retirement which opened to the Germans (if they had only known it) the road to Calais, and learned, after an hour's suspense, of the charge of the Worcesters, who recaptured Gheluvelt and thus saved the situation. There was bitter fighting about Hooge (the village, a mere group of houses along the Menin road), during the second battle of Ypres in April and May, and now again in June when the Allies wrested the stables of the château from the Germans. At Hooge, on an ideal summer morning, infantry followed up a bombardment by an attack delivered with *élan* by men in fine physical condition. The Allies occupied over a stretch of 1,100 yards of the German front-line, and in some places their second trenches.

In this fighting at least 100,000 men of the three nations engaged were killed or wounded. An advance was made next day toward Souchez. To the south the Allies gained a footing in the park of the Carloul Château, whose moats, now full of water, had served as a base for the German defenses. The Allies captured the Souchez cemetery, and gained ground on the slopes to the southeast. To the north, east, and south of Neuville they carried by assault the first German line, and at certain points the second. The units engaged were fighting with the bayonet and hand-grenades under a violent artillery fire. Infantry, after attacking with vigor, effectively supported by a fire of nearly 300,000 shells, had to meet violent and repeated counter-attacks during the night which were repulsed on the whole front.

In the Festubert section the British came up against the most formidable entrenchments they had met in the whole war, made of solid cement and steel plates, with dugouts twenty feet deep. Soldiers had never seen anything like them. Aided by enormous numbers of machine-guns, the Germans were able here to hold their line with comparatively fewer men actually in the trenches. There was an unlimited quantity of high-explosive shells. The powerful German wire-entanglements were not only of great intrinsic strength, but protected from ordinary gun-fire by a bank of earth some four feet high, which divided the entangled field into two. Behind this barrier, advancing troops often found themselves checked by intact wire, and so fell into the withering fire of machine-guns. High-explosive shells alone could mow down this bank and sweep the whole place clear up to the German trenches. This required very large quantities of shells.

The battle at Hooge which straightened the British line, and in which a 1,000-yard section of heavily fortified German trenches was taken, involved twenty-four hours of as bitter and determined fighting as any yet experienced along the British front. The losses were not light, but the British battalions, Regulars and Territorials, endured a sustained, devastating fire from machine-guns and artillery without faltering. The Ypres salient had been constantly squeezed and altered, sagging forward and back, a bit taken out here and a bit added there, so that certain portions of the line had at times been unduly exposed to bomb and trench warware. The attack was prest home about four o'clock when the British battalions, forming a first line, swept across the open ground and through the fragments of torn entanglements into the German position. They poured over parapets, bayoneting and bombing their way, and began driving panic-stricken parties of Bavarians up into communication trenches beyond the second line.

The bombing parties were of great importance in this fight. Expert throwers of bombs advanced in small groups, hurling explosives into dugouts and other refuges where isolated machine-gun attachments had sought shelter. The Germans deluged with high explosives trenches that had been captured by the British in the hope of blowing out the invaders, stopping at intervals for counter-infantry attacks. The British stuck grimly to their captured positions. Altho forced to fall back from second-line trenches they held to the first, repelling one assault after another. Through two nights the conflict raged fiercely.

Before the end of June the "labyrinth," that section of complicated trenches south of Neuville-St. Vaast, which the Germans fought to retain with a tenacity unequaled, perhaps, at any other point in the west, had fallen into French hands. The losses on both sides were enormous. Not for a moment, since May 20, when the order to take the "labyrinth" inch by inch was given, had the conflict abated. The entire series of defenses was now occupied by the French. It was predicted that in coming years the "labyrinth" would be one of the most curious relics of the war. It was really a fortress, a masterpiece of German engineering, a veritable maze of trenches and galleries, dug and strengthened with cement and bricks, until it was a conglomeration of every device of science and ingenuity combined for defense.

Of ground won in the west through incapacity to admit defeat, the village of Vermelles was cited as an example. As it existed afterward, its gray church split asunder, its red-roofed cottages in ruins, its great brewery a tangled mass of metal, its shattered château staring at the sky, and the craters of exploded mines gasping about pools that had formed within them, it stood a subject fit to be immortalized on one of those canvasses by some Détaille who in future will commemorate havoc in this war. The ground slopes slightly to the east and west, so that the village lies well under the enemy's observation posts. One could make his way here to ruined walls across open fields of green wheat and gray-green oats decorated with corn-flowers and poppies. French saps and trenches, by which the Allies approached the villages from the west, wound through the growing corn in ribands of blue and scarlet. Flowers had a dazzling brilliance, not like Omar's rose—which was not red, however, but yellow, due to the proximity of some "buried Cæsar"—but heroes had fallen there in plenty just the same. These flowers were growing on a subsoil that had been thrown up from trenches, untouched by vegetation for thousands of years. Ribands of color stood on the old parapets above the oats and wheat. Across narrow trenches was a vivid embroidery of blue and scarlet above hiding-places where men fought so long.

GERMAN BARRICADES ON THE WEST FRONT

Vermelles had not been spread out with shell-fire like Ypres, nor burned like Louvain, but simply battered down, house by house, day after day, by men fighting with no more than the width of a street between them. The French crawled up to it by sap through the fields which were then a sheer morass of mud, till they gained the shelter of its outermost walls. It had a great valley of walls, and there was scarcely one left standing which was not loopholed, and on which the pitting of rifle- and shrapnel-bullets did not speak of fighting that took place there. At the château were the German headquarters, safely concealed in a capacious cellar during the fight. One by one the garden walls about it were cleared of their defenders and at what cost was testified to by the German graves behind each successive line. When further progress was checked by trenches about the house, an attempt was made to mine the château.

At some distance from the house a mine exploded and so great was the shock that the Turcos, sweeping in after the explosion, carried not only the trenches but the entire château, the Germans fighting quite as desperately as their assailants, neither giving nor expecting quarter. Fights seldom in themselves look as picturesque as when they have been painted by a great artist; but the dash of those fantastic African figures through the turmoil of smoke and dust and against the wild confusion of the trenches, while the house was spitting fire from every wall, would have given to Détaille all he could have asked for. Afterward the scene about the château was strange in the extreme. Its garden had been blown into the air, and fragments of plants were blooming in the most unexpected places. Blue spikes of delphinium and yellow rods of verbascum could be seen sticking out at quaint angles. Patches of violas clung to side walls, or tried to carpet broken trenches. Poppies, snapdragons, lupins, stocks, all huddled together or flung wide apart, were still growing in odd places with quaint disregard of the perpendicular. A great bunch of sweet-william was blooming high up in the cleft and blasted trunk of a tree.

The Germans fell back on the brewery when the main street of Vermelles was wrested from their hands, but the brewery in turn had been mined. Its huge machinery crashed down through the shaken floors, burying the garrison beneath its ruins, where they long lay. What happened at the church, of which only enough still stood to proclaim its Norman origin, no one seemed to know. It was about the only building in the village distinctive enough to be recognized from afar. It thus, as did so little else, owed its destruction to shell-fire. In all this early summer fighting there was much artillery fire. It led the Germans to coin and add a new word to their vocabulary, "Trommel-feuer," or "drumfire." Others called it whirlpool, or cyclone-fire, but it was more graphically described by an officer as "hell's fireworks." The ground between Arras and Ypres late in June was a region of perpetual thunder made by man. The god of thunderbolts and lightning would have stood little chance as a rival. From break of dawn, through day and night, cannon roared a low, muffled, angry growl in the distance which grew and swelled into a gigantic chorus of brazen throats, and usually reached the highest pitch of its crescendo between four and eight in the afternoon, varying and changing up and down as if a hand were being run over piano-keys connected with the guns. It was as if a thousand Vulcans were working smithies.

The inhabitants of Lille and smaller towns and villages behind the German lines, for weeks went to sleep to the roar of guns. They awakened to hear cannon boom from Arras, Souchez, Lorette, La Bassée and Ypres and growling angrily. "It seemed as tho the lid of hell was taken off," said an officer. Men crawled to bomb-proofs, or threw themselves flat into trenches, their faces to the ground and covering their heads against the fumes and fire which enwrapt them. The trenches sometimes disappeared, and in their places came huge craters made by shells. Men lying in trenches, or bomb-proofs, were often stunned and then covered with dirt, many suffocated or buried alive in a roaring inferno. It was a case of lightning bolts followed by others so fast that you could not count them.

That is what happened in a "trommel-feuer" trench. Like a volcanic eruption came smoke, fire, and gas, detonations, explosions, shrieks, and through it all the bursting rain of ragged, razor-edged fragments of shells, cutting, ripping, tearing. Barbed-wire entanglements disappeared as did first trenches. Men worked, ate, and slept with cannon dinning in their ears. When they went to church it was to the accompaniment of cannon. While hearing the boom of cannon they said earnest prayers for others who had to stand in that battle-line. Artillery duels and "trommel-feuer" began with a salvo of from four to twenty-four guns. Soon more than 120 guns were concentrating on one short trench. It was impossible to mark intervals between the shots. More than two shells a second would burst on a trench, where the detonations were like the exhaust of an automobile. The ridge was wrapt in thick, yellowish smoke and fire. The screaming shells came so fast they sounded like one prolonged shriek.

Down to July shells had been dropping into Arras at intervals for 250 days. Each time a few more buildings crumbled, or were burned. Streets formerly filled with traffic afterward became grass-grown. Several shops located underground were still open for business, where displayed on cellar doors, were baskets of fresh vegetables and inside were standard brands of American, French, and British canned goods. About half the outer walls of the beautiful city hall were still standing, but only one jagged corner of the imposing belfry which once adorned the great square of Arras. A citizen occupying a cellar on the other side of the square who counted the shells which struck the belfry, said 360 were used to shatter it.

After fighting for 120 days for the hill-country between Béthune and Arras, the French forces were in possession of all heights above the plain. Lille, Douai, and Cambrai were all visible. Every position along the national road between Arras and Béthune had been won except Souchez. Upward of 100,000 Germans had fallen, or been captured in these trenches, according to the French official count, for the period since the second week in March. Almost every square yard of the region was marked by miniature craters caused by exploding shells. In those great artillery actions buildings of brick and stone collapsed as if built of cards. Whole towns were razed to the ground like some city of tents leveled by a cyclone. Trees were "snapt off like carrots." Gaping holes as large as cottage cellars suddenly appeared in fields and in stone-paved roads.

With the bulk of their army in Russia and the rest strung along the western front from Switzerland to the North Sea, the Germans had performed superhuman work in holding the concentrated French and British armies between Arras and Ypres. Probably the world never saw greater war-heroes than those who opposed each other in that inferno the "labyrinth" and at Lorette Heights. The valor of the French was on every tongue, from private to highest German officer. "The French were brave soldiers from earliest

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GERMAN TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH LILLE

history," said a German colonel, chief-of-staff of one of the corps, "They have not changed in that respect. The heroes of Napoleon were no greater heroes than are those of Joffre." Kitchener had called for ammunition and yet more ammunition. The need for it had been obvious and the call not surprizing to any one on the line. More ammunition was fired in a day of these operations of 1914 than during the entire siege of Paris in 1870, but it was clear that the German line had not been pierced, on a front sufficiently broad to give a decisive result. Then came news of still greater Russian trials in Galicia. Przemysl and Lemberg had fallen and presently came Hindenburg's assault on the Narev and the whole northern line, where it seemed as if it were at once the wisdom and duty of the Western Allies to attempt a counter-movement. France and Britain looked for it; soldiers on the Western Front expected it. The Russian Press asked again and again what the Allies were doing. The Allies, altho their numbers were greater, were still behind the Germans in machine-guns, heavy pieces, and stores of shell. Against an enemy so firmly entrenched and so amply equipped mere numbers could not avail. It was for them to avoid exposing themselves to the full blast of the German machine till they had secured a machine of their own.

The story of these summer doings in the West was therefore, with one exception, a chronicle of small attacks followed by small counter-attacks, or desperate local struggles for fortresses. Little ground was lost and little was won. The list of casualties, French and British, advanced ominously during a period which could show no major action. Here in Artois the great movement on Lens had become stagnant by June 20. The last stages of the Artois battle were as bloody and desperate as any action of the campaign. In the famous "labyrinth," which by the middle of the month was practically in French hands, a murderous subterranean warfare endured for weeks. Tunnels ran thirty and forty feet below the ground. That triangle between the Béthune and Lille roads, was the scene of a struggle which for horror could be paralleled only by the sack of some medieval city. The French fought from cellar to cellar, from sap-head to sap-head; hacking their way through partition walls where the only light came from officers' electric torches. The enemy resisted stubbornly, and there, far below the earth, men fought at the closest quarters, with picks, knives, and bayonets—often like wild beasts with teeth and hands.

The lines on the West had become on both sides a series of elaborate fortifications. It was a far cry from the rough and shallow shelter-trenches in which had been fought the late autumn battles of 1914 to the intricate network which now spread from the North Sea to the Vosges. Along the Yser, tho the floods had shrunk, enough remained to constitute a formidable defense. There low-lying positions were made as comfortable as possible by ingenious schemes of drainage and timbering, in which the Belgian soldiers were adepts. There, and in the Ypres salient, trenches could never be of the best; they could not be made deep enough because of the watery subsoil, and so resort was had to parapets which were too good a target for artillery-fire. From Ypres to Armentières the summer fighting had left the Germans with the better positions on higher ground, but the British trenches there had been made in various parts practically impregnable.

In the Festubert and La Bassèe region, the Allied advances had brought the front trenches back to something like the autumn improvisations, but there was a strong system of reserve positions. From Arras to Compiègne, in the light soil of the Santerre and in the Oise valley conditions were favorable, altho there were one or two horrible places, such as La Boisselle, near Albert, where the French front ran through a graveyard. On the Aisne the Germans had the better ground. The peculiar chalky soil made trench life uncomfortable. Things were better in northern Champagne, while in the Argonne, the Woëvre, and the Vosges, thick woods allowed of the establishment of forest colonies, where men could walk upright and lead a rational life. Three-fourths of the whole front were probably unassailable except by a great artillery concentration. The remainder was in the fluid condition which a war of attrition involves. But everywhere there were on both sides prepared alternative positions.

Trench fighting was now approaching the rank of a special science. The armies had evolved in nine months a code of defensive warfare which implied a multitude of strange apparatus. There were more than a dozen varieties of bombs, which experience had shown were the only weapons for clearing out a trench network. The machines for hurling these were not unlike the Roman ballista. The different varieties in use would have puzzled an artillery expert of a year before. Provisions had been made to counteract poison-gas and liquid fire, and respirator drill was now a recognized part of the army's routine. Every kind of entanglement which human ingenuity could suggest appeared in the ground before the trenches.

The intricacy of this science meant a very hive of activity behind the lines. Any one journeying from the base to the first line might well have been amazed at the immense and complex mechanism of modern armies. At first the organization seemed like a gigantic business concern, a sort of magnified American "combine." Along a stretch of fifty miles men were manufacturing on a colossal scale, and were suffering from industrial ailments as one suffers in dangerous trades at home. There were more mechanics engaged than Sheffield had seen, more dock-laborers than Newcastle knew. All this mechanism resembled a series of pyramids which tapered to a point as they neared the front. Behind were the great general hospitals and convalescent homes; then came the clearing hospitals, the main dressing-stations, and last of all, advanced and regimental dressing-stations, where mechanism failed. Behind were huge transport-depots and repairing shops, daily trains to railheads and supply columns, and handcarts to carry ammunition to the firing-line. Next came the railways and the mechanical transport; further back were the workshops of the flying corps and the squadron and flight-stations. At the end of the chain was a solitary aeroplane coasting over the German lines. All modern science had gone to the making of war.[8]

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[8] Principal Sources: *The Fortnightly Review,* The London *Times'* "History of the War," The *Morning Post* (London), The *Evening Post* (New York), The *Standard* (London), "Nelson's History of the War" by John Buchan, Associated Press dispatches, The New York *Times.*

VI

AEROPLANES AND ZEPPELINS—GERMAN RAIDS ON LONDON AND PARIS AND ALLIED RAIDS ON GERMAN TOWNS

August 23, 1914—May 2, 1916

AFTER motor-cars and motor-trucks, after new artillery, including the huge German howitzers, came airships as novel and potent influence in the war. Use had been made of them even before the German advance on Paris from Mons and Charleroi began. In fact the war was not more than a few weeks old before aviators, and all connected with aviation, were elated over the recognition that had been officially accorded to the aeroplane branch of the military service. Sir John French was soon able to say that the work they performed had proved "of the utmost value to the army operations." Almost every day "new methods for employing them both strategically and tactically had been discovered and put into practise." He thought no effort should be spared to "increase their numbers and perfect their efficiency." The uses made of aircraft were principally two—for reconnaissance in many forms, and for the destruction of property. The latter purpose, from the strict military point of view, was accomplished by the destruction of troops, fortresses, fortified bases, ships, transports, communications, and munitions of war. To these the Germans added a third, the destruction of civilian life and property with a view to intimidation. There was also the duty of driving off and destroying hostile aeroplanes, but it soon became clear that the only real weapon against one aeroplane was another. Reconnaissance by aircraft worked a revolution in strategy. More rapid and comprehensive than cavalry, the aeroplane made surprizes on a grand scale impossible, except in a densely wooded land, or under weather conditions so bad that no aviator could ascend.

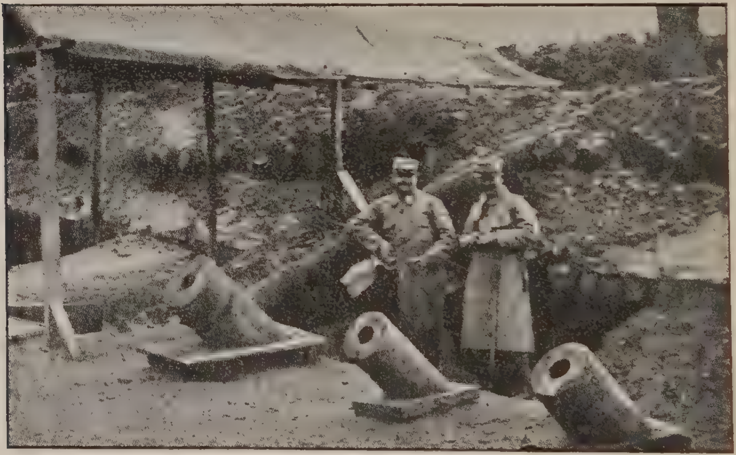
German aviators late in August 1914 had revealed to German generals the weakness of the Allied line along the Meuse and the Sambre. An air-reconnaissance had inspired the first advance of the French into Alsace. A British flying corps first made known to the world Kluck's wheel to the southeast from Paris early in September. So again a month later it was aircraft that gave the Germans news of an Allied movement on the Aisne, and gave the Allies information of the German counter-movement which led to the "race for the sea." In the long struggle between Arras and Nieuport, the Allies were able, from the reports of aviators, to follow the track of the German reinforcements and strengthen their own thin lines. Aircraft told Japan all she needed to know about the fortress at Tsing-tau; warned the British of the Turkish movement across the desert against the Suez Canal and told the Allies of the coming of the Prussian Guard at Ypres. On the Eastern front it was by aeroplanes that Hindenburg discovered at the Masurian lakes the weakness of Samsonov's position and that the Grand Duke Nicholas had early news of the first assault on Warsaw. Practically from the very beginning of the war aircraft had become an important arm of the service. As the war went on that importance increased year by year until combats in the air became great features of the struggle, particularly on the western front.

When aircraft was at work on scout duty far behind the line, flying at an altitude of 7,000 feet, some British or French aeroplane, as soon as it crossed the front, would start a bombardment from rifles, machine-guns, and other anti-aircraft guns. White clouds with yellow hearts would dot the sky. Unperturbed the aviator would keep on his way. An hour or two later, his reconnaissance completed, he would return to the accompaniment of the same fusilade, and disappear in the direction of some station behind the lines. Then a German *Aviatik* would appear bound on the same errand. As it crossed Allied trenches, an "archibald" or the maxims would salute. Then suddenly from the west, driving up with swift bounds, would go an Allied plane and the two would maneuver for upper position. Far above, till drowned in the roar of trench maxims, would be heard the sound of a conflict in the air, the unlucky machine finally heading for the ground, its pilot killed, or engine broken, and it would land a wreck behind the lines. French aviators made reconnaissances daily along fifty miles of front. During one period of eight months they made 10,000 reconnaissances, corresponding to 10,000 hours of flight, and representing a distance equal to forty-five times around the world.

When Italy came into the war she displayed great aerial activity in the northern corner of the Adriatic, where her machines attacked Austrian railways, dropt bombs on Pola, and the Monfalcone dockyard, bombarded the torpedo works and submarine factory at Fiume, and repeatedly assailed the dockyards of Trieste.

The German Zeppelin campaign was undertaken for two purposes. The first was to destroy enemy-works of military value, such as arsenals and barracks; the second to inspire in the civilian population a nervous dread which, in the long run, might weaken the Allies in the field. No military or naval work however, was damaged. Little shops and the cottages of the working classes bore the brunt of the attacks. Zeppelin work thus differed from aeroplane work, which was legitimate warfare. The Zeppelin eventually proved an unhandy instrument of war. Its blows had to be directed blindly and at random. In the darkness of night it was handicapped. It was highly sensitive, too, to weather conditions, for a layer of snow equivalent to one-twenty-fifth of an inch on its surface would inevitably bring it down. During the first six months of the war, probably half a dozen Zeppelins were demolished by the Allies. In February, 1915, two of the largest, L-3 and L-4, were wrecked on the coast of Denmark in snowstorms. In March, L-8 came to grief in the neighborhod of Tirlemont, and seems to have become a total wreck. In April a Zeppelin lent by Germany to Austria fell into the Adriatic. In May another broke loose from its moorings near Königsberg, and disappeared. There were reports of other losses, and a certain number were destroyed by Allied aircraft when in their sheds.

In the blue weather of the late summer and early autumn of 1914, Allied aircraft went far afield. Two famous French airmen, Pègoud and Finke, flew 200 miles into German territory. An aviator would go every now and then into some new zone of peril, where bullets from rifles and anti-aircraft guns rattled on his machine and his planes. In such circumstances he had to rise to an altitude of 6,000 feet, to find security. But as an observation could not be carried on at that height, he had to descend when he could, and pick his way in sharp zigzags. When the weather became unsettled in October, the work became harder. Mists and gales often made flights impossible, but whenever there was a sporting chance airmen went out, for the movements on land would not wait on the weather in the clouds. A pilot in his aeroplane was safer from personal harm than an officer in any other branch of the service. The percentage of killed and wounded among pilots, despite their almost continuous activities, was reported lower than in any other branch. By December every aeroplane factory of any standing in the world was working full force, day and night, to supply the demand. Students of the war were soon convinced that the use of aircraft would work a great revolution in the theory and application of grand tactics.



DUMMY FRENCH MORTARS
Erected to mislead German airmen

It was not their value as agents of destruction that had been proved, for the net results of all bomb-throwing on both sides was comparatively slight—at least so far as actual injuries or killing among combatants was concerned. Seldom had a discharge from an aeroplane or a dirigible done any substantial damage. The French soon let loose a whole swarm of aviators. They not only crossed the German frontier and bombarded Rhine cities, but reached Nuremberg and dropt missiles on that city. Russian aviators did not distinguish themselves as much as did the Germans, French, and British. To the British for months belonged the honor of the best single achievement of the war—Lieut. Marix's destruction of the envelop of a Zeppelin while in its shed at Dusseldorf.

AN EARLY TYPE OF FRENCH AEROPLANE

Zeppelins and other airships had little real war-work to their credit which could not have been as well done by aeroplanes. No British warship was assailed by them. True, it was a Schutte-Lanz that gave to the U-9 submarine news of the whereabouts of the British ships, *Hogue, Cressy,* and *Aboukir;* but an aeroplane could have done the same thing. So far as army scouting was concerned, the advantage was all with the aeroplane. The revolution they achieved was remarkable. A surprize attack, or a sudden flank movement, was made impossible, not only because of the millions of men who were on the battle-line, but because aeroplanes were omnipresent. To conceal even a battery from them was practically impossible. In their early movements against the Germans, the Russians tried every means possible to hide their advancing columns. They abandoned highways, changed their marching hours, went through fields and forests, and finally resorted to night marching. Hindenburg was never without accurate information of them while laying his trap near Tannenberg. That aviators did not enable him to succeed for nearly a year afterward when striving for Warsaw, was not to be laid at their door. They did their work as wonderfully well as the officers of German submarines did theirs.

The art of navigating the air was systematically employed by all the principal combatants for purposes both of attack and defense. Military aeronautics thus, for the first time, became a new and formidable arm. When hostilities began, it was little more than ten years and a half since the brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright, among the sand dunes of North Carolina, for the first time in history achieved sustained flights against wind, on a power-driven machine rising from level ground. Six years before the war began, the elder of these two brothers had given his first public demonstration in France, at a race-course near Le Mans, where he astonished the world by flying a distance of a mile and a quarter in one minute and forty-seven seconds. Aeroplanes had been brought into use in the Balkan War a year later; but here again they were confined to one side—that of the Balkan allies; the only opposition they encountered from the Turks was in the form of shooting from the ground. Bombs were dropt from them but without much result. Thirty bombs discharged in one day from a Bulgarian aeroplane killed or injured a total of only six persons.

At the outbreak of the war none of the combatants had an air-fleet that was in the least adequate, but some very creditable scouting was done by the British at Mons, by the

French in Alsace-Lorraine, and by the Germans and Russians in East Prussia. The Germans first showed conclusively how an aerial observer, signaling down to gunners below, could increase to a marked extent the accuracy of shell-fire. The Entente Allies soon learned the lesson, and in scouting gained an early superiority, because their machines had been designed more for speed than for stability. The Germans, however, in matters of speed, forged to the front with the "Fokker" in the second year of the war, but did not long retain the lead. They also put the first heavy, fighting machines into the air, realizing that huge armies would lie facing each other without movement, month after month, while aircraft could be brought daily into the conflict. Here again the Germans did not reckon with the inventiveness and daring of the Allies. German tactics and the German machines were employed mainly on the defensive, that is to say, to keep the Allied aeroplanes away from the German front by attacking them when they appeared. The French and British sought combat and carried the war over the German lines and by the frequency and vigor of their attacks gained superiority in the air and an advantage in reconnaissance. It was not a case of greater courage, but of more imagination, native initiative, and dash.

Much more than the Germans did the French and British study and cultivate raids; large numbers of planes swooping down on Zeppelin sheds, munition-factories and railway-junctions, and dropping bombs to destroy them. In some cases the transport of troops was interfered with. But these enterprises and the superiority in combat claimed for the Allies did not give them command of the air. It was only possible on occasion to win and hold some temporary superiority.

During the retreat toward Paris after the battle of Mons, aeroplanes were first brought into active use on the Western Front. "The men who hold the reserved seats in the theater of war, who see the battles as not even the generals can see them, are the airmen," said Sergeant Werner, a German operator, who had a thrilling adventure at this stage of the war. He had received orders to find the British and determine their exact battle lines and those of the French. Accompanied by Lieut. von Heidsen, who was detailed as an expert observer, he went up in a monoplane and headed directly south in the general direction of Paris, but did not go across the city. Previously Germans had gone across Paris and dropt three bombs. In order to locate the enemy, they flew directly south from Mons, following a broad and plainly marked road. Enroute they passed over the edge of a magnificent forest in which more than 40,000 inhabitants of the surrounding country had taken refuge. More than an hour afterward they passed directly over the British headquarters and were able to observe the position of the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff. They accurately mapped this position and then swept across the French position, paying special attention to the location of the artillery, much of which was masked in pieces of woods and behind buildings and hedges.

The first of a series of German air-raids on Paris took place on Sunday, August 30, when five bombs were thrown by an aviator who, in a message which he dropt, said: "The German army is at the gates of Paris—you can do nothing but surrender," and signed himself "Lieutenant von Heidsen." Two women were wounded and a number of windows broken. The exploit alarmed no one except the families which suffered directly. "Attila's visiting card," was a comment made in Paris on Heidsen's message. On the following day, another German aeroplane appeared over the city, and, after letting off three bombs, which did no material damage, made its escape. On September 4 occurred a still bolder raid. The aviator reached the center of the city, and threw, among others, two bombs which exploded behind the great stores known as the Magazin du Printemps, and in the Avenue de l'Opéra. No great damage was done. Fire was opened from a gun mounted on the roof of the Crédit Lyonnais. Two British privates also fired from the boulevard but without effect, the aeroplane being out of range. That night it was announced that a squadron of armored aeroplanes provided with machine-guns had been organized to pursue intruders. On September 2, Parisians were on the *qui vive* for the next German visitor, expecting that the long-promised "battle in the air"

SEARCHLIGHTS FLASHING OVER LONDON TO DISCOVER ZEPPELINS

SEARCHLIGHTS ON THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE IN PARIS, LOOKING FOR AIR RAIDS would be brought off. The raider duly came, about six o'clock in the evening; and, for at least twenty minutes, carried out a series of evolutions, first over the Invalides on the south side of the river, where he threw one bomb, if not two, then over the Élysée, and finally over the Grand Boulevard. Altho hundreds of shots were fired, none seemed to hit. Thousands of Parisians witnessed with ironical smiles what seemed rather like a pigeon-shooting match, except that the chances favored the pigeon.

On October 8 four or five Allied aeroplanes set out for Germany. The party divided, one section making for Dusseldorf and the other for Cologne. At the first city bombs were dropt on an airship shed by Lieutenant Marix. An outburst of flames and the collapse of the roof showed that the object had been attained. The attacking aeroplanes were badly hit, but the airmen succeeded in reaching the British line in safety. The Cologne party circled for some time above the city at a height of 600 feet, and altho heavily fired upon, succeeded in wrecking a large part of the military railway-station. These attacks were declared to be in reprisal for German air raids on London and Paris, as early as August 30.

During the battle of the Aisne occurred a combat among the clouds that was one of the most remarkable which this war of wonders had disclosed. A German aeroplane, flying high, visited the British lines with the object of reconnoitering. As the machine hovered overhead, well out of the reach of fire, a British airman shot up to the attack. The German saw his adversary and attempted to attack him from above. Shots were fired, but they missed their mark. The British plane swept in a wide semicircle around the adversary, mounting steadily. The German tried to swoop, in order to open fire from close range from above. There was a sudden giddy maneuvering of both machines with shots; then another swift change of position, almost at the same altitude but out of range of one another, and each fighting for the higher places. A rushing together of the two machines then occurred, making them look like great birds in combat. Down below was heard the distant sound of shooting. It was a great struggle up and down, a darting hither and

BRITISH AIRSHIPS IN THEIR SHED

A FRENCH AIRSHIP BROUGHT DOWN BEHIND GERMAN LINES

II.

thither, each airman determined to win advantage over his foe. The machines advanced and retired. Suddenly the British one swung above, the German reeled and seemed to stagger, and then, traveling slowly, there came sounds of shot and the German, wounded, descended slowly to the ground.

At Warsaw in October aeroplanes were described by Stephen Graham[9] as sailing in and out of light clouds "like cranes passing over high mountains." Down below people "stood and gazed at them all day long, pointing, gesticulating and looking through field-glasses." Suddenly "one of these human birds in the sky stopt in its flight, staggered and fell." A thousand people were in the city below. All at once there was a great rush and many cries of—"This way is quicker," "this way is quicker," and then everybody rushed in the straightest line possible for the point where the flying-machine appeared to have fallen. Out of restaurants and cafés dashed officers and with them ladies, who jumped into waiting motor-cars to follow the crowd. Every cab was taken. Droshkis had a dozen or fifteen passengers standing on them. Policemen "left their posts, hawkers their stalls, barbers came out in aprons, Jews in square hats and black cloaks, students, schoolboys, 50,000 of them, and the crowd increasing every moment." The truth was that a German aeroplane had been shot down by a Russian, and had come to earth, but it struck the earth not in Warsaw but ten miles away.

Late in December French aeroplanes gave Metz and its garrison an experience of the terrors of aerial bombardment. Taking revenge for a German bombardment of Nancy, an unfortified town where non-combatants were struck dead or mutilated by bombs, French airmen made this raid on Metz. They showered powerful bombs on aviation hangars, on the railroad-station where troops were in movement, and on barracks at the outskirts of the city. Presumably the Frenchmen rose from the region of Verdun and flew almost straight east for thirty-seven miles until they found themselves over the German stronghold. In flying from Verdun they crossed two rivers, the Meuse and the Moselle, as well as risked the dangerous air currents that characterize the mountains in that region.

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[9] Correspondent of The *Morning Post,* London.

Assisted by light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. seven British naval airmen, piloting sea-planes, made an attack on Christmas Day on the German naval base at Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe. Six of the airmen returned safely. The British navy, in attempting to "dig out" the German fleet, had brought about a battle between the most modern of war-machines.

German aircraft paid a four hours' visit to the coast-towns of Norfolk on January 19, and dropt twenty or more bombs, which killed four persons, injured ten or more others, and did considerable damage to property. Yarmouth and King's Lynn, the largest towns visited, suffered the greatest damage. Eight bombs were dropt in Yarmouth, one of them killing an old man and an old woman, injuring three other persons, and smashing every window within a radius of seven hundred yards. In King's Lynn a woman and a boy were killed by bombs which demolished a row of cottages. The raiders also visited Cromer, which, however, was not attacked, Sheringham, where four bombs were dropt; Derwingham, Grimston, Snettisham, and Heacham, each of which received one missile. Snettisham and Heacham are within three miles of the King's Sandringham residence. Near the former place, where the windows of the village church were shattered, the Queen Mother, Alexandra, had a summer bungalow.

Aeronautical experts were of opinion, from the size of the bombs dropt—weighing from 60 to 100 pounds each—that airships of the small non-rigid "Parseval" type were employed. As the German official account referred to "airships," it was presumed that these were the ships used. They could be built more quickly than Zeppelins, but were slower and carried less ammunition. Eight cities, towns, and villages had been visited by units of the flying squadron. The number killed was estimated at between four and nine. Residents of Runton saw the airship plainly. Almost the entire population rushed into the streets on hearing the whirring of the giant propellers. The ship that passed near Runton was flying at a height of about 2,600 feet.

While Sandringham was not bombarded, bombs were dropt on a village eight miles from King's Lynn on the King's estate. Another bomb struck Grimston in the same neighborhood. No damage was done. Whether made by airships or flying-machines, whether for the purpose of creating panic or doing damage, the raid was a failure.

On April 1 a German aeroplane whose occupant was dropping bombs on Reims, was brought down by a shot. The next day British aviators bombed Hoboken and Zeebrugge in Belgium, and French aviators wrecked the railway-stations at Nuremberg and Mülheim. On the 8th Zeebrugge was bombed by British airmen. The French on April 11 launched explosives on the railway-station and a foundry at Bruges. German airships were busy next day, one catching fire at Aeltre, while another did damage to Nancy. On the 14th French aviators disquieted German headquarters at Mézières and Charleville; others, soon afterwards, inflicted damage on the military railway station at Freiburg. A French airship on April 19 attacked the railway station at Strassburg and a few hours later some French aeroplanes set fire to stores of fodder at Mannheim.

GERMAN AVIATORS

Decorated with the Iron Cross, watching a flight made by other Germans

Mannheim and Mülheim were bombed on the 21st; Friedrickshafen, on Lake Constance, and Leopoldshöhe, both on the 28th, and the railway-station at Valenciennes on the 30th. On May 3, French airmen dropt bombs into the headquarters of the Duke of Württemburg. A German aeronaut on May 11 attacked St. Denis and another Paris itself. The French, on May 26, sent a squadron of aeroplanes to destroy factories at Ludwigshafen.

June 7 was memorable for the exploit of Lieutenant Warneford who destroyed a Zeppelin between Ghent and Brussels, while other British aviators bombed a hangar near the Belgian capital. A week later civilians in Nancy were killed and wounded by German aeronauts. Carlsruhe that day was visited by Allied aircraft and the castle damaged. This operation was undertaken by way of reprisal.

BRITISH AEROPLANES ASSEMBLED IN FLANDERS FOR BOMBING

Of all visits Allied airships made to German towns, none stirred the Germans more than the visit of French airmen to Karlsruhe, on June 15. Of the number of aeroplanes in the fleet, estimates from German and French sides varied from seven to twenty-three, and the bombs thrown at from eighty to 130. Such was the feeling aroused among Badeners, and particularly among the Burghers of Karlsruhe, that they were in a mood to wish all the Kaiser's Zeppelins might in return swoop down on London and Paris, repaying the "crime of Karlsruhe" with ten bombs for one. It was not so much the material damage, which was relatively slight, nor the heavy casualty list that aroused the Badeners, as the almost successful attack made on four Ducal palaces. These raids were declared positively to be reprisals only; had the Germans ceased to make raids on British and French towns, killing non-combatants, they would never have been made.

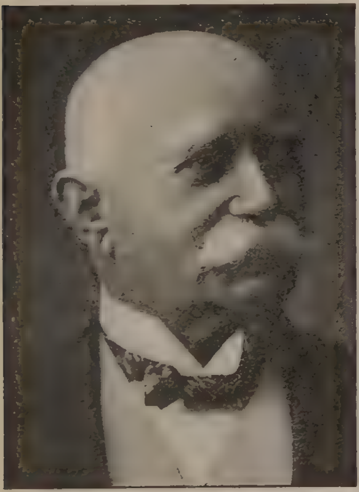
Of the four palaces, only one—that of Prince Max of Baden—was actually struck. One dropt very close to the back door of this palace, but did not explode; a second exploded in the small garden at the corner of the palace; a third was more effective and blew in the roof of the main building. Prince Max was absent in Berlin on business, but Princess Max was at home. This particular bomb cut through the tin roof, striking at an angle of about seventy degrees, as the trail plainly showed. In exploding, it damaged the stone cornice outside, shattered the two wooden beams in the garret, drilled two small holes through the floor of the garret and pierced the ceiling of the room below—that of little Prince Berthold and the Princess Marie-Alexander. By a freak of good fortune it had stuck fast in the ceiling, only the sharp point showing. The little Princess and Prince had a narrow escape from death, since the ceiling of the room in which they had slept was pierced. Prince Max will be recalled as the successor of Count von Hertling as Chancellor in 1918, and for having asked President Wilson in October of that year to secure an armistice for Germany.

Perhaps even more sensational and "dastardly," to the German mind, was the attack on the Grand Ducal Palace, where the old Grand Duchess, mother of the reigning Grand Duke, lived, and where the Queen of Sweden was a guest at the time. One bomb fell into the backyard—the *Fasianderie* or Pheasantry, causing casualties among birds. A second dropt about a hundred yards from the Residenzschloss on the Schlossplatz within fifteen feet of the Karl Friedrich monument, taking the crease out of Karl Friedrich's bronze right trouser leg and pockmarking the foundation.

Three big German Taubes were destroyed in a battle-royal with twelve fast British aeroplanes off the mouth of the Thames. The German airmen had crossed the North Sea intending to raid the English coast. Approaching shore, they maneuvered in wide circles, giving observers time to telegraph warnings to English aviators, who rushed to the attack by twos and threes and immediately gave battle. The Germans tilted upward to a great height, hotly pursued. Thousands of feet below watchers gathered on the shores, saw the machines "darting back and forth, silvered in the sunlight, and heard the faint sputter of motor exhausts and the crack of rifles and pistols." Four British planes first came in contact with the Germans, and as others joined in the battle the Germans were cut off in an attempt to retreat seaward. The foremost Taube was first seen to fall, and then the second shot downward in a mass of flames. The fight by this time had moved so far seaward that spectators along the coast could no longer trace the tiny specks among the clouds. The following day naval boats found one of the German planes floating on the water, its occupants strapped to their seats and bullet holes through their heads. The third Taube was reported to have been lost.

Near the end of September the Russians brought down three German aeroplanes. Russians christened them "Two Tails." "Two Tails" was armored and had twin engines of the "Albatross," or "Mercedes," static motor type—170-horse power between twin bodies. Raised above them was the pilot's place, also armored. The machine carried six men and nearly a ton of ammunition for one light quick-firing gun and two maxims. The crew consisted of the pilot, a mechanic, an observation officer, and three artillerymen. Probably the most ambitious air-raid of the war—at least at the time it occurred—was one made on Stuttgart in September. Some sixty powerful machines dropt on Stuttgart more than two hundred bombs as a reprisal for a series of Zeppelin raids on London made in the early part of the same month.

On land, under the water, and in the air, Germany had provided terrible weapons in this war. Should the Zeppelin, despite its critics, approximate the success of the howitzer and the submarine, it was plain that in actual life would be seen a realization of the most terrible and tremendous things which the imagination of novelists have described. The Zeppelin in principle was not as new a craft as the aeroplane. More than a century and a quarter ago—in December, 1783—a voyage of over twenty miles was made from Paris in a free balloon inflated with hydrogen. It was not, however, until 1852 that the first successful attempt to propel through the air a hydrogen balloon of elongated shape was made. This balloon was designed by Henri Giffard, who used it in a light steam-engine to turn the propellers; but the speed obtained was unsatisfactory. Thirty years afterward electric motors were applied with better results, but nothing really practicable was produced until Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin appeared on the scene with methods of his own. In 1890 the construction of an immense airship, designed with great care and forethought, to carry a crew of five men, and driven by two 16-horse-power gasoline-motors, carried singly, each in a separate car, with actuating propellers attached not to the cars but to the body of the ship. This method of attachment had been rendered possible by a notable characteristic of the Zeppelin ship. It was built with a rigid aluminum framework, divided into sixteen compartments along the length of the structure, each enclosing an independent gas-bag, the collective capacity of the bags being nearly 400,000 cubic feet.


COUNT ZEPPELIN
Inventor and promoter of the airship bearing his name, who died late in the war

This vessel, the pioneer among dirigibles of the "rigid" type, was tested in June, 1900, when it traveled three and a half miles at a speed of 18 miles an hour, its journey being then cut short by a mishap to the steering-gear. Other Zeppelins of larger size followed in rapid succession with greatly increased engine-power, until by the year 1914 the German army and navy were in possession of Zeppelins of nearly 30 horse-power, with a speed of fifty miles an hour, and an endurance of thirty hours at full speed. This type was adopted for fighting purposes by the army and navy. In spite of its unwieldly bulk and the impossibility of diminishing its size by deflation for purposes of transport or storage, it had many formidable qualities—among them, capacity to mount one-pound guns and maxim-guns, not only in the cars themselves, but on the top of the envelop.

A GERMAN AIRSHIP AND SHED AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN

Great faith in these machines existed in Germany. Soon it was argued that it would be easy for a German army to land on the east coast of England. Germans talked of a ''walk over the Channel,'' of a fleet of Zeppelins that would bring destruction and cause panic among English sailors, soldiers, and the civil population. Here it will be necessary to go back in the chronology of air-battles and air-raids, to set forth, as a theme apart by itself, the work of the Zeppelins.

After the attack on Antwerp in August, 1914, Zeppelin raids for some weeks were few, but there was one which gave Nancy a lively Christmas. First had come a ''Taube,'' half-an-hour before midnight on Christmas eve, and again next morning, at half-past five. Loud explosions disturbed people in their sleep, and sent men and women hurrying to each other's rooms to exchange opinion on the unsportsmanlike Germans. About half-past nine there was more firing, this time with the crackling of musketry. It appeared that, from several parts of the town, guards were trying to bring down a "Taube," which had dropt three or four bombs, none of which did damage to either life or property. One of the bombs fell within thirty or forty feet of the cathedral, which at the time was packed with a large congregation for the celebration of early Christmas Mass. This was the second time since the beginning of the war that the cathedral had had a narrow escape. The "Taube" came from the direction of Thiaucourt, and soared away untouched toward Château-Salins, too high for the fire by which it was followed.

When louder banging began early on Christmas morning there was no doubt that a Zeppelin had arrived. Explosions followed one after the other at intervals varying from a few seconds to half a minute. About a dozen bombs were dropt, all falling within a comparatively small space. The ship, which was probably from Metz, had come down the Valley of the Moselle and the Meurthe, and at Frouard, six miles off, had dropt three bombs. Frouard telephoned the news to Champigneulles, and Champigneulles to Nancy, where the Zeppelins arrived just as the message was getting through. At the station it followed the course of the railway for a few hundred yards, then turned sharply to the right and east, droping three bombs which fell through the roofs of two houses and shattered them. Another fell a hundred yards further on in the middle of a big open place.

Zeppelin airships raided Paris before daylight on the morning of March 21, and dropt a dozen bombs, but the damage done was unimportant. Seven or eight persons were injured, but only one seriously. Four air-craft had started for the capital, following the Valley of the Oise, but only two reached their goal. Missiles were also dropt at Compiègne, Ribecourt, and Dreslincourt, but without serious results. Paris remained calm while this aerial invasion was in progress. Residents exhibited more curiosity than fear. Bugles had given a signal that all lights be extinguished. With searchlights turned to the clouds, anti-aircraft guns opened fire and aeroplanes rose to attack the Germans, but the operations were hampered by a heavy mist. The buzzing motors of aeroplanes and the searchlights flashing from the neighborhood of the Eiffel Tower to the heights of Montmartre, caused however the keenest excitement, but there was no panic.

Thousands strained their eyes in an effort to catch a glimpse of the invaders, which many claimed to have seen moving swiftly near the Madeleine, or to watch the work of the French airmen. Balconies and the roofs of houses in Passy and other quarters were used as vantage points by the curious. Many of the more timid sought refuge in cellars or other places of safety, where they remained until sure all danger was past. The comparatively few persons who were in the streets were interested spectators, apparently careless of possible danger. All taxicabs were stopt and the occupants forced to alight. A distant roar was heard, but it was not known whether caused by the explosion of bombs dropt by Zeppelins or by the fire of anti-aircraft guns. Reports were made of explosions of bombs in the Batignolles quarter and in the Rues Dulong and des Dames. Reports followed of two powerful explosions between Puteaux and Suresnes, suburbs of Paris. Residents reported having seen a large dirigible flying toward the south and then returning to the north. The searchlight on Mount Valérien flashed its rays on the craft. At the same time cannon firing was heard, as well as the whirring of a powerful motor. The Zeppelins traveled at great heights, estimated at considerably more than a mile. This and the light haze in the upper air-levels enabled the raiders to escape.

Parisians were unable to distinguish between the detonations of the falling bombs and the almost continuous gunfire that for three-quarters of an hour came from the defenses. Before the excitement was over boulevards and open places were crowded with intensely excited spectators, who watched the maneuvers of French aeroplanes, but were not able to see much of the Zeppelins. In all, half a hundred bombs, it was estimated, were dropt on Paris and surrounding villages and towns. Some were highly explosive, others were filled with inflammable liquids. Three fires blazed up in the wake of the aircraft, but were quickly extinguished. The performance lasted about an hour; then everything became silence and tranquility. Parisians retired to bed, "mostly with a sentiment of regret that the fireworks display had ended so soon."

From the beginning there had been much speculation as to aerial attacks on England. It was common knowledge that Germany had at least thirteen airships of the rigid type, capable of flying from forty-six to fifty miles an hour. One Zeppelin had traveled 1,900 miles in a single journey, and had remained in the air for thirty-five hours. As the distance from Heligoland, where airship sheds had been under construction, to Yarmouth is only 280 miles, it was obvious that, given suitable weather, a Zeppelin could not only cross to England and return, but could sail over large land-areas. The tendency in England was to minimize the possibility of serious danger from such raids. Some precautions, however, were taken in London and throughout the country. Anti-aircraft guns, mostly of inadequate caliber, were planted at vital points, street lights were subdued, sky-signs obliterated, and householders ordered to darken the windows of lighted rooms at night. Search-lights were spread out over the London sky every night for several hours.

The first Zeppelin attack did not come until the end of December, 1914, when an aeroplane flew over the east coast and dropt a bomb or two on the sands. On Christmas eve another which appeared over Dover dropt a bomb in a garden. The bomb was probably intended for Dover Castle, but fell harmless a few hundred yards away. On Christmas day a German airman passed Sheerness under cover of a fog, and flew far up the Thames. He was first seen over the Isle of Sheppy, at a height estimated at 9,000 feet. Anti-aircraft guns opened on him, but fell short. Lost to view in a mist he was not seen again until he got well up the river where fire was once more opened on him. Rising higher to escape the shells, he made a complete half-circle. Several British aeroplanes got in pursuit, and the German, seeing it was hopeless to attempt to go further, turned back. Thousands of people had a good view of this first real air-battle on the British coast. Shells were bursting in the air apparently all around the German. Time after time it seemed as if he had been hit, yet time after time he escaped. Men could not fail to admire the skill with which he handled his machine. At one point a sudden dip seemed to show that a shot had gone home, but still he kept on, circling, dodging, twisting, climbing, and diving with incredible swiftness to escape his pursuers, then made straight for the sea and escaped.

After this there came a pause of about three weeks, after which, on the evening of January 19, the people of Yarmouth were startled by the sound of loud explosions, as if big guns were firing among them. Lights were at once extinguished. For some hours little could be learned of what had happened. Word went round that two Zeppelins had arrived over the town and dropt nine bombs. Two persons were killed. These were the first victims of enemy aircraft in England—a man of advanced middle-age, and a woman past threescore years and ten, both of whom were blown to pieces. These raids, small as their immediate results were, had demonstrated one thing. The German press had proclaimed that German genius had ended the legend that England was invulnerable owing to her insularity. It certainly had been proved that the sea no longer protected England from all kinds of attacks. She must prepare to meet invaders from the sky as well as from the water.

The net result of the campaign, during the first nine months of the war, was half a dozen people killed, a few injured, and damage amounting to a few score thousands of pounds. The Germans had so far effected no great damage, but they were working in a new field. The raids thus far had been largely experimental. A disturbing fact was that England had failed to produce an effective means for fighting Zeppelins.

Early in June, for the first time, a Zeppelin in flight was destroyed by an aviator in an aeroplane. Reginald A. J.

Warneford, a young Canadian sub-lieutenant in the British Royal Navy, who had made his first flight at Hendon only four months before, and had been with the flying-squadron only a month, was the hero of this exploit, which was performed a mile aloft over Belgium. The Zeppelin that night lay a wreck, part of it being on the roof, and part on the grounds of a nunnery near Ghent. Falling there a blazing mass, after being struck and exploded by the young aviator's bombs, its crew of twenty-eight men were killed, as were also the four occupants of the nunnery buildings, including two orphan children who were being cared for as refugees. The aviator got safely back to England after a thrilling experience.

The destruction of the Zeppelin by Warneford, and a successful attack by two British naval airmen on German airship-sheds to the north of Brussels, were followed by a slight pause in the German campaign, the next raid not being made until the night of June 15, on the northeast coast, where two Zeppelins appeared at a height of 5,000 feet. Anti-aircraft guns promptly opened fire on them, but apparently they were not struck. On August 12, two Zeppelins visited the east coast, killing four men and two women, and injuring three men, eleven women and nine children, all civilians, and causing serious damage to fourteen houses. Raids on London followed on the evenings of September 7 and 8. Outlying districts were first attacked and then a serious and concerted raid was made on London. The Zeppelins arrived between 10 and 11 o'clock when the theaters and music-halls were all open, streets full of evening crowds and life going on with its usual animation. Suddenly the sound of explosion after explosion could be heard, first the bursting of bombs, then the rapid firing of anti-aircraft guns. Zeppelins were plainly visible aloft, as search-lights shone on them. People came out of restaurants and stood in the streets gazing at them. From the roofs of houses, fires could be seen eastward and northward. One bomb fell in a square almost surrounded by hospitals. Hundreds of windows in a children's hospital near by were broken, and sick children were aroused from their sleep. It seemed as though the Zeppelins were taking special aim at St. Paul's Cathedral and at the British Museum, altho they failed to touch either.

Four more raids on Great Britain were made in September. In one of these Zeppelins flew over the east coast doing no damage. In a raid over Kent several persons were wounded. Before Admiral Scott could complete arrangements for the better defense of London, London was again attacked on October 13, about 9:30 at night. Parts of the eastern counties were also attacked the same evening. In London thirty-two persons were killed and ninety-five injured. The total casualties for the whole area of the raid that night were fifty-six killed and 113 wounded. A number of houses were damaged, and several fires started. The bombs used were in many cases of large size.

The effects of the raids were twofold. They led to a call for reprisals and to a feeling that the Government was not sufficiently active in defense preparations. They led also to an immense quickening of the national determination to see the war through to a successful end. Even in towns that suffered most, there was no panic. The suggestion put forward that, because of the raids, England might be coerced into loosening her naval grip on Germany, was not even discust.

After the raid on London of October 13, 1915, there came a pause of over three months, probably because of stormy and uncertain weather. The public anticipated a renewal of the raids in January, and this proved to be a correct expectation. Early on January 23 a hostile aeroplane, taking advantage of bright moonlight, visited Dover, dropt nine bombs in rapid succession and made off seaward. On January 31 another attempt was made on the east coast and in the Midlands. The raiders arrived about 4:30 in the afternoon, and the last of them did not leave the English coast until nearly five next morning. They entered apparently through Norfolk and crossed through Lincolnshire into Derbyshire and Staffordshire and then circled around through Leicestershire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, their evident purpose being to reach Liverpool. But they lost their bearings and instead struck a town in Staffordshire. The most serious damage, as stated at the time, occurred in one town. Here no warning had been given and no provision made against danger. In all, thirty people were killed in Staffordshire, and at least fifty injured. Some families were wiped out altogether. One man was coming out of his house when a bomb fell at his feet and killed him. His little boy, who was following him, had his arm blown off.

The raid on Staffordshire was the more terrible because of its unexpectedness. The first intimation people had of it was when bombs burst from the sky and fell among them. Many of the victims were women and children. At one inquest on thirteen persons who had been killed, the coroner urged the jury to return a verdict to the effect that death in each case was due to the explosion of a bomb dropt from German aircraft. The jury refused to accept the coroner's suggestion and brought in a verdict of murder against the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, as being "accessories to and after the fact." The coroner urged that no evidence had been produced to show that the Kaiser or the Crown Prince were accessories. But the foreman replied that the jury declined to alter their verdict.

Reports from eight English counties visited showed that bomb-dropping had been done there in an indiscriminate manner. The raids showed that not always were Zeppelins unable to travel in a snowstorm. Over one town, where most of the damage was done, one raider arrived during a break in a heavy storm accompanied by considerable wind and there was an intermittent fall of snow during the whole time of the raid. More than one Zeppelin in the past had been brought down by falling snow. Men outside of Germany had begun to talk of the Zeppelins as apparently failures for war purposes. The dropping of bombs had been shown to be insignificant in power of destruction. The Zeppelin was no longer the dreadful thing it had been.

An effective Zeppelin invasion of England was now taken as quite improbable, altho Englishmen were still expected by the Germans to shiver at their bogy. Near the end of August, 1915, Mr. Balfour had said, of Zeppelin warfare on England that, during twelve months, seventy-one civilian adults and eighteen children had been killed, and 189 civilian adults and thirty-one children had been injured.

Judged by numbers, "this cumulative result of many successive attacks did not equal the single effort of a submarine, which had sent 1,198 civilians to the bottom in the *Lusitania.*" There had been eighteen raids on England by Zeppelins since the beginning of the war. It was asserted that more than a score and possibly thirty Zeppelins used by Germany in the war had meanwhile been destroyed. Many were shattered by anti-aircraft guns defending English towns; others were brought down by English aeroplanes on the Continent. Ten days after Mr. Balfour's statement was made, twenty persons were killed in London, and eighty-six others injured in a Zeppelin raid. Lieut. Commander Mathy of a Zeppelin of the L class, the newest, fastest and most powerful of German air cruisers, who had taken part in every Zeppelin raid that had been made on England, told the story of this attack to Karl H. von Wiegand:[10]

> "As the sun sank in the west, we were still a considerable distance out over the North Sea. Below us it was rapidly getting dark, but it was still light up where we were. Off to one side another Zeppelin was visible in the waning light against the clear sky, gliding majestically through the air. A low, mist-like fog hung over the spot in the distance where England was. The stars came out. It grew colder. We took another pull at our thermos bottles and ate something. As we neared the coast I set the elevating planes to go still higher, in order that our motors might not disclose our presence too soon. The men went to the guns which fight off fliers should we be attacked, and the others each to his post. It was a cold, clear, starlit night, with no moon—one of those nights when the distances of objects, in looking toward the sky are illusive, and it is difficult to get the range on a rapidly moving object, while our instruments tell us exactly how high we are.
>
> "The mist disappeared. Off in the distance we could see the Thames River, which pointed the way to London. It was an indestructible guide-post and a sure road to the great city. The English can darken London as much as they want; they can never eradicate or cover up the Thames. It is our great orientation point from which we can always get our bearings. That doesn't mean

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[10] Correspondent of the New York *World.*

that we always come up along the Thames, by any means. London was darkened, but sufficiently lighted on this night so that I saw the reflected glow on the sky sixty kilometers (37 miles) away shortly before 10 o'clock

"Soon the city was outlined, still and silent below in the distance. Dark spots stood out from blue lights in well-lit portions. The residence sections were not much darkened. It was the dark spots I was after, and bore down on them, as they marked the city. There was no sign of life, except in the distance—the movement and the light of what were probably railroad-trains. All seemed very quiet, no noises ascended from below to penetrate the sputtering motors and whirring propellers.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, all this changed. A sudden flash and a narrow band of brilliant light reached out from below and began to feel around the sky; then a second, third, fourth, fifth, and soon more than a score of criss-crossing ribbons ascended. From the Zeppelin it looked as if the city had suddenly come to life and was waving its arms around the sky, handing out feelers for the danger that threatened it, but our deeper impression was that they were tentacles seeking to drag us to destruction. First one, then another and another of those ribbons, shooting out from glaring search-lights picked us up and then from below came an ominous sound that deadened the noise of motors and propellers, little red flashes and short bursts of fire, which stood out prominently against the black background. From north and south, from right and left, they appeared and following the flashes rolled up from below the sound of guns.

"It was a beautiful and impressive but fleeting picture as seen from above, and probably no less interesting from below, with the grayish dim outlines of the Zeppelins gliding through, wavering ribbons of light and shrapnel cloudlets which hung in the sky, with constant red flashes of many guns from coal-black sections. At any moment we might be plunged below in a shapeless mass of wreckage. When the first search-lights pick you up and you see the first flash of guns from below, your nerves get a little shock, but then you steady down and put your mind on what you are there for. I picked out St. Paul's and, with that as a point of orientation, laid a course for the Bank of England. There was a big search-light in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul's and a battery of guns under cover of the church, as I could plainly see from the flashes as they belched shrapnel at us. Altho we had been fired upon from all sides, we had not yet dropt a bomb.

"When we were above the Bank of England, I shouted through the speaking tube connecting me with my lieutenant at the firing apparatus: ''Fire slowly.' Mingling with the dim thunder and the vivid flash of guns below, came explosions and bursting flames from our bombs. I soon observed flames bursting forth in several places. Over Holborn Viaduct and the vicinity of Holborn Station we dropt several bombs. From the Bank of England to the Tower is a short distance. I tried to hit London bridge, and believe I was successful,—to what extent in damage I could not determine. Flashes from the Tower showed that the guns placed there were keeping up a lively fire. Maneuvering and arriving directly over Liverpool Street Station, I shouted 'Rapid fire' through the tube and the bombs rained down. There was a succession of detonations and bursts of fire, and I could see that we had hit well, and apparently caused great damage. Flames burst forth in several places in that vicinity.

''Having dropt all the bombs, I turned for a dash home. We had not been hit. Several times I leaned out and looked up and back at the dark outlines of my Zeppelin, but she had no holes in her gray sides. Ascending and then descending until we found a favorable wind current, we made a quick return. The main attack was made from 10.50 to 11 P.M. It lasted just ten minutes. Zeppelin tactics in attack require you to make a dash to the points to be bombarded and then make a quick getaway.''

Late in September, 1915, it was said in Geneva that the German Headquarters Staff admitted the loss since the war began of thirty-eight Zeppelins and nine ''Parseval'' airships—perhaps an exaggeration. The majority of the airships were brought down by Allied aerial guns; others suffered accidents while landing. The average cost of the airships was placed at over £100,000 ($500,000) each.

REMAINS OF A GERMAN ZEPPELIN WRECKED ON THE COAST OF DENMARK

Newer models had cost nearly twice that sum. It was estimated by the Allies that Germany had lost over £5,000,000 in airships. Meanwhile, the bombs they had thrown had killed or wounded about 500 persons.

In the evening of January 20 a Zeppelin was heard over Paris and soon about a dozen bombs were dropt. The city had been darkened in anticipation of the raid. Fire-engines and squads of buglers had gone through the city sounding the alarm, and search-lights were in operation. The streets had filled rapidly and were crowded as on a holiday. Every one saw airplanes darting across the sky like shooting stars. Some fifteen bombs fell near the fortifications in a populous tenement district, and twenty-four persons were killed, thirty wounded, and fifteen houses damaged, the killed and wounded being nearly all women and children. The worst occurred in a five-story tenement at the end of a cul-de-sac. Here the family of a Zouave, Auguste Petitjean, his wife and fifteen-year-old daughter, his father-in-law, and his sister, with her two little boys, were killed. Several days later bombs were again dropt on Paris. Three of them fell on a piece of waste ground and three others in a field. Next day a raid by six or seven Zeppelin airships took place over the eastern, northeastern, and midland counties of England. A number of bombs were dropt, but no considerable damage was reported.

A Zeppelin raid on the English Midlands on the night of January 31, 1916, followed as it was shortly afterward by raids on the east coast of Scotland, aroused the British people to the urgent need of more adequate aerial defense. The supply of anti-aircraft guns was greatly increased, and their range of efficiency improved. Restrictions on public and private lighting were extended to almost the whole of the central and northwestern areas, from Northumberland and Durham to Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Bucks.

It was during the return of the Zeppelin fleet from central England on February 2 that one of the most dramatic incidents of the war took place. Near the Dutch coast the Zeppelin L-19 became disabled and fell floating on the sea when she was approached by a small British trawler, the *King Stephen*, which had a crew of nine men. On the upper platform of the Zeppelin's great gas-chambers were seen her crew, said to number twenty-eight or more. The skipper of the *King Stephen* approached with a view to rescuing the men, but finding, as he said, that his unarmed crew was outnumbered three to one and that the German airmen were armed, he feared that the Germans would overpower his men and take his little ship as a prize to Hamburg. Accordingly he sailed away, leaving the crew of the Zeppelin to their fate. The German papers naturally enough exprest the deepest horror at this act. The Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* wrote: "This fresh infamous action provides yet another of those disclosures which the present war has furnished us of the brutality of the British character, of which we 'barbarians' were so little aware that it took us a long time to realize its possibilities."

English papers agreed in describing the skipper of the *King Stephen* as a sensible man. They generally took the ground that the Germans themselves were to blame if their promises were not accepted at face-value. Thus the London *Saturday Review* remarked: "If the captain of the *King Stephen* had taken aboard the crew of the wrecked Zeppelin L-19 he would have played the part, not so much of a brave man, as of a fool. Once securely aboard, the crew of the Zeppelin, in all likelihood, would have '*strafed*' the unarmed, artless men of the British trawler, and headed for Germany." The more restrained *Spectator* was in substantial agreement when it said: "It is utterly repugnant to British seamen not to help persons in distress, even tho those persons have outraged every decent man's feelings by acting as the instruments of criminal warfare. But we can not escape the conclusion that the fate of the Zeppelin's crew was the Nemesis which must often overtake criminals. The British seamen simply could not take the Germans' word. They could not trust them."

It was at daybreak on February 2 that the attention of the captain of the trawler *King Stephen* had been attracted by flashes of light proceeding apparently from an alarm lamp. The vessel's head was turned in the direction of the light, and after steaming some distance the trawler came on a huge dark mass floating in the water. As day broke, it was seen that the wreckage was that of the German Zeppelin L-19, deeply submerged, the cabins and portions of the envelop being under water while the rest of the envelop was floating. On a platform running along the top of the Zeppelin were seven or eight men who hailed the trawler and asked to be taken off. Their numbers were quickly augmented by other Germans, until there were more than twenty on the platform. Sounds of hammering could be heard, apparently from the interior of the envelop. The trawler captain concluded the men were attempting to make repairs. The captain of the trawler in an interview explained his action in refusing to rescue the men thus:

"'Send us a boat and I'll give you five pounds,' came a shout from one of the men on the Zeppelin. Saying so, he took off his coat and showed his brass buttons. I knew at once he was a naval officers, the captain of the airship. He looked like our own naval officers. When one or two of his crew who spoke English tried to butt in, he shut them up pretty smart. He was a gentleman and behaved as one. He was polite and spoke good English. I thought a bit and then said: 'Well if there were not so many of you I would take you off, but there's too many.' The officer straightened himself and said: 'There is nothing in that.'

"I thought again and said: 'But supposing we take you and you sling us overboard and navigate the trawler to Germany? That would be another decoration for you, but it won't be much for us.' He said: 'I pledge you my sword we will do nothing of the kind.' He took a dying oath that he would not interfere with us and that I could have plenty of money if I saved them. Well, I took another thought. They are thirty, I said to myself, and we are nine; they are armed and we are not. We have not got as much as a pistol on board. I would not take the risk. If there had been another ship standing there, I could have taken a chance, but there was nothing in sight. Besides I remembered what the Germans had done, and what they might do again. I could see three iron crosses painted on the Zeppelin, two on one side and one underneath its wooden nose, which was tilted up. I suppose that these crosses were given them for some daring deeds and I did not want me and my crew to be part of the fourth. So I steamed away from the Zeppelin about 9.30 o'clock. I went away to find a gunboat or a patrol vessel that was better provided than we for looking after an enemy crew. In peace time, of course, I would have had all the Germans aboard in two ticks."

An aeroplane raid was made at Lowestoft and Walmer on February 20. Two of the raiders appeared over Lowestoft shortly before the time for morning service. They remained over the south side of the town for a few minutes, attracting people into the streets, and then dropt bombs. Rising to a great height they disappeared from view, only to return a quarter of an hour later for a short time. In all, seventeen small high-explosive bombs were dropt. No one was killed or injured, but several persons had narrow escapes. A bomb struck the roof of one house and penetrated through to the back of the bedroom, but failed to explode. The family were sitting in the kitchen at the time. Another bomb struck the roof of a large house and exploded on the upper floors. A mother and daughter on the ground floor suffered no injury. The explosion of this bomb broke the windows of a Primitive Methodist chapel close by. The chapel was full. The service, which had just begun, was stopt, and the people quietly left the building. That same morning two other German seaplanes made for the Kentish coast. One of them passed over the Knock lightship and tried to destroy it with bombs; the other made straight for Walmer, dropt six bombs and immediately turned sharply, making back home. Two seaplanes went up from Dover, but were unable to catch the raiders. Four bombs fell within a small area. One landed close to a church, blowing in all the windows as the congregation was singing the *Te Deum*. One bomb killed a boy who was walking along the roadway and fatally injured a man close to him. Another, falling on the roadway running along the beach, killed one civilian and injured a marine. The total casualties of the raid were two men and one boy killed and one marine wounded.

On the evening of the following Sunday, March 5, a Zeppelin raid on a large scale was carried out over a considerable portion of the east coast, from Kent to Yorkshire, and altho no military damage of any description was done, a number of civilians were killed and injured. A heavy snowstorm was raging at the time. Hitherto it had been considered impossible for Zeppelins to cross the sea in safety under such conditions, but these Zeppelins indicated that this belief was wrong. They visited Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Rutland, Huntington, Norfolk, Essex, and Kent. They made their main attack on a town in Yorkshire. They sent a dozen bombs into a field near Rutland, doing no damage. Apparently they did nothing in four of the counties they passed over. Six bombs were supposed to have fallen in Kent and to have exploded harmlessly in a marshy field, but many careful observers declared that there was no explosion whatever in that county.

Five Zeppelin airships raided the eastern counties of England on April 1, when about ninety bombs were dropt. The raiders crossed the coast at different places and times and steered different courses. The night was well suited for a raid. There was no wind and no heavy mist to obliterate the landscape. Up to that time there had been, since the first air-raid on England on Christmas Day, 1914, when an aeroplane dropt bombs on Dover without causing any loss of life or personal injury, thirty-one raids in England, principally by Zeppelins, which had caused in all 272 deaths and injured 627 persons. But a marked advance had been made in British defensive methods. London had been equipped with a number of anti-aircraft guns of greatly improved range, and many more search-lights had been installed. Some of these search-lights were more powerful than anything known before. Darkness and silence were the main methods used to baffle the enemy. Church-bells were silenced, and public-clocks did not strike. All towns within the affected areas lay in a condition of semi-darkness or of complete darkness. In some places faint lights were permitted in the streets. In others, all street lights were put out, and no lights allowed to show, even faintly, from the windows of houses. At the first signal of the approach of the Zeppelins all trains were stopt, save those running underground, and railway-service was suspended. Signal-lights were put out, and the fires of the engines were banked. The stoppage of trains naturally caused great inconveniences. People living in the outer suburbs of towns found it impossible to reach home except by walking; railway travelers were held up at small stations, and had to pass many hours during the evening and night there, unable to go forward or back.

A raid on May 2 was made by probably the greatest number of Zeppelins ever directed against England at one time. They arrived at different points all along the coast. One came southward from the Scottish coast; another proceeded northward to Aberdeenshire. They were observed at different points from the coast of Norfolk northward. The astonishing feature of this raid was that so little was accomplished by it. Only two of the airships made a serious attempt to penetrate inland. The airships did not discharge anything like their normal load of bombs. In one locality only was any serious mischief done, and there the total casualties amounted to only thirty-six. Since the war began the Entente Allies believed they had accounted by August, 1916, for thirty-five Zeppelins. "There have been thirty-four raids on England," said Major Baird, of the Aerial Board, "in ten of which no casualties were suffered, while in the remainder the number of killed was 334 civilians and 50 military men."[11] Other Zeppelin raids were afterward made on England of which accounts will be given in a later chapter.

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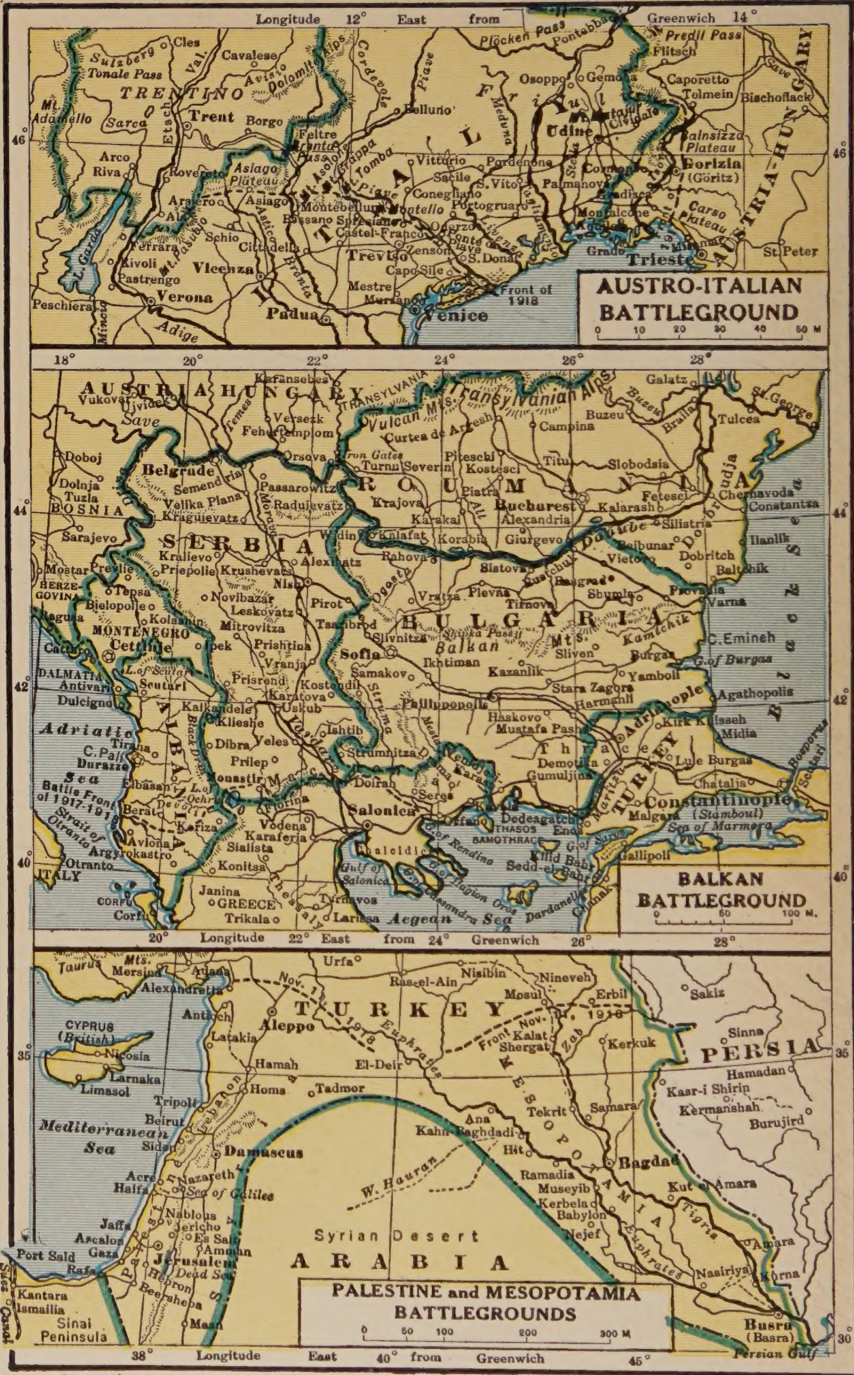
[11] Principal Sources: The *Morning Post,* London; The London *Times'* "History of the War"; The *Times,* The *World,* The *Evening Post,* New York; Associated Press despatches, The New York *American;* The *Fortnightly Review,* The *Daily Mail,* The *Daily Chronicle,* London; The New York *Tribune;* The *Daily News,* The *Times,* London; G. H. Perris' "The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium" (Henry Holt & Co.); "Nelson's History of the War," by John Buchan.

ITALIAN, BALKAN, PALESTINE AND MESOPOTAMIAN FRONTS


AUSTRO-ITALIAN BATTLEGROUND
0 10 20 30 40 50 M.
Longitude 12° East from Greenwich 14°
46
TRENTINO
Sulzberg
Cles
Tonale Pass
Mt. Adamello
Sarca
Etsch
Val
Cavalese
Avisio
Dolomite Alps
Cordevole
Piave
Trent
Borgo
Feltre
Brenta Pass
Belluno
Plöcken Pass
Pontebba
Predil Pass
Flitsch
Osoppo
Gemona
Caporetto
Tolmein
Bischoflack
Save
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
Fr i u l i
Meduna
Udine
Cividale
Tagliamento
Bainsizza Plateau
Gorizia (Göritz)
Cormons
Palmanova
Gradisca
Monfalcone
Aquileia
Carso Plateau
Grado
Trieste
St. Peter
Arco
Riva
Rovereto
Asiago Plateau
Asiago
Mt. Grappa
Asolo
Mt. Tomba
Vittorio
Pordenone
Sacile
Conegliano
S. Vito
Portogruaro
Stella
Montello
Montebelluna
Bassano
Spresiano
Castel-Franco
Oderzo
Ponte di Piave
Zenson
S. Dona
Livenza
Arsiero
Ala
Mt. Pasubio
Ferrara
Schio
Cittadella
Astico
Brenta
Rivoli
Pastrengo
Vicenza
Treviso
Capo Sile
Mestre
Mestrano
Front of 1918
L. Garda
Verona
Peschiera
Mincio
Adige
Padua
Venice
I T A L Y
BALKAN BATTLEGROUND
0 50 100 M.
18° 20° 22° 24° 26° 28°
44 42 40
AUSTRIA HUNGARY
Vukovar
Ujvidek
Save
Karansebes
TRANSYLVANIA
Transylvanian Alps
Temes
Versecz
Fehertemplom
Vulcan Mts.
Curtea de Argesh
Galatz
Buzeu
Braila
Tulcea
St. George
Campina
Doboj
Dolnja Tuzla
BOSNIA
Belgrade
Semendria
Velika Plana
Kraguievatz
Drina
Morava
Passarowitz
Radujevatz
Orsova
Iron Gates
Turnu Severin
Pitesci
Kostesci
Titu
Slobodsia
R O U M A N I A
Krajova
Karakal
Piatra
Alt
Bucharest
Alexandria
Kalarash
Fetesci
Chernavoda
Constantza
Dobrudja
Silistria
Sarajevo
S E R B I A
Kralievo
Priepolie
Krushevatz
Alexinatz
Widin
Kalafat
Korabia
Giurgevo
Danube
Rahova
Baibunar
Vietovo
Dobritch
Ilanlik
Baltchik
Black Sea
Mostar
Prevlie
HERZEGOVINA
Tepsa
Bielopolie
Novibazar
Nish
Leskovatz
Pirot
Ogost
Vratza
Plevna
Sistova
Rustchuk
Rasgrad
Shumla
Provadia
Varna
Ragusa
Kolashin
MONTENEGRO
Cettinje
Cattaro
Mitrovitza
Ipek
Prishtina
Tsaribrod
Slivnitza
Sofia
B U L G A R I A
Tirnova
Shipka Pass
Balkan Mts.
Sliven
Kamtchik
Burgas
G. of Burgas
C. Emineh
Yamboli
DALMATIA
Antivari
Dulcigno
L. of Scutari
Scutari
Vranja
Prisrend
Kostendil
Karatova
Samakov
Ikhtiman
Kazanlik
Stara Zagora
Harmanli
Agathopolis
Adriatic Sea
Kalkandele
Kliesho
Uskub
Struma
Philippopolis
Haskovo
Mustafa Pasha
Adrianople
Kirk Kilisseh
Midia
Tirana
C. Pali
Durazzo
ALBANIA
Black Drin
Dibra
Veles
Ishtib
Vardar
Mesta
Strumnitza
Demotika
Gumuljina
Thrace
TURKEY
Lule Burgas
Bosporus
Scutari
Chatalja
Constantinople (Stamboul)
Sea of Marmora
Malgara
Maritza
Battle Front of 1917-1918
Elbasan
L. of Ochrida
Devoli
Prilep
Monastir
Doiran
Drama
Kavala
Seres
Xanthi
Berat
Koriza
Florina
Salonica
Dedeagatch
Enos
G. of Saros
Gallipoli
Strait of Otranto
Avlona
Argyrokastro
Otranto
ITALY
Vodena
Karaferia
Sialista
Konitsa
Chalcidice
G. of Rendina
Orfano
THASOS
SAMOTHRACE
Kilid Bahr
Sedd-el-Bahr
G. of Hagion Oros
Gulf of Salonica
Cassandra
CORFU
Corfu
Janina
GREECE
Thessaly
Tyrnavos
Larissa
Trikala
Aegean Sea
Dardanelles
Chanak
Longitude 22° East from 24° Greenwich
PALESTINE and MESOPOTAMIA BATTLEGROUNDS
0 50 100 200 300 M.
Taurus Mts.
Mersina
Adana
Alexandretta
Urfa
Ras-el-Ain
Nisibin
Nineveh
Mosul
Erbil
Sakiz
Antioch
Nov. 1, 1918
T U R K E Y
Front Nov. 1, 1918
CYPRUS (British)
Nicosia
Larnaka
Limasol
Latakia
Aleppo
Euphrates
Kalat Shergat
Zab
Kerkuk
Sinna
PERSIA
35
Hamah
El-Deir
Hamadan
Homs
Tadmor
Kasr-i Shirin
Kermanshah
Burujird
Tripoli
Beirut
Lebanon
MESOPOTAMIA
Tekrit
Samara
Mediterranean Sea
Sidon
Damascus
Ana
Kahn Baghdadi
Hit
Bagdad
Acre
Haifa
Nazareth
Sea of Galilee
W. Hauran
Ramadia
Museyib
Kerbela
Babylon
Kut el Amara
Tigris
Jaffa
Ascalon
Gaza
Nablous
Jericho
Es Salt
Amman
Syrian Desert
Nejef
ARABIA
Amara
Port Said
Rafa
Jerusalem
Dead Sea
Hebron
Beersheba
Palestine
Nasiriya
Korna
Suez Canal
Kantara
Ismailia
Sinai Peninsula
Maan
Busra (Basra)
Persian Gulf
30
38° Longitude East 40° from Greenwich 45°

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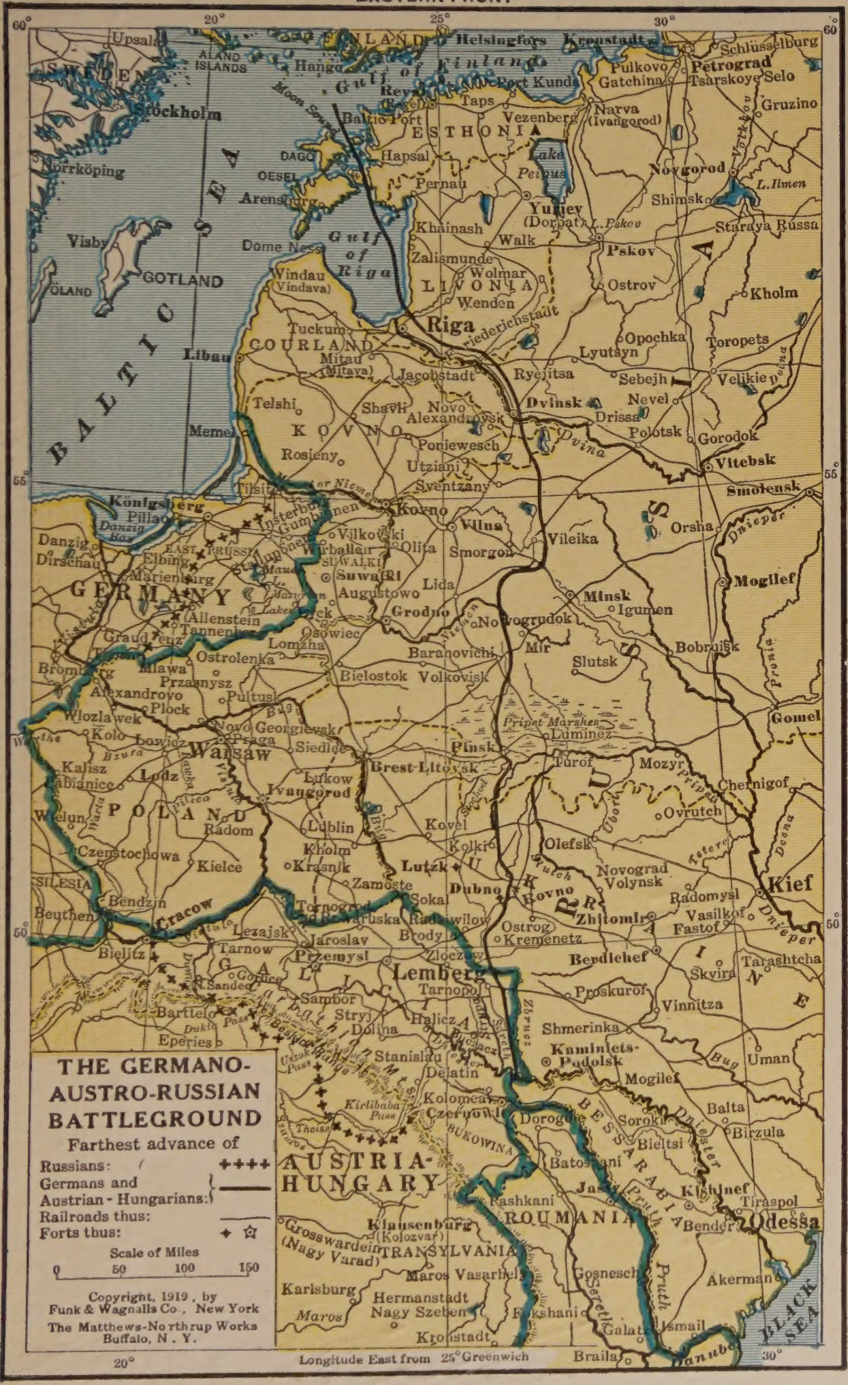
THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.


60°
20°
25°
30°
55°
50°
SWEDEN
Upsala
ALAND ISLANDS
Stockholm
Norrköping
Visby
GOTLAND
ÖLAND
FINLAND
Helsingfors
Kronstadt
Hango
Gulf of Finland
Reval (Revel)
Baltic Port
Moon Sound
DAGO
OESEL
Arensburg
Hapsal
Taps
Port Kunda
Vezenberg
ESTHONIA
Narva (Ivangorod)
Schlüsselburg
Pulkovo
Petrograd
Gatchina
Tsarskoye Selo
Gruzino
Volkhov
Lake Peipus
Pernau
Yuryev (Dorpat)
L. Pskov
Novgorod
L. Ilmen
Shimsk
Staraya Russa
Khainash
Walk
Pskov
Gulf of Riga
Dome Ness
Zalismunde
Wolmar
LIVONIA
Wenden
Ostrov
Kholm
Windau (Vindava)
BALTIC SEA
Riga
Friedrichstadt
Tuckum
COURLAND
Mitau (Mitava)
Libau
Jacobstadt
Ryejitsa
Lyutsyn
Opochka
Toropets
Sebejh
Velikie Luki
Lovat
Telshi
Shavli
Novo Alexandrovsk
Dvinsk
Drissa
Nevel
KOVNO
Poniewesch
Dvina
Polotsk
Gorodok
Vitebsk
Memel
Rosieny
Utziani
Sventzany
Tilsit
Niemen
Smolensk
RUSSIA
Königsberg
Pillau
Danzig Bay
Insterburg
Gumbinnen
Kovno
Vilna
Orsha
Dnieper
Danzig
Dirschau
Elbing
EAST PRUSSIA
Wirballen
Vilkovski
Olita
SUWALKI
Suwalki
Smorgon
Vileika
Marienburg
Masurian Lakes
Augustowo
Lida
Mogilef
GERMANY
Allenstein
Tannenberg
Lyck
Grodno
Novogrudok
Minsk
Igumen
Osowiec
Niemen
Mir
Graudenz
Thorn
Lomzha
Baranovichi
Bobruisk
Pronia
Bromberg
Ostrolenka
Mlawa
Przasnysz
Slutsk
Bielostok
Volkovisk
Alexandrovo
Pultusk
Plock
Bug
Wlozlawek
Kolo
Warthe
Novo Georgievsk
Praga
Lowicz
Siedlce
Pripet Marshes
Luminez
Gomel
Bzura
Warsaw
Brest-Litovsk
Pinsk
Turof
Mozyr
Pripet
Chernigof
Kalisz
Lodz
Pabianice
Lukow
Ivangorod
Vistula
Pilica
Stokhod
Ubort
Ovrutch
Desna
Wielun
Warta
POLAND
Radom
Lublin
Kovel
Kolki
Olefsk
Teterev
Czenstochowa
Kielce
Kholm
Krasnik
Lutzk
UKRAINE
Novograd Volynsk
SILESIA
Zamosc
Sokal
Dubno
Rovno
Radomysl
Kief
Bendzin
Beuthen
Cracow
Tomaszow
Rawa Ruska
Radziwilow
Zhitomir
Vasilkof
Fastof
Dnieper
Lezajsk
Jaroslav
Brody
Ostrog
Kremenetz
Bielitz
Tarnow
Przemysl
Zloczow
Berdichef
Tarashtcha
Dunajec
GALICIA
Gorlice
Lemberg
Skvira
N. Sandec
Tarnopol
Proskurof
Sambor
Carpathian Mts.
Stryj
Halicz
Vinnitza
Bartfeld
Dukla Pass
Dolina
Zbrucz
Shmerinka
Eperies
Beskid Mts.
Buczacz
Sereth
Uzsok Pass
Stanislau
Kamiinets-Podolsk
Bug
Uman
Delatin
Mogilef
Kolomea
Czernowitz
Dorogoi
Soroki
Balta
Kirlibaba Pass
Theiss
BUKOWINA
BESSARABIA
Bieltsi
Birzula
Dniester
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
Batoshani
Jassy
Kishinef
Tiraspol
Pashkani
ROUMANIA
Bender
Odessa
Klausenburg (Kolozvar)
Grosswardein (Nagy Varad)
TRANSYLVANIA
Maros Vasarhely
Gosnesch
Pruth
Akerman
Karlsburg
Hermanstadt Nagy Szeben
Maros
Sereth
Fokshani
Galatz
Ismail
BLACK SEA
Kronstadt
Braila
Danube
Longitude East from 25° Greenwich

THE GERMANO-AUSTRO-RUSSIAN BATTLEGROUND

Farthest advance of

Russians:	++++
Germans and Austrian-Hungarians:	━━━
Railroads thus:	───
Forts thus:	✦ ✪

Scale of Miles

0 50 100 150

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